













# **THE LAST FIVE HOURS OF AUSTRIA**



# THE LAST FIVE HOURS OF AUSTRIA

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
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## INTRODUCTION

by PAUL FRISCHAUER

THE ultimatum presented by Herr Hitler to the Federal Republic of Austria on March 11th, 1938, and its immediate consequences brought a slow and gradual process of development to a sudden and violent conclusion.

The incorporation of Austria in the Third Reich came about *inorganically*, and it therefore remains an open question whether the last stage in her development would have been the organic union of the little country with Germany; would there have been any *Anschluss* at all without violence?

It is a fact that, after the Great War, and even before the conclusion of the Peace Treaties of Versailles and St. Germain, most parties in Austria desired the *Anschluss*, and her leading statesmen worked for it then and later, though only until the moment when President von Hindenburg allowed the National Socialist party to obtain supreme power in Germany.

The day on which Hitler established a National Socialist dictatorship marks the date on which responsible statesmen in Austria and her leading representatives of science and the arts first conceived a definite wish to preserve the independence of their country. The desire for union with Germans entertained by the majority of Austrians, mainly by reason of their common language, was now transformed into a fundamental de-

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sire to retain the border between Austria and Germany, in order thereby to draw a similarly fundamental border line between the ancient culture and civilization of Austria and National Socialist Germany.

It was an immediate consequence of this desire that, when, in 1933, the Third Reich claimed a future of a thousand years, the Austrians once again recalled the thousand years of their glorious past.

That memory had become obliterated. Plunged by the disaster of the War into hardship and poverty, the Austrian people were torn by party and class conflict and had almost forgotten what patriotism meant. Nobody encouraged them to be patriotic. It was only Doctor Dollfuss, Chancellor at the time, who from March, 1933, onwards left no stone unturned to strengthen in the people a love of their country. The watchword which he proclaimed and popularized was the order "to awaken the historical conscience of the Austrians." The old uniforms of the Austro-Hungarian army, the wearing of which had since the War been forbidden, were now brought out from cupboards, and portraits of historical personages, whose names were honorable in Austrian history, were adorned with fresh laurels. Exhibitions were held illustrating, in cross-section as it were, important historical events and designed to arouse the national conscience to fight for its future by reminding it of its past. The Prince Eugene song was sung in chorus, and the police were instructed to tolerate the forbidden "Gott erhalte," the old Austrian Imperial hymn, although they were not permitted to sing it themselves.

This Austrian "renaissance" found a following in the

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upper classes of the larger towns, but still more among that section of the peasantry which, disliking all change and despite revolution, inflation and social upheaval, had from the beginning favored the restoration of the monarchy. It should therefore have been clear from the outset to the men who were proclaiming the Austrian renaissance that their ideal could only be successfully realized if they also fixed as their goal the restoration of the Hapsburgs. But this they did not do at all clearly. Nor did they pursue a policy of wholehearted democracy, which was an alternative way to keep Austria independent. In their quasi-monarchist policy, they allowed towns and villages, if they wished, to confer honorary citizenship upon the eldest son of the last Emperor of Austria, the young Otto von Hapsburg, and it was permitted and became fashionable to wear war decorations and orders of the "old regime," but the statutes of the Patriotic Front, created by Dollfuss "for the purpose of uniting all good Austrians," contained no word about any intended restoration of the Hapsburg monarchy.

The Patriotic Front was something quite new, a *res unica*. The purpose of its founder was to bring within its orbit the whole population of Austria; it was to be a magnet to attract all citizens in favor of Austria's independence, a Front standing for "patriotism above parties."

The strongest political groups in Austria at this time (1933) were the Social Democrats, the Christian Socials, the *Heimatschutz* and the pan-Germans; these latter divided into Nazis with their openly worn swastika ribbons, and the rest, who, under the old name of pan-



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Germans, hesitated to work actively for the union of Austria and Germany until they knew whether National Socialism in Germany was going to last or whether those circles in the Reich with whom their sympathies lay would return to power. Doctor Dollfuss himself belonged to the Christian Social party, the party of the Government. He was a prominent member of the Catholic *Aktion*, that group, that is, which even in pre-War Austria had been very closely associated with the Church and even with the Holy See itself. The Christian Socials, if only by their traditions, were strong opponents of the Social Democrats, but they were not less strong opponents of the National Socialists. In order fully to understand the antagonism of the Christian Social party, Dollfuss's antagonism, towards Nazism, it is necessary to trace the origins of National Socialism to their source. For this we must turn to history. Adolf Hitler's ideas were inspired by and derived from Herr Georg von Schönerer, a member of the old Imperial Austrian Parliament, who not only inscribed upon his banner the motto "One people, one Reich," but, in order to reach that goal, proclaimed the slogan: "Break with Rome!"

Herr von Schönerer had derived this watchword from the age of the Reformation. Those parts of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, in which the counter-reformation of the seventeenth century had not been able to reclaim Christians who had fallen away from the Roman Church, were inhabited by German evangelicals who, living in religious isolation, surrounded by Catholics, longed for union with their brethren in the German States, Prussia, Saxony, etc.

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When in 1848 the National revolutions in Hungary, Bohemia, Croatia, Poland and in the Italian provinces of the Empire almost led to the collapse of the monarchy, these groups describing themselves as pan-German first became active. The nationalism of the other peoples subject to the Hapsburg crown stimulated the nationalism of the German-speaking people of the Empire. At that time, it is true, it was hoped by these German Austrians that the Emperors of Austria might be persuaded to reassume the imperial crown of Germany and to give formal unity, at least through the symbol of their person, to a Reich split up into so many kingdoms, dukedoms and principalities.

Influenced by cultural enlightenment, which through relaxation of the censorship at last penetrated even Austria, the pan-German movement had lost more and more of the religious character it had possessed at the time of the Reformation. Free thinking brought even Catholics into the pan-German and "Break-with-Rome" movement. This opposition party in the Austrian Parliament, this party which, out of resentment towards the Austrian Emperor for refusing the German imperial crown, was secretly and often openly opposed to parliamentary measures, for example, the measure for the complete emancipation of the Jews (is this the origin of today's anti-Semitic item in the Nazi program?), felt it as a deep grievance that, while they themselves desired union with the States of the German Reich, those States did not desire union with them.

The Austrian pan-Germans were most bitterly disappointed by the so-called "little-German" Bismarck. Away back in 1866 when, after Prussia's quick victory

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in the Austro-Prussian war, the Prussian Army Command urged upon King Wilhelm annexations at the expense of vanquished Austria, Bismarck had hysterics—or pretended to. Subsequently he defined his attitude in a markedly objective memorandum. It contains this passage: "We cannot make use of German Austria either as a whole or in part. The union of German Austria with Prussia would not work. Vienna is not to be governed from Berlin as an appendage."

Even after Prussia had acquired hegemony over Germany by the defeat of Napoleon III and the King of Prussia had been crowned German Emperor, Bismarck still adhered to his view. In an interview with the Hungarian writer, Maurus Jokai, he said in 1874: "What should we do with Vienna as a frontier town? It is Vienna's mission to be a center of civilization and commerce. . . . Personally, if the Austrian provinces desired to unite with us by force, I should be prepared to go to war about it—*against* them."

At the time of the conclusion of the Austro-German alliance in 1879, Bismarck said at a parliamentary *soirée*: "A Prussian Minister who conceived the idea of enlarging Germany by the annexation of Austria as far as the river Leitha would thereby give proof of political ineptitude."

No, the Prussians had no wish to bring imperial Austria within their territorial sphere. The wish was confined to certain Austrians—in the first place, to the above-mentioned Herr von Schönerer and in more recent times to Herr Hitler, who, though he never used to lose an opportunity of referring to himself as the political heir to Bismarck and the Bismarck tradition, contra-

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dicted this on page 1 of his book *Mein Kampf*, when he said: "German Austria must return to the great German Reich. Identity of blood demands a joint Reich."

In spite of all propaganda, union with the German Reich was ruled out of discussion in serious political circles throughout the last decades of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Bismarck's statement, made at a reception of Austrian journalists in 1894, stood as the guiding principle for the two neighbor States. He said: "We must live, each independently and one beside the other, as good friends and allies."

After the collapse of the monarchy in 1918, the republic of Austria was founded as a State of six and a half million inhabitants living in and around Vienna with its population of two millions. The various nationalities included in the former monarchy were incorporated in what are known as the Succession States. Thus the national aims of the revolutionaries of 1848 were first fulfilled after the Great War—except, of course, the aims of the Germans in Austria.

The little State bordered on the Czechoslovak Republic, on Hungary, which remained in form a kingdom, on the kingdom of Yugoslavia, the kingdom of Italy, the Swiss Republic—and on the German Reich, which also chose a republic as its form of government. If at that time the Entente had not prevented Austria's *Anschluss*, the union of the small and large republics would have taken place by reason of their common language and—at that time—their common political outlook. The Entente forbade absorption, and each of the two countries, the large and the small, succumbed separately to the convulsions of the post-War period.

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Both countries fell victims to serious internal political strife. The first phase in the struggle for political power in Austria was fought out between the Social Democrats and the Christian Social party. During this stage the pan-Germans, who played no important part, because at this time of economic despair most Social Democrats and Christian Socials were in favor of the *Anschluss*, entered into coalition with the Christian Socials. Dr. Ignaz Seipel's so-called "spiritual reform" policy decided the struggle in parliament in favor of the Catholic *Aktion* group. Skeptics maintained that it was not the reform of souls, but the reform of the currency, the prospect of more secure economic conditions, which were the cause of this parliamentary victory.

During the period that followed, the political situation in Austria was quite abnormal. The Christian Social party wielded power in the State, the Social Democratic party in most of the towns. There were, in effect, two governments, one under Seipel as Chancellor, the other under Seitz, the "Red Burgomaster of Vienna," who with his comrades of the Social Democratic party ruled over the largest communes in Austria. The State was poor, the towns, by reason of their clever fiscal policy, grew rich. Under the Peace Treaty of St. Germain the country was disarmed and its total armed forces, including police and *gendarmierie*, might not amount to more than 30,000 men. These 30,000 men were subordinate to the State Government. Social Democracy felt itself threatened because the armed power of the executive was in the hands of its political opponents. The State had an army; the towns also wished to have their own military formations. The

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Social Democratic party recruited from among its members a private army, the republican *Schutzbund*.

At this time the Christian Social Government favored the establishment of other private armies, which it was their intention to employ in the event of a revolt by the towns against the State. This was the epoch of adventurous men who sought to satisfy their craving for military activity, their ambitions and the military traditions of their families. In this way rose the *Heimatschutz* units—Prince Starhemberg's *Heimwehr*, Major Fey's *Heimatschutz* and the *Ostmaerkische Sturm-scharen* of Doctor Schuschnigg, one of Chancellor Seipel's "young men."

The commanders of these private armies were in rivalry. Each leader desired to win power in the State but especially to crush the power of Vienna and the other cities, the power of the Social Democrats.

The political arena, not only in Parliament, but throughout the country, became the scene of disturbances, serious or otherwise, which were exploited as propaganda by the newspaper enterprises of official and unofficial statesmen, which now sprang up like mushrooms.

Political views began to clothe themselves unmistakably in military guise. The streets swarmed with the uniforms of the *Heimatschutz* units and military exercises disturbed peaceful watering-places. The money for the arming and equipment of these troops was furnished by heavy industry and the big Austrian taxpayers, who inveighed against the fiscal and welfare policy of the Social Democratic communes as "a Bolshevik peril."

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Under the slogan "Fight against Bolshevism" another Austrian, Herr Hitler, was collecting from heavy industry in Germany the funds required for the armament and clothing of his S.A. and S.S. military formations.

But whereas Herr Hitler in Germany developed a program whose aggressive character is sufficiently familiar, the commanders of the private armies in Austria were content with their battle cry against Social Democracy. There was an impassable gulf between Hitler and his private army and most of the commanders of the Austrian defense units. These Austrian princes and counts, these former officers of the imperial army were opposed to National Socialism not only on grounds of principle, because it was against the Church and propagated a racial theory which in a country like Austria made up of so many mixed races was neither popular nor applicable, but also politically. These leaders brought up in the old Austrian traditions detested the idea of coming under the Prussian whip, which Herr Hitler, the Austrian, had shown himself only too ready to use in order to maintain discipline among his bands.

A substantial proportion of the pan-German party now began to move away from their partners in the coalition, the Christian Socials. National Socialist propaganda had spread to Austria. It demanded the founding of an Austrian Nazi party and began its propaganda with no regard for the means employed. This propaganda did not appear or become dangerous to the Catholic *Aktion* and to the Chancellor, Doctor Dollfuss, personally, until the day that Herr Hitler came into power in the German Reich.

The National Socialist party was bound by its very

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*raison d'être* to boycott the Patriotic Front, the organization devised and, shortly after, extended so as to include all classes in Austria who were in favor of independence. It was bound to conduct propaganda against it, break the organization so skilfully devised by Doctor Dollfuss and even, if possible, get rid of that spirited little man.

Not only the Nazis, but their bitterest enemies, the Social Democrats, were against Doctor Dollfuss, the representative of the Christian Socials, on account of their fundamental hostility to that party. Hemmed in between two mutually antagonistic groups, both of them hostile to him as the founder of the Patriotic Front, Doctor Dollfuss tried to strengthen his position with the help of the powerful commanders of the private armies. That was not possible without concessions and without yielding a measure of power to Starhemberg, Fey and also to Schuschnigg, who had become a Minister in Dollfuss's Cabinet.

Doctor Dollfuss was compelled to seek allies for other reasons than as a defense against internal pressure. The Third Reich was threatening to tear down the frontiers which separated it from Austria, after terrorism, whereby the Austrian Nazi party had tried to frighten Doctor Dollfuss, had proved unsuccessful, and he had banned the party.

Doctor Dollfuss appealed for foreign help. At the World Economic Conference in London, on his visits to Geneva and wherever he went, he was a success. He managed to persuade the Powers to renew their declaration guaranteeing Austria's independence. Within a year he had won the admiration of almost the whole



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world for his plucky defense against the overwhelming power of the Third Reich. His small stature, symbolizing Austria's size in relation to Germany, suggested David successfully defending himself against Goliath. It was a long time since Austria had enjoyed such a full measure of world sympathy. And then one day the terrible and unexpected news arrived that bloody civil war had broken out in Austria, with street-fighting in the towns and sharp skirmishing in the country.

With reference to the question of responsibility, the Social Democrats, whose *Schutzbund* had been fighting for them, declared that Dollfuss and the commanders of the *Heimatschutz* units had provoked the fighting with a view to smashing the power of Social Democracy. Doctor Dollfuss and his supporters maintained on the contrary that they had scotched and suppressed a Social Democratic *Putsch* by force of arms.

During those days armies were on the march along the German and Italian frontiers. In the one case, Herr Hitler declared that he would be compelled to march into Austria to prevent further bloodshed. In the other, Signor Mussolini, whose troops were stationed on the Brenner, said that an invasion of Austria by Germany would mean war with Italy and that he, Mussolini, stood with all his armed forces for the independence of Austria.

In his struggle for political power, Doctor Dollfuss had sought to protect himself against foreign complications by an alliance with Mussolini. Italy's protectorate over Austria dated from that day.

Doctor Dollfuss dissolved the Social Democratic party—he had already abolished the parliamentary system. The

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nearly five months after Schuschnigg had signed the so-called Treaty of Friendship with the Third Reich, dated July 11th. During my short stay in Vienna, I had learned in conversation with friends that German influence over Austria's economic and political affairs had so grown and appeared so dangerous to the independence of Austria that I could not help introducing this topic in my conversation with Doctor von Schuschnigg. I had been especially disturbed by rumors that Doctor von Schuschnigg had been compelled to allow Austrian territory to be used as a basis of operations by the German army in the event of an attack by Germany on Czechoslovakia. I asked the Chancellor whether there was any truth in these rumors.

"I declare categorically," he answered, "there exists no military treaty whatever between Germany and Austria. And I will emphasize that there has not been even any preliminary conversations on the subject."

I asked whether Austria would purchase from the German Reich arms and ammunition in virtue of the commercial treaty to be concluded.

"Yes," Doctor Schuschnigg said, "but only to a limited amount. We are dependent upon the German market. We are bound to take certain supplies in return for our cattle and timber which find their natural market in Germany."

"Why," I asked, "does Austria buy no armaments from Czechoslovakia or other countries with which it could quite well conclude similar barter agreements?"

"In principle," Doctor Schuschnigg said, "the position in regard to Czechoslovakia is the same as in relation to Germany, and a barter agreement supplement-

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ing existing commercial treaties would certainly be possible. How far other difficulties might stand in the way of such deliveries, I cannot say. In any case they are hardly relevant owing to the differences of opinion as to the application of the provisions laid down in the Peace Treaty."

"Will these closer economic relations with the Third Reich necessitate concessions being made to the National Socialist movement in Austria?"

"Certainly not," Doctor Schuschnigg answered. "The two things have nothing to do with each other. The National Socialist party continues to be forbidden in Austria and any manifestation of it will be punished by law."

I asked Doctor von Schuschnigg the position regarding our relations with the western States.

He said: "We have received much help, especially material help, but we have more and more come to the conclusion that we must depend upon ourselves alone and find our own help."

"Does not dependence upon Germany contradict that belief?" I asked.

"As I said before, there is no dependence. While the great German Reich acknowledges the independent sovereignty of little Austria, and subscribes to the principles of non-intervention in internal affairs, close neighborly relations between the two German States are not only self-evident, but they also offer a guarantee of normal peaceful development. Our aim is peace and it is our firm intention to avoid anything that may lead to war."

I said: "You ought to proclaim your principles more

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clearly to the world and take steps to see that you yourself are not misjudged and misunderstood. You are looked upon as the partner of the dictators who, though they also talk of peace, do everything to imperil it. As you know, I am now living in England, a country which took two hundred years and more to erect a statue to the only dictator who ever governed that country, Oliver Cromwell—and then erected it right in front of the Houses of Parliament!”

This is the last political conversation I have had with Doctor von Schuschnigg, whose cultivated mind and high moral qualities placed him at a disadvantage in defending himself and his country against brutality.

. . . . .

The purpose of this introduction was to paint in the background to Austria's struggle for independence. In the book that follows, my friend Eugene Lennhoff describes with microscopic exactness the last five hours of Austria's independence, and also devotes the necessary space to an account of the last year of Doctor von Schuschnigg's Government.

PAUL FRISCHAUER.

*London, April, 1938.*



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I desire to thank my friend Paul Frischauer for so kindly offering to write the introduction to this book and for giving me so much help and advice.

I have also to thank Mr. Leigh Farnell for its translation into English.

Many persons whom I met during Austria's last five hours and who are mentioned in this book are still living in Vienna. I have changed their names for reasons which will be obvious to all my readers. My aim has been to state facts and thereby help to inform the public mind. It was my duty and my wish to injure no one.

EUGENE LENNHOF.

*London, April, 1938.*



# The Last Five Hours of Austria

## CHAPTER I

THE road from Vienna to Bratislava, the old Hungarian coronation city, now the first large town across the Czechoslovak frontier, is only thirty-five miles long, but on the evening of March 11th it seemed endless. Constant stopping; then a move on, then another stop, wedged in between cars that were carrying others on our own dangerous journey.

We were in flight—the proprietor of the paper, Herr Karl Franz Bondy, my colleague, Count Curt von Strachwitz and myself. We had no luggage and not a penny more money than was allowed under the strict Austrian currency regulations. We had left Vienna by taxi at 9 P.M. A few minutes earlier a detachment of Nazis, one of many such which appeared suddenly from nowhere, had marched up to the publishing office, intending to take over the premises and arrest the editorial staff. As we left by the side-entrance, the leader of the troop, preceded by the swastika flag, was already entering at the front.

The direct road through the city was blocked by



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Nazi processions. The driver of our taxi, a Viennese of the old school, realized the danger we were in without being told and kept to the side streets, avoiding the groups of Nazis yelling and singing the "Horst Wessel," who had been mobilized and brought out into the street not only in Vienna, but in all the villages on our route. At last we struck a clear road, but it was two hours and a half before, in pouring rain, we reached the frontier post at Berg.

An hour earlier all had been quiet here, but now the frontier guards had slung their rifles across their shoulders. Each car, as it approached, was hailed with a shout of "Dim the lights. Stay in the car."

A queue of cars collected. Despite the new and unfamiliar severity, the frontier at this moment was still part of old easy-going, good-natured Austria. True, all lights were instantly dimmed, but nobody obeyed the order to remain in their cars. We too got out and, in the dark, I stumbled against frightened, shivering people, who only that afternoon had left happy homes and were now possessed with the one desperate wish to cross the frontier. "Shall we get through?" was the question on all lips. "What are they going to do with us?"

No one could get into the customs office, which was surrounded by a phalanx of armed men. The dark line of cars, growing longer every minute, did not advance a yard in half an hour. Were the usual customs formalities not being discharged? I walked

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up to the group of armed officials: "What's up?" I asked. "Why can't we get on?"

"We don't know ourselves."

One man asked ironically: "Who's boss in Vienna now?"

At that moment a gleaming white car came tearing up from the direction of Vienna, hooting shrilly and with headlights full on in defiance of regulations. An enormous swastika flag was attached to the radiator. The car drew up in front of the customs house and two young civilians leaped out, with swastika bands on their arms and rifles across their shoulders. One of them cried out: "I'm taking over here." A frontier guard beside us, said scornfully: "Now we know who's boss in Vienna!" The two young men had already disappeared into the office. Five minutes later one of them came out. He passed from car to car, shouting into each: "The frontier is closed. All cars must return to Vienna."

The peaceful lights of Bratislava looked temptingly near, but at that moment they seemed to mock us. Had our attempt at escape failed?

We returned to our seats in the car. "It's all up," Herr Bondy said, "they'll catch us." Then, recovering himself, he told the driver not to turn back, but to park along the side of the road.

One after another the cars turned around. Only one, a diplomatic car, remained. The lamps of the Nazi car threw a harsh light into its interior. In it

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was seated a white-faced woman with a child beside her. The two front seats were occupied by a stretcher, on which a boy lay asleep. The woman's pale face, seen in the flickering light, was familiar, but I could not at once place it. Then suddenly I saw in memory the face of Frau Alwine Dollfuss as she bent over the coffin of her murdered husband on July 25th, 1934. The pale lady in the car was the widow of the Chancellor who had died for Austria's independence. She was trying to escape from the country with a false passport for the sake of her children.

At that very moment howling mobs in Vienna and other Austrian towns were tearing down the inscription "Dollfussplatz" from the walls of buildings and smashing statues and tablets to his memory.

On the morning of March 11th not a soul in Austria had been thinking of flight. On the contrary, the great majority of the people were more hopeful than they had been for a long time. After February 12th, the day of the meeting at Berchtesgaden between Hitler and Schuschnigg, depression lay heavy on the non-Nazi elements of the population, but gloom had been dispelled on March 9th, when Doctor von Schuschnigg decreed the plebiscite. In his home town of Innsbruck the Chancellor had addressed a rousing appeal to all Austrians and called on them to vote for Austria's independence on Sunday, March 13th. He said in that fine speech: "I

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stand or fall by your confession of faith. Nazi threats arising from the Berchtesgaden Agreement cannot intimidate me."

Schuschnigg wanted by this plebiscite to prove to all the world that the overwhelming majority of the Austrian people were, with him, in favor of Austrian independence and that the Nazis, for all their vociferous demonstrations, really represented only a minority.

Schuschnigg's refusal to be intimidated had had a powerful effect upon the whole people. Timid souls who after the Berchtesgaden meeting had transferred their homes to Czechoslovakia or Hungary, came hurrying back. Many business men, who should have been attending the Prague Fair, remained in Vienna to record their vote for Schuschnigg and Austria's independence. For the past twenty-four hours the whole city had seemed on the move. Whenever I looked up from my work in the office, I saw an unbroken procession of demonstrators marching along the wide avenue that leads past the University—one of the rallying points of Nazi youth—to the government offices and the interior of the city. The Nazis too were afoot. You could pick them out afar by the large swastikas in their buttonholes—a concession wrung from the Chancellor by Seyss-Inquart, Minister for the Interior, after three days of pressure, it is said—and by their rhythmic shouts in unison, the fruit of long training and

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practice. Above all else, their soldierly marching betrayed them, their military bearing, showing evidence of hard drill carried on secretly, and despite police prohibitions, by these illegal formations. Even without their uniforms these young men could only be S.A. and S.S. men.

The Nazi processions were especially remarkable, however, for their small numbers, compared with the columns of the Patriotic Front, the Legitimists, the Catholics and the workers. The men who were demonstrating for Schuschnigg and against union with a Nazi Germany, were, in the great majority, fully grown men. Among the Nazis were many boys of school age or little over. Many of their leaders, marching erect at the head of the column, had only a month since been under arrest for engaging in dangerous and illegal activities. These conspirators, not a few of whom had manufactured explosives, thrown bombs into railway trains and shed blood, owed their liberty solely to the amnesty granted by Schuschnigg after the visit to Berchtesgaden. They had been released on giving an oath to abstain from all illegal political activity. Not for one day had they kept their word.

And what about their supreme chief in Austria, Herr von Seyss-Inquart? Had he received any authority from Doctor von Schuschnigg to allow his followers, even with reservations, the use of the party symbol, the Hitler greeting? Moreover, such reser-

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vations meant nothing in practice to any Nazi. Seyss-Inquart behaved as if he were loyally carrying out the orders of his superior. The latter had not personally declared the contrary, but his semi-official organ *Das Neuigkeitsweltblatt* stated more or less officially: "Foreign parties, foreign party badges, forms of greeting, songs, flags and all activity on behalf of a prohibited party, are illegal and forbidden."

The Nazis clung to what Seyss-Inquart had allowed them. Schuschnigg's semi-official statement was ignored. The "difference of opinion" between the Chancellor and the Minister for the Interior at length became so great that Seyss-Inquart was moved to expressions of pleasure when, on his arrival at Linz, the illegal S.A. and S.S. formations hung out the forbidden swastika ribbons in his honor.

For five years our papers, the *Telegraph* and the *Echo*, despite persecution of all sorts, had fought for the cause of Austria's independence, freedom and integrity. I was proud to be editing the two newspapers most violently hated by the Nazis in Austria. They thought to insult us by referring to them as "penny-a-liners," but it was their popular character that served us best, for how else could they come into the hands of the mass of the people? Four times every day their names were cried by more than a thousand newsvendors and hardly an issue appeared that did not publicly denounce the underground campaign of illegality that was being carried

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on against the government. A large part of our morning mail had long consisted of threatening letters from Nazis, aimed at each of us individually and at the newspaper concern as such. These threats were of the most diverse kind; our enemies even went to the expense of sending us printed cards on which we were kindly invited to notice certain trees in the Ringstrasse on which we should one day hang.

The editorial staff comprised all the different shades of political opinion which were supporting Doctor von Schuschnigg in his defense of Austrian independence, though the members did not necessarily subscribe to the whole of his program. It included personal friends of the Chancellor, strong Catholics, leading Legitimist writers and acknowledged representatives of the working class. It was a fighting force of mixed Conservatives and Liberals, whose constant aim it was to warn the public of the danger that National Socialism spelled for Austria and the whole of Europe.

For instance, Count Curt von Strachwitz, my companion in flight, had ever since 1933 been fighting National Socialism as a member of the Austrian aristocracy, and was an intimate friend of Gerlich, the Munich publicist, who was assassinated on June 30th of that year. Von Strachwitz spent ten months in Bavarian jails.

It should here be emphasized that at no time did our papers attack either the German Reich or Ger-

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manism as such. Our campaign was directed against National Socialism and, especially, against its aggressive and illegal representatives in Austria.

During the last days of Austrian independence the *Telegraph* and the *Echo* placed themselves at the service of the plebiscite. Other matters ceased for the time being to exist for us and at our editorial meetings, held twice a day, the one important international question was the attitude which the great European Powers would adopt towards the plebiscite. We wanted to know, and we wanted our readers to know, whether London, Paris and Rome intended to strengthen Schuschnigg's hand and help him in a crisis. Most of the reports that came in encouraged this view.

Throughout a large part of the night of Thursday-Friday (March 10th-11th) I had been discussing the foreign aspects of the plebiscite with politicians of all shades and with friends and colleagues. At half past seven in the morning a call came through from our correspondent in London. This is what I heard:

"The atmosphere is favorable. Lord Halifax has pointed out to Ribbentrop, at present in this country, that England regards the plebiscite as perfectly legal and does not wish it to be disturbed from without. This warning will hardly be disregarded."

Our correspondent in Paris rang up next, and I asked him whether, in spite of the French government crisis, the Quai d'Orsay was able to say



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anything positive about Austria. "Certainly," M. Maillard replied, "Delbos has declared both to the German Ambassador and to the Austrian Minister that he associates himself expressly with Britain's view."

I then telephoned to the Italian Legation in Vienna and spoke to the Press Attaché, Signor Ridomi. He was less communicative than usual and denied any detailed knowledge of how the discussion on foreign policy in the Supreme Fascist Council, which was then sitting, was proceeding. On the other hand, he reminded me of an important talk we had had together a week before. He and I had met late in the evening of March 3rd at the Café Splendide, near the Stephanskirche. Herr Seyss-Inquart, appointed Austrian Minister of Interior as the outcome of the Berchtesgaden agreement, had left that night for Graz, where for two days the Nazis had been in control of the main street (though not of the rest of the city) and had been indulging in terrorist acts. Herr Seyss-Inquart had been instructed to restore order by granting certain concessions.

That night I asked Signor Ridomi a question. "Will not this piecemeal fulfillment of Hitler's wishes and the curious behavior of Herr Seyss-Inquart, contrasting so strongly with his oath to the Austrian constitution and with the formula of 'So far and no farther' described by Doctor von Schuschnigg in his

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last speech as marking the limit of his concessions, will it not," I asked, "end by destroying the inner fabric of Austria?"

Signor Ridomi's answer was this: "All depends upon Schuschnigg's keeping his head. For three or four months his nerves will be exposed to an extremely severe strain. By that time the Anglo-Italian conversations may have progressed so far that the Rome-Berlin axis will no longer be exclusive. It may then be possible to conclude a new pact between the Great European Powers, which would provide strong protection for Austria. The axis agreements impose on Italy no obligation—Signor Ridomi emphasized this—no obligation to refuse to participate in an agreement for European peace concluded between the Great Powers, in the event of Germany's not being willing to join."

The Attaché then suddenly grew excited. "But," he said, "Schuschnigg must at all costs avoid one mistake. He must on no account consent to a plebiscite. That, in my view (and in Mussolini's view, too) would not settle matters between Schuschnigg and the Austrian Nazis, but would be a challenge to the whole prestige of the German Reich and to Hitler personally. The vast and deafening campaign of propaganda, which had such overwhelming effect in the Saar plebiscite, would be let loose upon Austria with ten and twenty times the violence."

Signor Ridomi now reminded me of this conversa-

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tion, which had taken place at a moment when no one in Austria was thinking of an early plebiscite. For the first time I felt alarmed. I realized the danger that threatened. Had Schuschnigg possibly ordered the plebiscite on his own responsibility, in the face of Italy's warning and without backing?

I asked over the telephone: "What about your government's guarantee?" Signor Ridomi did not know. But he added: "In two days' time the plebiscite will be over. Let us hope everything will be all right."

This relieved me, and I said to myself that, if Schuschnigg had decided to appeal to the people in spite of Mussolini's warning, he must have received fresh assurances. The rumors current in so-called well-informed circles and confirmed by the Federal Press Department were perhaps correct. According to these, Mussolini had definitely promised Doctor von Schuschnigg that in this crisis he would again place troops on the Brenner frontier, as he had done after Dollfuss's murder in August, 1934.

My colleagues at the editorial conference were of the same mind. Since the evening before nearly all of us had spoken with ministers and diplomats whose information could not be questioned. No one had even remotely suggested that Mussolini had expressed his opinion of the plebiscite to a friend of Schuschnigg's in words that, a week later in the Ital-

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ian Chamber, he declared he had used: "This bomb will go off in your hand."

Count Strachwitz quoted very different words by Mussolini, namely, the telegram sent to Prince Starhemberg, the Austrian Vice-Chancellor at the time, on the evening of the assassination of his close friend: "The Chancellor's tragic death is a deep grief to me. Austria's independence, for which he died, is a principle which Italy has always defended and which in times of special crisis Italy will defend with even stronger determination."

Count Strachwitz also referred to another statement by Mussolini, delivered on February 13th, 1935:

"Austria must fulfill her historical mission. I believe that there is room in Europe for a second German State, a German State, but a State that is master of its own fate——"

Long before that, on May 20th, 1925, the Italian Premier had declared in the Senate:

"Italy will never permit such a gross breach of the treaties as the union of Austria with Germany. In my opinion that union would destroy the whole fruits of Italy's victory. It would add to Germany's power in respect both of population and territory and would create a paradox whereby Germany would, of all the nations, be the only one to have increased her territory and added to her population."

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I myself approached the problem from another aspect:

"What about the Rome Protocols?" I asked. "Are not the binding agreements between Italy, Austria and Hungary also sure guarantees? Do not their very texts declare that Italy's friendship with Austria is founded upon the maintenance of Austrian independence?"

My colleague, Dr. Paul Rares, proposed that our midday edition should publish the seven or more declarations made to Austria by the Western Powers during the past years, as guarantees of her independence. Their publication would demonstrate emphatically that the world could not desert us at this vital moment in our struggle for the right of self-determination. Doctor Rares had already prepared a list of these declarations, which were of a nature to convince even skeptics:

"In 1922 the League of Nations guaranteed the independence of Austria."

"In 1932 a similar declaration was made by the Powers at Lausanne."

"In February and September, 1934, the French and British Governments made a joint declaration to the same effect."

"In January, 1935, France and Italy made a like statement, with which Great Britain associated herself a month later."

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Lastly, "In April, 1935, the Anglo-French-Italian guarantee was renewed at Stresa."

In the last resort, moreover, Austria, if she was to trust to treaties, had nothing to fear directly, even from Hitler! By the Agreement of July 11th, 1936, which was intended to substitute normal relations for open hostility between Austria and the Third Reich, and recently at Berchtesgaden, on February 12th, 1938, Herr Hitler, in return for very substantial concessions granted by Herr von Schuschnigg, had not only given his signature to Austria's independence, but had further solemnly undertaken to refrain from all direct and indirect interference in Austria's domestic affairs, including the question of the Austrian Nazis.

This guarantee by Hitler was clear and unambiguous. On March 5th his representative in the Schuschnigg Cabinet, Herr Seyss-Inquart, expressly declared at a meeting of the Nazis of Upper Austria held at Linz: "Austrian independence rests upon the guarantee of the German Reich." True, he added:

"Austria's independence could only be imperiled if forces in this country should set Austria at loggerheads with the Reich."

But Herr von Schuschnigg never seriously contemplated the release of any such forces and there are no grounds whatever for asserting that the decree of the plebiscite was a manifestation of that kind.

Incidentally, our papers did not publish the list

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of guarantees, which were, of course, already familiar to every Austrian.

. . . . .

At nine in the morning news arrived that the Nazis were again demonstrating in the Kärntnerstrasse (Vienna's Bond Street). At the same time newsvendors were shouting the name of a Nazi newspaper, in which Seyss-Inquart's deputy in the Patriotic Front, Doctor Jury, a medical practitioner appointed member of the State Council two days before by von Schuschnigg, appealed to the Nazis to boycott the plebiscite as being illegal and unconstitutional; the appeal also contained a savage attack upon the Chancellor. This was the first case of open mutiny by a high State official, and one in whom the Federal Chancellor had put special trust. Not only from the constitutional, but also from the human standpoint, this was sheer treason. The police took prompt action and confiscated the paper.

I was called to the telephone again and again. Reports of disturbances in various parts of Austria came pouring in, but most of them were mere demonstrations. There was no real outbreak of disorder and armed measures were almost everywhere unnecessary. The few casualties reported from Linz, Klagenfurt and also from Vienna were of a quite minor nature. All these demonstrations con-

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sisted of noise and shouting and the singing of forbidden songs.

I drove into the inner city, the center of demonstration at that time. I wanted to see for myself what was going on. The Nazis had collected around the Opera House, where mounted police were on duty beneath the arcades. The crowd was pushing its way towards the big corner shop under the Hotel Bristol, belonging to the German Railways, where an enormous portrait of Hitler was exposed to view. Once again, as on all recent occasions, the demonstrators who shouted the Hitler greeting, were mainly young persons—boys and girls who ought to have been at school, students released from duty by the sudden announcement of the university vacation that morning and apprentices who were taking a morning off for “fun.” These were joined by the sort of crowd which always collects where there is a prospect of rioting, by whatever party it may be instigated. Some forced their way through and laid flowers in front of Hitler’s portrait. Others stood entranced, as if rooted to the ground and unable to tear themselves from the picture and its framework of flowers. When the police quietly ordered the crowd to move on, the Nazis paraded up and down the Kärntnerstrasse, shouting uninterruptedly, “Heil, Hitler!” “One people, one Reich, one Leader!” “Down with Schuschnigg!”

From time to time a woman would scream “Hang



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the Jews" or "Pack them off to Palestine!" These anti-Semitic cries were not much taken up, for, according to secret orders issued by the party leaders, loud anti-Semitic calls and Jew-baiting were to be postponed for twenty-four hours.

Although the Nazis were not in very large numbers, they soon completely blocked the rather narrow roadway. The police, who were under the orders of Seyss-Inquart, were at a loss what to do.

One police officer said to me: "Our instructions are vague and contradictory. First we are told to clear the streets, and then we get an order to act firmly, but carefully. At one time word comes to keep the Kärntnerstrasse free; next, an order to shut it off. We really have no idea where we are. I don't know what I ought to do." The officer considered a moment before risking further confidences, then he added: "The Minister for the Interior has different ideas from the Chancellor. The police are bandied about from one to the other. Yesterday we actually had orders to break up a meeting of Schuschnigg's supporters, which had been called by the Burgomaster to demonstrate in favor of the Patriotic Front."

The chaotic scene in the Kärntnerstrasse was due to the uncertainty prevailing among the police. At one moment illicit leaders would discharge Nazi groups into the highway from side streets, without the police taking the least notice. The next minute

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a wide line of mounted guards would charge the crowd and in five minutes have the street completely deserted. Then would come orders to shut off the side streets, the police would form a human chain and police cars would line up in a barricade. A few moments later contrary orders would arrive, the chain would break, the cars drive away and the uproar start all over again.

At that moment I had an unpleasant feeling that two rival executives were at work—the legal authority under Schuschnigg, which still held full powers and had the situation fully in hand, if it only wished, and an illegal executive, thrusting itself into prominence and opposing all the Chancellor's efforts to maintain his resistance.

Most of the best shops were closed that morning, and shutters soon came rattling down wherever they were not already lowered. These precautions were well-founded, for during the night Nazis had given vent to their feelings by dashing down the streets in cars, shouting "Heil, Hitler" and throwing stones through shop-windows. At 10 o'clock the police decided to adopt fresh tactics, at any rate in the Kärntnerstrasse. The supporters of the government appeared upon the scene in long processions, followed by a line of motor lorries from which patriotically-minded students and peasants waved big red-white-red flags. The police reserved one pavement for the Nazis and left the rest of the street free for

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Schuschnigg's supporters. The result furnished further evidence that the Nazis in Vienna were in a minority. And this, although the masses of the people, the inhabitants of the suburbs, the workmen, with whom Schuschnigg had unfortunately never yet succeeded in establishing the right relations, but who were unconditionally opposed to National Socialism and meant to vote for independence, had not yet put in their appearance.

The police took up their stand between the two hostile camps, although it was obvious that the demonstrators were not going beyond an exchange of shouts. There was no real collision.

"One people, one Reich, one Leader," "Down with the Government of Jews," the Nazis shouted in well-trained soldier-like unison.

The crowd answered:

"Red-white-red for ever," "Heil the Patriotic Front," "Vote for Schuschnigg and an independent Austria."

One onlooker asked me why the supporters of the Patriotic Front, whose red-white-red badges far outnumbered the swastikas, were so long-suffering in face of intolerable provocation, and why they did not chase their opponents off the street. I told him that, the evening before, columns of workers, parading the streets for the first time since 1934, had in a few minutes driven off Nazi youths who were offering them particularly gross insults. Orders, however,

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had come from the Patriotic Front to abstain at all costs from drastic methods. It was desired that German propaganda should be given no grounds for issuing false reports. Even *agents-provocateurs* were to be ignored.

More than that, the "Storm-Corps," Doctor von Schuschnigg's picked men, who wore black uniforms like Hitler's Black Guards, were kept within barracks. Strange to say, not a single one of these sturdy fellows was to be seen in the street. This altogether misplaced restraint on the part of Herr von Schuschnigg went so far that, during the afternoon, a senior official in the Federal Press Department telephoned to our office several times and formally requested us to make as little as possible of a revolver attack that had been carried out at night by a Nazi patrol on unarmed Catholic students. Although the attack, which was reported by the police and verified by journalists, resulted in two seriously injured and several hurt, we were asked to describe it as a harmless scuffle.

I next went to a telephone box and rang up the office to learn what accounts our correspondents had given of the general situation. There was not much news from outside Vienna. Innsbruck, Graz and Eisenstadt reported noisy demonstrations. It was also rumored that Schuschnigg had requested Seyss-Inquart to dismiss Doctor Jury, his insubordinate

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deputy, and that Seyss-Inquart had refused. This rumor was not confirmed.

The police case editor submitted the following report:

"The Nazis are planning some kind of *coup*. The street disturbances are apparently only camouflage. Secret orders have arrived during the night from Germany. Consequently, the vendors of Nazi newspapers, who are in fact agitators and liaison agents with the duty of transmitting secret instructions by the party leaders to their trusted henchmen, are being kept extraordinarily busy even for these lively times. Further details have not yet been ascertained."

I was once again impressed by a fact which has never failed to strike me in my observation of Nazi work, and that is their marvelous organization. Marionettes pulled by an invisible wire could not act more promptly or with better discipline. When Nazis appear in the streets and give vent to feelings that appear to be near bursting point, they do so on the word of command. Similarly, they vanish suddenly at the same word of command, whenever their hidden leaders think it opportune that they should do so.

In the midst of the turmoil I met Baron Fröhlichsthal, first secretary to the Chancellor, on his way to the offices of the Patriotic Front. I told him that this secret underground work on the part of the Nazis

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made me anxious about Sunday's plebiscite. "Can it possibly proceed unhindered," I asked, "if the police continue to receive no clear instructions but act first against one party and then against the other? Won't the illegal Storm Troops in the smaller villages use terrorism to try and prevent Schuschnigg's supporters from recording their vote? Is not the order to abstain from voting a mere cloak?"

The slim elegant aristocrat smiled quietly, and said with that characteristic nonchalance behind which an Austrian conceals his worth: "The Chancellor has just now taken all the necessary steps to insure the unhampered execution of the plebiscite. He is at this moment calling up the 1915 reservists by wireless, and they are to be in their garrisons this afternoon. The militia of the Patriotic Front has also had commands to parade at 2 o'clock to keep order in the streets." The Baron's manner changed, as he added sternly: "Order will be kept."

. . . . .

A little later, as I drove through the streets, I saw Front Militia men collecting at every point. They were wearing gray-green uniforms and only their badges of rank distinguished them from the federal army, to which they were attached as volunteers. Ribbons, crosses and medals showed that most of them had served in the Great War.

The Front Militia had its origin in the semi-mili-

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tary formations that Schuschnigg had dissolved two years ago. Under the Treaty of St. Germain conscription in Austria had been forbidden. In consequence, the early years of peace saw the rise of numerous private corps belonging to the political leaders. Chief among them was the extremist and Fascist *Heimatschutz* of Prince Starhemberg and Major Emil Fey. To counterbalance this unit, Doctor Schuschnigg had created the Catholic *Ostmark* Storm Troops. When, as Chancellor, he reintroduced conscription in Austria, he dissolved these semi-military formations and incorporated their remnants in the Front Militia.

Among the once powerful leaders of these units, Prince Starhemberg, ever ready for a fight, was now absent from Vienna. At the beginning of things, Prince Starhemberg, whose policy was as undecided as his methods were impetuous and hot-headed, had cherished a tremendous admiration for Hitler. Later, as head of the *Heimwehr* and an Austrian Minister, he had become the bitter enemy of National Socialism. After Schuschnigg had dropped him from his Cabinet, he had said good-by to politics and retired completely into private life. For some years, too, his erstwhile closest comrade-in-arms, and, later, bitterest enemy, Major Emil Fey, who, like Starhemberg, was for some time Austrian Vice-Chancellor, had been out of public life. Fey it was who in February of 1934 had directed the

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military and bloody campaign against the Republican *Schutzbund* of the Social Democrats. On July 25th of that year, he was held prisoner by the Nazis at the Federal Chancellery during and for some hours after the murder of Dollfuss. It was not at that time known whether he was an accomplice of the rebels. He, too, it was who, at the orders of the rebels, negotiated from the balcony with Doctor Schuschnigg's emissary, the Minister Neustädter-Stürmer, concerning a free conduct for the beleaguered Nazis. After his removal from political life Fey, too, long bore a grudge against Doctor Schuschnigg, but, after Berchtesgaden, Fey, Count Berthold Stürgh and other former leaders of the *Heimatschutz* rallied together some of their old comrades and once more placed themselves at the Chancellor's disposal.

The *Heimatschutz* men, once again wearing their green-white badges, now came hastening to the meeting-places, joined by many reserve officers of the old Austro-Hungarian army, still in the uniforms they had worn in the Great War.

The Chancellor's orders were as follows:

"At 5 P.M. the Front Militia will take up duty alongside the police at all traffic centers in Vienna and in the provinces."

I attached myself to a group of officers who had been told to proceed to the head offices of the Patriotic Front, there to receive instructions. Beside me walked Captain Kunz, of the *Heimwehr*, and



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on the way he expressed regret that Schuschnigg had dissolved them two years previously. "During the Nazi *Putsch* of 1934," he said, "we closed our ranks at once and suppressed the rebels in Styria and Carinthia within forty-eight hours. Now that we are all scattered, many will no longer be willing to join us."

"In 1934," said Lieutenant-Colonel Huber, who was close behind us, "there was no conscription and the defense units played a very different part. To-day it would be impossible to have all kinds of rival formations existing side by side with the federal army. That would only cause confusion."

"Still, it's a pity that the whole *Heimatschutz* cannot now assemble and report 'all present and correct.' Doctor Schuschnigg should have taken a leaf out of the Nazi book. They've kept their S.S. and S.A. side by side with the regular army."

The "House of the Front," the head offices of "political training" in Austria under the authoritarian regime, was the plebiscite headquarters. Schuschnigg's proclamation had been very sudden, but the details had been worked out carefully for weeks by his more intimate and trusted helpers.

We entered the building on the fine old square "Am Hof." Feverish activity reigned even in the entrance lobbies and everywhere one saw officials who had evidently not been out of their clothes for thirty-six hours.

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"What is the probable outcome of the plebiscite?" I asked.

"We can only guess," Doctor W. told me. "We reckon with a majority of 70 per cent, even if all the Nazis with a right to vote, write 'No.' "

A gentleman who introduced himself as Doctor Ramsauer and who, Doctor W. whispered to me, was a strong Nazi, protested: "Why has the Chancellor allowed so short a time for this plebiscite? It is impossible to carry it out smoothly in three days."

"Why are three days not enough?" answered Doctor W. "Surely every adult Austrian knows already whether he is in favor of maintaining or abandoning Austria's independence." Turning to Doctor Ramsauer, he added: "If you really wanted to bring your people to the polling booths, your marvelous organization would allow you to mobilize the last Nazi from the remotest Alpine valley within twelve hours. But you are afraid that your real 'strength' will at last be revealed and numerically ascertained. That is why you order them not to vote!"

But Schuschnigg's opponent continued to protest. "Three days is not enough," he cried.

Doctor W. shrugged his shoulders. "Ought we then to have challenged competition from Berlin's propaganda merchants? Doctor Goebbels would not have grudged a hundred million marks one way or the other (uncovered marks in any case!). If Schuschnigg had not ordered the plebiscite at such

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short notice, Berlin would have filled your pockets with paper marks and have buried our plebiscite beneath an avalanche of paper propaganda."

"We have not seen the end yet," said Doctor Ramsauer, cryptically.

"Is that meant as provocation?" I asked. "What do you mean?" He looked at me and said nothing.

Berlin, too, said nothing. For twenty-four hours the whole German Press and all German newspaper correspondents reported no word of Doctor Schuschnigg's proclamation at Innsbruck. Berlin had wrapped herself in silence. It was a mysterious silence and seemed to me at that moment more menacing and dangerous than all the spoken attacks to which Berlin had so accustomed us. What was to be her reply to the plebiscite? I left hastily and returned to the office. Perhaps reports would have arrived from Germany.

## CHAPTER II

THE Berlin messages, marked with a red pencil, were lying on the table. The German Press had regained its powers of speech and the language it now spoke was fierce and threatening. Without pause the German wireless was sending out false news from Austria. Germany's promise not to interfere in the domestic affairs of her neighbor was forgotten; the Austrian plebiscite had suddenly become an affair of the German Reich.

Here are some announcements that followed one another at short intervals:

"The Ministers Seyss-Inquart, Glaise-Horstenau and State Councillor Doctor Jury knew nothing about the plebiscite. . . ."

"The Kärntnerstrasse is in the hands of a Communist mob."

"The Vienna Communists are calling a general strike."

"In Vienna German nationals are being grossly maltreated."

"Czechoslovakia is supplying the red mob in Vienna with artillery to support an immediate Bolshevik uprising."

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"The German nation in Austria is in a state of indescribable perturbation."

"Schuschnigg's action may have catastrophic results."

That last phrase continued to echo in my brain—"Schuschnigg's action may have catastrophic results."

I rang up the Federal Chancellery; there they did not seem to share my fears. "The Nazis at Graz," I was told, "have demanded the postponement of the plebiscite. Doctor Schuschnigg has bluntly refused."

Count Strachwitz had entered my room and wanted to know how Graz had received that news. I asked the operator to put an urgent call through to Graz. "As soon as I can," she answered, "all lines are engaged."

Indeed, one ought to have been at five telephones at once, and I was kept unceasingly at the instrument. A local correspondent rang up to say that airplanes were dropping ten thousand pro-Schuschnigg leaflets in the inner city. Looking out of the window and listening to the roar of motor traffic, I saw them falling like snowflakes on the University buildings.

Then another correspondent rang through: "The Palace Gates (one of the main entries to the center of the city) have just been closed." A third rang up to say: "The *Essener Nationalzeitung* (Field-

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Marshal Goering's paper) is forbidden in the streets. It calls the plebiscite 'a slap in the face for the Austrian people.' The *Prager Tagblatt* is also confiscated."

A moment later Linz was on the line. "The Nazis are on the war-path. Every ten minutes messengers are arriving from the German frontier, cars and motorcycles. S.A. men are distributing leaflets announcing in thick type 'Schuschnigg has broken the Berchtesgaden agreement.' A serious fracas has occurred outside the barracks of the Patriotic Storm Corps; the Nazis allege that two Storm Corps men opened fire. Thereupon they set upon six of their opponents with knuckle-dusters and clubs. There are ten injured in all. One man has climbed up on the Town Hall and hoisted the swastika flag. A fireman has just fetched it down."

"What are the police doing?" I asked.

"Trying to smooth matters over," was the answer. "Count Revertera, director of public security for Upper Austria, is showing open sympathy with the Nazis, whom he once opposed so strongly."

Linz rang off. Next came the "Telegraphencompagnie" news agency with further German messages, all of them in the most savage and embittered language.

Herr Teleky, the Vienna correspondent of a Budapest paper, inquired urgently for information about Herr Keppler of Berlin, who had had a conversation

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that morning with Herr Seyss-Inquart. "Keppler?" I said. "Who is he?" "Keppler," he answered, "was formerly one of Hitler's economic advisers. He has flown to Vienna as an observer or on a mission from Hitler."

I called up the Federal Press Office and was answered by Herr Kramer. Count Strachwitz took the receiver from me and asked: "Is it true that Herr Keppler has come from Berlin on a special mission?"

The gentleman at the Press Office cleared his throat. "A special mission? We know nothing of that. Herr Keppler, however, is head of the Berlin Office for agricultural research. A big man in Goering's four-year-plan. He is here on economic matters, but is already about to fly back. As you know, an economic *rapprochement* was also discussed at Berchtesgaden."

"Thanks," we answered, "that doesn't tell us much."

Nor was our Hungarian colleague any better satisfied. He began to grumble: "There is something wrong with the government intelligence department. Everything is denied, or, at any rate, minimized. Berlin speaks in tones that suggest a declaration of war against Austria, while here in Vienna the authorities bury their heads in the sand and issue *démentis*." After a moment Doctor Teleky added: "I have heard another report that needs confirming. Seyss-Inquart is said to have resigned!"

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Good God! Another call to the Federal Press Office. This time a very senior official answered. When I asked whether Seyss-Inquart had resigned, he replied: "One moment, please. I must make inquiries." After what seemed an eternity, the man at the other end of the line said: "Tell your informant not to talk nonsense." To which I replied: "Have you heard what was said on the German wireless—'Schuschnigg's action may have catastrophic results'?"

The official answered: "My dear sir, don't let us lose our heads. The German papers, from which the wireless gets the news, must find something to write about."

I asked one more question: "Is there any further news?"

*Answer:* "Nothing at all that need excite or disturb us."

At that moment my colleague, Doctor Rares, shouted, or rather bellowed, into another telephone in the room: "God in Heaven, what's that? The Seventh Army Corps is being mobilized in Munich? It's not possible! Please, hold on a moment." Doctor Rares put his hand over the receiver and said: "They've just heard at the *Creditanstalt* that Munich is mobilizing and that troops are being moved to the Austrian frontier. Brown Shirts and Black Guards are marching together towards Garmisch-Partenkirchen. Munich is full of reservists,



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who have been suddenly summoned from their work. The town is full of requisitioned lorries, omnibuses and brewery vans mounted with soldiers. The frontier at Salzburg was closed this morning for an hour and a half. Private cars have had trouble in obtaining petrol. . . ."

It was my turn to say "God in Heaven." "Does your informant know anything more?" Doctor Rares took up the receiver and, after listening a moment, turned to us again: "The G.O.C. in Munich flatly denies the story of mobilization. The movements are only part of a special alarm practice."

At this point I could only shout hysterically at Doctor Rares: "Enough of your Job's comfort. I want none of your defeatism." I was interrupted by the telephone: "Graz on the line."

Our Graz correspondent, without a word of greeting, poured out his news breathlessly: "Things are happening here. The illegal S.A. brigade No. 5 has been reassembled. Not a soul is at work. The whole town is demonstrating. A mob is bellowing outside my window so that I can't hear myself speak. For hours now slogan-squads have been shouting in unison: 'Down with the bogus plebiscite! Down with Schuschnigg!' There are twenty Nazi leaflets to every three of the Patriotic Front. And still they come. Near the Joanneum-Museum hostile groups came to blows; result—seven casualties. During the night troops have arrived from Vienna, with tanks

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and field guns. Also the three bombers, who were here on the 27th, are again over the city."

So much for the scene at Graz.

The editor's room was now full of people bringing or seeking news. All Vienna had heard the German wireless announcement: "Schuschnigg's action may have catastrophic results." Enthusiasm, confidence and hope had vanished like smoke. Anxiety was on all faces, as in the days that followed Berchtesgaden.

"Shall we leave?" some seven or eight voices asked, evidently attaching oracular powers to the words of a newspaper editor. This sudden collapse of confidence seemed shameful to me. "Red-white-red for ever," all these men had sworn. At the first alarm they throw up their hands, without inquiring whether the alarm is true or false. The panic which has for so long prevailed, the constant threats of the Third Reich, have worked on their nerves. I felt it myself and had not the heart to reproach their lack of spirit. Without our having exchanged a word, my colleagues were evidently of the same mind and, using the same tone as the gentleman from the Press Office, we sought to comfort our friends: "Good God, there is no need to be frightened. Hitler won't bite you!"

All the same, I thought, some practical argument was needed, so I explained: "Don't forget, the Great Powers are still behind us!" The words were uttered

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mechanically, but at that hour—12 noon—we did not really believe them ourselves.

. . . . .

Meanwhile the telephone operator was being overwhelmed. In increasing numbers anxious and terrified people rang us up; we could hardly have stood it, but for a few optimists, who refused to be alarmed and prophesied an end to this Nazi nightmare on Monday. Their view was this: "Seyss-Inquart will have to go, when the supporters of independence have won the day. What will he have to do after that? The Obersalzberg is not Vienna. In Berchtesgaden Schuschnigg trembled before Hitler, but on the Ballhausplatz he is master of himself."

There were also anonymous calls from persons who gave fictitious names. When the operator put them through, the conversation would start like this: "How are you, sir?" On my inquiring what they wanted, the answer would follow: "Heil, Hitler! Are you packing your things and starting off for Czechoslovakia? It won't be any good trying to escape. We shall catch you all before you get to the frontier."

A Nazi, named Schlosnigg, to whom I had done a good turn in the days before there was any National Socialist problem in Austria, rang me up on the telephone, giving his right name. "I ought not to

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be ringing you, Herr Lennhoff. Excuse me," he said in low tones, "but I want to urge you to leave at once. Your life is in danger!" he added.

"Leave?" I said. "You are misjudging the situation, Herr Schlosnigg." Whereupon he answered: "Unhappily—I should say, thank goodness—I'm not. Never was I so sure of victory as today."

"Don't be absurd," I said. "You are trying to frighten me." To which he replied: "Frighten you? Oh, no, I'm not. I cannot say more, but I advise you once again to get away. Enemies of National Socialism who are still here in a few days' time will not enjoy themselves. That I can guarantee. When the Nazis took over in Berlin, the Storm Troops were given their heads for three days and nights. Then the whistle blew and every one of them obeyed it. There will be no whistle here, after all we've gone through—or, if there is, we shan't hear it. We shall want to clear the air a bit, first!"

I do not know why I continued to listen to all that Herr Schlosnigg was saying or why I did not obey my first instinct and hang up the receiver. Some magic power compelled me to hold on tight to the earpiece. I was about to answer, when I found that Herr Schlosnigg had rung off. Again the words echoed in my ears: "Schuschnigg's action may have catastrophic results." To exorcise the spirit of this threat I kept on repeating to myself: "Don't let us

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lose our heads. There is nothing that need excite or disturb us."

At four minutes past twelve, Doctor Rares learned from the airdrome at Aspern that the Minister Glaise-Horstenau had returned to Vienna from his lecture trip to Germany.

I had made Herr Glaise-Horstenau's acquaintance at Press headquarters during the war, when he was a colonel on the Austro-Hungarian general staff. Like Adolf Hitler, he was born at Braunau on the Inn, though his parents were of rather higher social standing than those of the Reich Chancellor and *Führer*. His job as a staff officer was to draft the official *communiqués* issued by the general staff. He subsequently wrote semi-scientific works on history. True to his officer's oath and family traditions, he describes in one of these books with grief and sorrow the progress of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy towards its final collapse.

Glaise-Horstenau was originally a "black-yellow" monarchist, but, besides being an enthusiastic supporter of the Hapsburgs, was also a militant Catholic. One morning, after a trip to Berlin, he awoke to find himself an ardent Nazi. He was a member of the well-known "Herrenklub," over which Herr von Papen had presided in the days of his chancellorship. Glaise-Horstenau played a decisive part in concluding the so-called "peace" between Germany and Austria of July 11th, 1936, which was the real pre-

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lude to the catastrophe of "new Austria." At that time Schuschnigg had found a place for him in the Cabinet as the first Nazi representative. Until the meeting at Berchtesgaden, Glaise-Horstenau had discharged his duties with manifest restraint, but this lecture trip, from which he was returning so apropos, made me wonder. What had the Minister without portfolio brought back from his trip in that portfolio of his?

I tried to get Glaise-Horstenau on the telephone, but was told that he was with the Chancellor.

Our informant from the *Creditanstalt* now rang up from his office—only a few hundred yards from our own. He had some interesting news, but, not wishing to give it over the line, he asked one of us to meet him in the street outside. A few minutes later our colleague returned and told us: "Germany is saying that serious labor disturbances have broken out in Austria and that blood is flowing in streams. Schuschnigg is no longer in control of the situation."

We then bombarded the telephone operator with calls: "Ring up Linz, Graz, Klagenfurt, Wiener-Neustadt, Salzburg, Leoben."

One after the other, we were put through to our correspondents. "Do you know anything about labor disturbances?" we asked.

With one accord, answer came from Linz, Graz, Klagenfurt, Wiener-Neustadt, Salzburg and Leoben: "Not a word."

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"Is fighting going on? Any bloodshed?"

One after another Linz, Graz, Klagenfurt, Wiener-Neustadt, Salzburg and Leoben answered: "Except for reports of minor collisions, there is no fighting. All reports to the contrary are false."

"Is Schuschnigg no longer master of the situation?"

With one voice, Linz, Graz, Klagenfurt, Wiener-Neustadt, Salzburg and Leoben replied:

"Schuschnigg has the necessary authority. Only let him give orders for stronger measures to be taken. Once these orders arrive, the Nazis will soon disappear."

At half past twelve I went into the composers' room to supervise the setting-up of the *Echo*.

"How far has Schuschnigg got in his negotiations with the workers?" I was asked by the foreman, who had never concealed his Socialist sympathies. He was not one of their elected delegates, but was well informed on many details. "Tonight," he told me, "Rott and Seiler are making important announcements on the wireless."

. . . . .

Herr Rott had been a Minister for a short time only. He was leader of the Christian Social Trade Unions until brought into the Cabinet in order to win over labor to the government. Herr Seiler was, until February, 1934, a young editor of the Social

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Democrat Labor paper, and later an illegal Socialist leader.

The cooperation of these two men from the different labor camps was a guarantee of support from the workers.

At last, I thought, we shall get a united front in favor of Austrian independence. At last Schuschnigg has realized his mistake in not having long ago propitiated the workers. At last, too, the workers see that, despite all reluctance, cooperation with Schuschnigg in the cause of independence is the need of the moment.

Ever since the bloody events of February, 1934, the workers had, naturally enough, withdrawn into themselves. Although, of course, they had no use for Schuschnigg, they were still farther from becoming Nazi. They had remained what they had always been—Socialists. After the war the workers of Austria had followed the lead of Social Democracy, the party which, until Dollfuss with the help of the *Heimwehr* destroyed it, had ruled Vienna, and formed the largest party in Parliament. It had been a party with which a large part of the middle-class intelligentsia and the business world had allied themselves. Hitler spoke of the party as "Bolshevist"; as a matter of fact the Communists in Austria never had a seat in Parliament.

For four years the dark shadow of February 12th had stood between the Vienna workers and Doctor



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Schuschnigg, who at the time of the suppression of Austrian democracy had been Doctor Dollfuss's Minister of Justice. The Dollfuss government had seized upon those events as a pretext for destroying the militant elements in the Republican *Schutzbund* and for annihilating the whole Social Democratic party.

Schuschnigg had been negotiating with the workers for several days with a view to reconciliation, and only the previous day excellent progress had been reported. In the evening anti-Nazi workers had marched through the suburbs and held a meeting on the Graben in the inner city. On their own initiative they had wished to manifest their determination to resist. Nevertheless, the negotiations had not yet led to any final result. Now, however, a settlement really seemed to have been reached, for if Minister Rott, to whom the Chancellor had entrusted the negotiations, and Seiler, the young workers' leader, were really going to speak on the wireless, that meant that a reconciliation had been effected.

Reconciliation between Schuschnigg and the workers meant a sudden and powerful accession to the forces of resistance against the enemies of the State. It meant that the forces of defense had at long last united.

Reconciliation between Schuschnigg and the workers meant that the cause of national independ-

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ence would now receive unconditional and determined support from the strongest compact element among Austria's people, a force that for the last four years had lain idle and politically neglected.

I sent for one of our local reporters and told him to go out at once in search of news. Five minutes later a news sheet reached us from upstairs, containing this message: "Schuschnigg's negotiations with the workers have just been concluded. At seven-forty Minister Rott will announce over the wireless the results arrived at. Later, Herr Seiler will give the workers' views on these agreements, also over the wireless, and will proclaim the determination of the working classes to fight for the cause of independence.

"Accordingly, today and tomorrow there will be hundreds of meetings of the workers' delegates. Millions of leaflets will be distributed in every working-class home, declaring:

'Austria is at stake!'

'The rights of humanity are at stake!'

'Liberty and equality are at stake!'

'Therefore: *Vote yes!*'

'Vote YES for freedom and independence!' "

"Hurrah!" shouted the foreman, who had been looking over my shoulder. As he passed the message on to his colleagues, a wave of optimism spread through the room.

At that moment further news came in: "The

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were received within two days. The Berlin *Angriff* wrote at the time: "These are evil machinations by the Popular Front to pervert the meaning of the Berchtesgaden agreement."

The term "Popular Front" was cleverly calculated in Berlin to throw Schuschnigg and his friends into consternation. The collection of signatures, which had stimulated many lukewarm spirits and had had a rousing effect, was stopped. All the same, the negotiations were opened.

I looked hastily through the notes I had been receiving on the subject of these negotiations since their commencement:

*March 3rd.*

"Schuschnigg conferred for four hours with fourteen workers' delegates representing the larger concerns in Vienna. All of them were former Social Democrats elected in 1937 at the first free elections of delegates held since 1934. They declared their willingness to fight for a free and independent Austria and submitted their demands."

*March 7th.*

"Several hundred workers' delegates met at the former Social Democratic Headquarters in Floridsdorf, Vienna's largest working quarter (the scene on February 12th, 1934, of specially fierce fighting). The meeting was held to receive the report from the deputation which had waited upon Schuschnigg. It was the first free conference of delegates since 1934.

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There were twenty-two speakers. The police were not present. For the first time for four years the men were meeting unhindered; hitherto they have only been able to meet secretly in private houses or in the woods. For the first time they again sang their Song of Work. A long discussion developed on the demands to be put to Schuschnigg. Several speakers gave vent to their long-repressed anger and wanted to ask for impossibilities, but the great majority favored moderation and attached primary importance to the defense of liberty and independence. One speaker said:

“ ‘We must organize the defense without delay. If the government is looking for help only from abroad, it will fall. Others will only help a people which helps itself.’

“When the vote was taken, the decision was in favor of a moderate program of demands. They were as follows:

“1. Equal treatment for the adherents of all political views.

“2. Freely elected delegates for all the economic, cultural, and recreational organizations of the workers.

“3. Return of the property of cultural and recreational workers' organizations confiscated at the time of the dissolution of the Social Democratic party.

“4. The establishment of an independent Labor Press.

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"5. Substantial extension of schemes for dealing with unemployment."

*March 8th.*

"The negotiations are continuing."

*March 9th.*

"The negotiations are still continuing."

*March 10.*

"In view of the approaching plebiscite the negotiations are being speeded up and there is a prospect of a successful result. Leaflets have already appeared calling for resistance by all means to the danger of Austria being overrun by the Nazis. One of these leaflets—from Graz—attacks faint-hearted defeatists, who, as it says, 'are looking for a line of retreat and hold that it is futile for a small and weak country like Austria to offer resistance to the great Third Reich, armed as it is to the teeth. Organized resistance is therefore hopeless and merely involves needless loss of life.' To this the leaflet replied: 'These defeatist views are false. No one denies that in the event of a war Austria would have no chance against the Third Reich. On the other hand, if Austria herself desires her own independence, she does not stand alone. The whole of the peace-loving world is interested in the maintenance of Austria's independence. On February 26th the French Foreign Minister laid it down in the Chamber as a principle of French policy that Austria's independence was an essential element of European peace.' "

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I put the sheets on one side and broke off for lunch. I set out for the Café Rebhuhn, where many journalists and "people in the know" meet in the luncheon hour. I was accompanied by one of our reporters who was just back from collecting news in the working quarters. This is what he had to say:

"Workers who are up to date in their information are in good fettle. The working quarters of Ottakring, Hernals, and Floridsdorf have for the last hour been full of men who are once again sporting the old Socialist colors, the three arrows and the red carnation. The old party cry of 'Freiheit' is once again to be heard. Barring accidents, the number of working votes given for Schuschnigg will be enormous. Unfortunately, the workers in many businesses are still quite unaware that the negotiations have been concluded."

"Everyone will be listening," I said, "when the radio gives out the news this evening."

My colleague was skeptical: "Much may happen before seven-forty."

. . . . .

At the Rebhuhn every table was full, and the usual public was reinforced by a large number of men in uniform. From the Stephansplatz near-by you could hear the deafening noise of demonstrations, which since midday had enormously grown in volume. The whole of the inner city, known as the

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heart of Vienna and bathed at this hour in brilliant spring sunshine, was dominated by the followers of the Patriotic Front. They were streaming into the town from all sides and their flags and badges literally smothered the Nazi swastikas. Outnumbered as they were, the Nazi cries of "Heil, Hitler" became feebler, and they themselves began to withdraw to the side streets.

Every time the door of the café opened we could hear from without cries of "Red-white-red for ever," already sounding quite rhythmical and military. Suddenly, an uproar began outside. There had been a scuffle and a number of Nazi youths took refuge in the café. A colonel in uniform, wearing his war decorations, went to the help of the boys when he saw some of the guests threatening them with clenched fists. He was anxious to avoid trouble by the use of Austria's famous "Gemütlichkeit." Clapping the lads kindly on the shoulder, he asked them, "What's the matter, now? Nobody is going to hurt boys like you. Tell me your names. I'll telephone to your parents to come and fetch you."

The youths then left the café one after the other, rather shamefacedly, and the colonel turned to those around him, saying: "Isn't it a shame to drive lads like them on to the streets?" He laughed, and added: "Schuschnigg ought to lower the age-limit for voting at the plebiscite; he ought to put down the age to twenty instead of twenty-four, and even

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then very few of the Nazi demonstrators would be able to vote. These last three days I have seen nothing but young fledglings like these."

The colonel's view was altogether too optimistic. Anyone who, like myself, has been compelled by his work to observe during the last few years the dynamic activity of the Austrian Nazis knows that Hitler's organized supporters in Austria amount to 25 per cent of the population. True, that is only a minority, but it must not be forgotten how efficiently that minority is organized. I have always warned people against underestimating our opponents, as so many of my enthusiastic friends have done, and, unfortunately, as members of the government have also done. On the other hand, I have always resented foreign and Austrian visitors to our provincial towns and villages judging from the noisy agitation of the local Nazis that they formed the majority in Austria. Both conclusions would be equally wrong.

For more than ten years the Rebhuhn has been a sort of Exchange for news. Not all the rumors that circulate in its long narrow rooms, so dark that even at midday the lights are kept on, are true. It is a typical Viennese café. Round the tables occupied by journalists, politicians, bank-managers and business men congregate onlookers at "life," glad of the opportunity to catch a glimpse of the leading actors in the dramas of politics, journalism and finance.



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The Café Rebhuhn is open not only to all classes of society, but to all political views. Government policy is here a subject for free discussion, and this freedom makes it possible for even the most determined opponents to meet at the café and exchange their opinions without any of the usual restraint. The permanent clientele of the Rebhuhn are bound to one another by an agreeable spirit of *camaraderie*. Even when, as in recent years, a Communist or a Social Democrat or a Nazi has been released from a concentration camp and returns to his seat at the Rebhuhn, he will receive a positively warm welcome from the other guests, whatever their political opinions. With my own eyes I have seen a strongly Catholic newspaper proprietor hand money to a known Socialist after his release from political arrest, in order that he might the more easily settle down again in his newly regained freedom. The Rebhuhn is in miniature a mirror of Austria. And so it is with most of the other cafés, except in so far as they are exclusively patronized by individual parties.

Apart from the Nazis, many of whom, I am convinced, do not properly understand what the incorporation of Austria in the Third Reich would mean for the country and for themselves, the idea of Austria is for all Austrians something absolutely self-evident and immutable.

Among clients of the Rebhuhn who were keen

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supporters of a "Greater Germany" were the former Minister of Trade Dr. Hanns Schürff, the Nazi agitator Doctor Neubacher, who has so often expressed his hope of becoming Burgomaster of a National Socialist Vienna, Dr. Walter Riehl, the man who claims to be the real founder and inventor of National Socialism, and the former Chief Editor of the *Wiener Neueste Nachrichten*, Herr Petwaidić. This confirmed Nazi publicist with the regrettably un-German and typically Yugoslav name, used to be referred to by my friends as the liaison officer between the Rebhuhn and the Ministry of Propaganda in Berlin. The thin little man, with his quite un-Nordic appearance and his hooked nose, would shuffle for the most part from one table to another picking up scraps of conversation here and there which he might be able to use for his own ends. He would throw sudden questions at people, but practice caution in his own replies. It was obvious that he was there to listen and not to talk. Only one journalist of the other camp, Mr. E., a man of liberal views, always succeeded, by setting little traps for him, in provoking Petwaidić out of his customary reserve.

These two were together when I came in, and I listened to their conversation. Petwaidić was that day much colder than usual towards his "friends." Some of them he seemed to be trying literally to "see through." In his conversation with Mr. E. he was

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more communicative than normally. For once he was doing the talking himself. When Mr. E., with an innocent air, but a malicious gleam in his eye, was making one of his jokes at Goebbel's expense, Herr Petwaidić snapped at him:

"You shut up. You don't know what you're talking about. Your economic calculations as to the impending financial collapse of Germany are contradicted by daily economic events. You just wait! The time is not far off when the Third Reich will stretch from Hamburg to Lake Balata. Nobody can stop Hitler. Instead of studying economic treatises by foreigners, you would do better to read *Mein Kampf* again." And he added with emphasis: "What Hitler wrote in *Mein Kampf* will be fulfilled to the letter. The national forces are concentrated."

"In Austria, thank God, they are," laughed Mr. E. "They are in concentration camps."

The jest was ill-placed and rested upon false assumptions. For, after the Berchtesgaden agreement, Schuschnigg granted an amnesty and set at liberty those Nazis who had been imprisoned for bomb throwing, incitement to rebellion, assault and other crimes.

I now took my leave of the company, for it was time to go back to the office. "Auf Wiedersehen," I said, "till this evening."

I drove back through the Kärntnerstrasse, now entirely deserted, as the police had once again shut

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it off. Behind the police cordon the Nazis were collecting everywhere, on the Neuermarkt, in the Tegethoffstrasse and near the Opera, having been driven from the Graben and the Stephanspaltz by the men of the Patriotic Front.

The government's precautionary measures had at last begun to be visible. The radio headquarters in the Johannesgasse were surrounded by soldiers in steel helmets and any attempt by the Nazis to pass in would have been hopeless. I stopped a moment at that building, where, in 1934, the *Putsch* against Dollfuss had first started. I heard the announcer give out the following statement:

"Malicious rumors have been circulating to the effect that the plebiscite is to be postponed. The report is false and ridiculous and is herewith categorically denied."

I passed several points where the Front Militia's gray observation cars, filled with armed men, had already taken up their stand, more especially in front of the headquarters of the Patriotic Front. The number of police patrol cars had multiplied and were immediately rushed to any point at which the Nazis were noisily demonstrating. The police would alight and restore order, still using visible restraint.

At 2 o'clock there was an editorial conference, so, having still ten minutes to spare, I telephoned to my

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parents. They were much concerned for my safety, but I did my best to calm them.

Important messages awaited the conference.

The first read:

"The Nazi weekly *Volkspresse*, an organ belonging to Herr Kruckenhauser, the first Secretary-General of the Patriotic Front under Dollfuss, and thus one of the founders of the Dollfuss-Schuschnigg policy, but who later enrolled himself in the service of the Third Reich, has brought out a special edition in two hundred thousand copies, to be given away free in the streets. It contains Doctor Jury's appeal to the Nazis to boycott the plebiscite, which was published in the morning edition of the *Wiener Neueste Nachrichten* and later confiscated. The text in the *Volkspresse* is exactly the same as that which was confiscated from the *Wiener Neueste*. Not a word has been changed, and it includes all the attacks upon Doctor von Schuschnigg."

Was it possible? What could that mean?

We rang up the Police Press Department. A senior official, Herr Mandiak, did not view this second case of open mutiny at all tragically. He said with complete imperturbability: "We shall merely confiscate it again."

That was all. That was the only official reply to open treason, and in the meantime the whole two hundred thousand copies of the *Volkspresse* had doubtless been distributed.

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The second message was not less astonishing.

"Von Papen, the Ambassador, has returned to Vienna," and that, although since February 4th he has no longer been Germany's diplomatic representative in Vienna. During the five or six weeks following his official departure he had engaged in activities far more startling and drastic in their effects than the whole of his work since July 26th, 1934, when first sent to Austria as Hitler's special envoy. These activities were in full accord with Herr von Papen's temperament and past record. After his resignation Herr von Papen on two or three occasions paid official visits of farewell and each time left Vienna "for the last time." A few days would pass, and there he was again. In Vienna we were told he had "only" visited friends, "only" called on acquaintances, or was "only" keeping in touch with Catholic circles in Vienna. That was the information given to our colleague Count Strachwitz, whenever he inquired as to the cause of Papen's repeated visits to Vienna.

This time, however, the ambassador had accomplished his *chef-d'œuvre*. Possessing no visible functions, he had brought about the Berchtesgaden agreement. With the help of the Foreign Minister, Dr. Guido Schmidt, his efforts to persuade Doctor von Schuschnigg to undertake the journey to Obersalzberg had at last been crowned with success. The

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visit had often been suggested, but had invariably encountered the Chancellor's marked reluctance.

What was bringing Herr von Papen back to Vienna today? Was it possible that this sudden and unexpected appearance of the former Catholic Reich Chancellor, who delivered Germany to Hitler, had some connection with a third message just received?

This message ran:

"This morning the secret Cabinet Council has met in Berlin under Hitler's presidency. It has been in deliberation for several hours."

What part was Herr von Papen playing in this dangerous game? We exchanged gloomy looks. Were we now to experience the catastrophic results of Schuschnigg's action threatened by the German wireless? And what could these results be?

At that moment we were rung up for the second time that day by our correspondent in Paris. He passed on to us, with every reservation and for our private information only, since he himself was not disposed to believe the report, a message from Madame Tabouis in the *Œuvre* which he had unaccountably forgotten to transmit that morning. Madame Tabouis had written:

"There are very deep divergencies of view in Berlin as to the attitude of the Reich government to the question of the plebiscite. Field-Marshal Goering has suggested to Hitler that he should march into Austria at once. Vienna could be surrounded within

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four hours and all Austrian towns occupied within twenty-four hours. The Army Command is opposed to the suggestion. In their opinion the Reich should wait for 'favorable incidents,' such as an insult to the German flag or the shedding of German blood. The view of the generals was supported by Herr von Neurath, and, after long internal conflict, was indorsed by Hitler."

So much for Madame Tabouis.

Our correspondent, M. Maillard, reported further opinions from the French Press. These, too, were not encouraging.

In the *Echo de Paris* Pertinax offered the following prognosis:

"The Nazis in Austria intend to provoke disturbances so that they can say that the people voted under extreme terrorism." He had learned from London that Herr Ribbentrop had the day before informed his British hosts that Germany would in no circumstances permit bloodshed in Austria.

The *Epoque* bluntly wrote: "Germany is crouching for a spring at her victim's throat."



### CHAPTER III

WITH so much contradictory news pouring in, news that was continually being overtaken by events, it was quite impossible to get a true picture of the situation. Work that afternoon was exceedingly difficult and normal newspaper routine ceased altogether. All our reporters were out trying to register public feeling.

It was now a little after two. Official quarters, so far as we could establish contact with them, did not believe in any imminent danger. Or was it that they refused to believe? They seemed to be dismissing the warnings of the foreign Press much as Herr Schuschnigg had disregarded Mussolini's advice to avoid a plebiscite. It looked as though loyal government circles were convinced of their ability to cope with any internal trouble by the use of the combined forces at their disposal. No one thought or was prepared to think of an *external* danger. Not a single member of the government or high official with whom we got into touch hinted at an impending catastrophe.

Here are two instances of the attitude of high Austrian State officials at this juncture:

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1. One of my colleagues had just recently spoken with Doctor Skubl, President of the Vienna police and also Inspector-General of the whole Austrian police and *gendarmerie*. These titles had an impressive sound and suggested that Doctor Skubl possessed full executive powers, except, of course, over the army, which was under Doctor Schuschnigg's personal control. But that was not the case. The department of public safety was in the hands of the Nazi Minister for the Interior, Doctor Seyss-Inquart, who issued instructions of his own to the police and *gendarmerie* over the Police President's head. Subordinate officials were given the curious alternative of either obeying unquestioningly the orders of Doctor Seyss-Inquart, which were obviously at variance with the wishes of the head of the government, or of referring them to Doctor Skubl for his decision.

From Doctor Skubl's past it might have been inferred that he would rank among the most trustworthy of Austrians. A small incident in his career as a police officer must have made him an object of hatred to the Nazi chiefs both in Germany and in Austria. In the spring of 1933, shortly after Hitler's rise to power, a visit was paid to Vienna by Doctor Frank, a Nazi Reich Minister, who had come to put heart into his fellow-Nazis in Austria. Doctor Skubl greeted the Minister on the airdrome at Aspern with these unfriendly words: "Your visit is unwelcome." Anyone who has studied the history of Germany for

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the past five years will not need to be told that the Nazis never forget an insult and never lose an opportunity of avenging it. There may therefore be truth in the rumors that Doctor Skubl had made terms with the Austrian Nazis. It is at least significant that this experienced organizer of police, one of the best criminal experts in Europe, had been unable to abolish the illegal S.S. formation known as *Standarte-Polizei-Wien*. Since there is no reason to question the Police President's great abilities, it follows that he tolerated the existence of an illegal unit within the police organization. The personal problem at issue, therefore, is whether Doctor Skubl had no alternative, being powerless to alter the state of affairs, or whether he spared the illegal S.S. *Standarte-Polizei-Wien* in order that he himself might be spared in the event of a Nazi victory.

Our political reporter gave us this account of Doctor Skubl's attitude at the present moment:

"Doctor Skubl is pessimistic. He does not see much chance of success for Austria along the course so far followed. He has no fear of an imminent catastrophe. The Third Reich will not act today, nor tomorrow. As regards the future, Doctor Skubl sees Austria an independent country within her own frontiers, but gradually becoming wholly dependent upon Germany. Austria will become a second Danzig." His last words were: "We can only try for one thing—to gain time."

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What did this ambiguous statement really mean? Did it not mean that, for his part, Doctor Skubl reckoned with a speedy end to Austria's independence?

If only it were not so difficult to extract from an Austrian official a clear, positive and unambiguous statement of his views as a man and as a politician!

2. The second instance of the attitude of a high State official between 2 and 3 P.M. on March 11th, 1938, afforded me an agreeable surprise.

Herr Reither, the leader of the Austrian peasants and Governor of Lower Austria, a bigoted Catholic, made this statement to our reporter:

"The plebiscite will be a triumph for independence. The overwhelming majority of the peasants are in favor of a free Austria. Were I to call upon my countrymen of Lower Austria to march to Vienna to vote, 100,000 resolute men would within a few hours appear in the Ringstrasse from this province alone, which after all is but a comparatively small part of the whole country."

If only all our responsible men had Herr Reither's firmness of purpose!

Who in Austria was against, and who in favor of, National Socialism? I remember distinctly that at this fateful hour I felt impelled to undertake an analysis of the different Austrian viewpoints.

One thing was clear at the outset. My analytical study must exclude that class of Austrian citizens

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who would cease to exist in virtue of Hitler's racial doctrine, if National Socialism should triumph in Austria. Three hundred thousand Jews are living in Austria. More than half a million men and women are either married or related to these Jews, or are the children or grandchildren of Jews or have been converted to Catholicism. From the 6½ million inhabitants of Austria, that number had to be deducted before it was possible to decide which of the remainder might be for or against Hitler.

Austria is a Catholic country. The Austrians are Catholic not merely by virtue of their entry as such in the church registers. The mountain populations of Tyrol, Carinthia, Vorarlberg and Styria, the Transylvanians and the Lower Austrians are positively medieval in their beliefs. For these pious Catholics it would be psychologically impossible to reconcile the pagan belief in the "State-before-all" with their own religious faith. Moreover, ever since National Socialism became a danger, the bishops had proclaimed from the gold-painted pulpits in their old cathedrals and the village priests had strongly impressed upon their flock in sermons and in private conversation that not only did National Socialism aim at destroying Austria, the beloved home of their ancestors, but that it was farther the sworn enemy of the Church, Christ's vicegerent on earth, and of the one blessed faith. An important contributory cause of this aversion to union with Germany was

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the hatred of Prussia, which is inborn in most Austrians of the older generation, a dislike for the mechanized human type of North Germany. When Catholics have acknowledged their attachment to National Socialism in the confessional, the priests have condemned it as a sin. Young men who nevertheless took part in its illegal activities without altogether forsaking their belief in Christ, could not worship the swastika without a guilty conscience.

Statistics show no falling-off of church congregations in Austria, since Hitler came to power. It is difficult all the same to give the exact number of these Catholic Christians who on religious grounds regarded National Socialism with strong aversion.

The Social Democrats in Austria, in the days of their greatest prosperity, numbered nearly 1,200,000 organized members. Even if we allow that some of them were only passive supporters of the Marxist movement, it can be stated, in view of the solid mass that had received fundamental Socialist training, that at least 800,000 Social Democrats had remained sufficiently true to their beliefs to be heart and soul against a National Socialism which denied them the rights of man, freedom of the spoken and written word and the rights of trade unionists. National Socialism must surely be far more hateful to them than Doctor Schuschnigg's authoritarian regime, which did at least repeatedly declare that democracy would be restored in Austria at an early date.

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The Legitimist associations, swearing fealty to the Hapsburgs, presumably recruited the bulk of their adherents from the elements of the population already mentioned. These guardians of old Austrian tradition first came into prominence when a common watchword was needed in order to provide common anti-Nazi ground for the activities of Austrians drawn from such different schools of thought. The Patriotic Front, which should have formed the rallying-point of anti-Nazi resistance, was totally lacking in dash and impetuosity. The numerical strength of the Legitimists was reckoned by their leader, Herr von Wiesner, at one million and a quarter.

All these groups together—Catholics, Jews, Social Democrats and Legitimists—accounted for the vast majority of the population.

National Socialism obtained its recruits from part of the middle class, which in poor Austria was the hardest hit by the war, by inflation and by the economic crisis, and also from the more aspiring members of the intelligentsia, especially in the provinces, such as civil servants, doctors, lawyers and chemists, who could not find enough scope for their abilities in so small a State. Above all, the Nazis in Austria were recruited from the inhabitants of the German enclaves within the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy. These Germans, to the number of 200,000 to 300,000, lived, as in Styria, surrounded by Hungarians, Slovenes and Croats or, as in Upper Austria,

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by Czechs and, long before Hitler's time, were the real founders of the "Greater Germany" school. Further adherents came from young persons who, in the days of Austrian disarmament, were fascinated by the mysterious illegal S.A. and S.S. formations and by the military bearing of the Hitler Youth movement. Nor must we underrate the influence of Doctor Goebbels's propaganda machine, whose vast financial resources and fair promises won many supporters. Lastly, anti-Semitism, which was latent even before the war in pan-German monarchical circles, also contributed to furnish further recruits to Hitlerism in Austria. Not all of these Nazi sympathizers and supporters were militant.

I asked my friend Barthold to help me check my ideas, for his long years of residence in Dresden had given him an intimate knowledge of Nazi methods. He told me:

"As regards the internal situation, Herr Lennhoff, we need not worry. I foresee acts of violence, it is true, and here and there a bomb may explode. Sabotage on the railways, an attempt at a *Putsch*—all that is possible." He broke off. "But what's the use of speculation? We've got all the possibilities in black and white! After all, the police did not raid the premises in the Teinfaltstrasse merely to lock up a handful of conspirators. We've got the Nazi *Putsch* plans."

While Karl Barthold looked through the card



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index, time seemed to stand still. At last, however, my copies of the "Teinfaltstrasse plans" lay spread before us. Outside, the demonstrations still continued and, in the state of nervous tension produced in us by our study of these plans, our ears seemed to ring with cries of "Heil, Hitler; Heil, Hitler."

At the end of January, 1938, the Teinfaltstrasse, a narrow communicating street in the government quarter of the city, acquired, as a result of an incident, a political meaning, and the consequences of that incident became historic. The work of conspiracy carried on in this harmless-looking block of offices ended by achieving the results at which it aimed, though only through a tragic set of circumstances arising out of Doctor Schuschnigg's misunderstanding of the position. The object of the conspirators was to foment a revolution in Austria and lead to the latter's incorporation within the Third Reich.

The same building housed the headquarters of the Nazi party, under Captain Leopold. Since the agreement of July, 1936, the organization, though illegal, had been tacitly permitted. A sudden police raid, carried out in the last days of January led to the discovery, on another floor of the house, of plans for a *Putsch*, which, if successful, was designed to give the Nazis power over all Austria. The officer who issued the order to search the office of the Secretary-General, Doctor Tavs—Doctor Tavs was the name of the S.A. leader entrusted with the execution of the plot—

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found himself engaged upon what looked a rather anomalous mission. For the office into which his agents forced their way was officially engaged in work of political reconciliation! It was the headquarters of the "Committee of Seven," whose function it was to conclude peace between the Nazis and Doctor von Schuschnigg. What this Committee understood by peace—Captain Leopold and Doctor Jury were members of it—may be judged by the slogans contained in the original text of the plan. The plot, in its general features, was this:

"At the beginning of March, 1938, a sudden wave of terrorism will break out over Austria. Acts of violence will be committed everywhere. Simultaneously, infernal machines will explode along the principal railway lines. Immediately after, leaflets will be distributed announcing to the whole of Austria, but especially to foreign countries, that the Austrian communists are the instigators of this terrorism. It will be described as a visible symbol of the deep-rooted indignation and hostility of the working classes against Doctor Schuschnigg's government. These 'communist' pamphlets are intended to prove that Austria is faced with an imminent Bolshevik uprising. Further acts of terrorism, more particularly a staged attack upon the German legation, will confirm this impression.

"At the moment when serious breaches of public order have reached their culmination, Austrian S.A.

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and S.S. will come forward. Collisions will occur between Nazis, on the one side, and paid *agents-provocateurs*, on the other. The world must be made to think that Austria is on the brink of a terrible civil war. At that moment pressing demands will be made for the immediate removal of the veto on the Nazi party and for sanction to be given to its militant section, on the ground that the Nazis are willing to help the State defend itself against a Bolshevik attack. Simultaneously, the Nazis' confidence-men in the army, police and *gendarmérie* will persuade their comrades that it is futile to proceed against the Nazis, even if the Schuschnigg government gives the order to do so. They will explain that armed intervention in Austria by the Third Reich is at hand and the 'Austrian Legion' will actually at the same time march on Austria in five columns. [Note: The 'Austrian Legion' consists of the Nazi bomb-throwers of 1933, the rebels of 1934, exiled Austrian Nazi agitators of the succeeding years, who fled to Germany and have there been trained professionally to fight against their Fatherland.] The invasion of the 'Austrian Legion' will be covered by divisions of armored cars. Berlin will tell the world that intervention is necessary in order to prevent Germans from shedding German blood in Austria."

That was the *Putsch* planned by Doctor Tavs and his fellow-conspirators. The plot bore the signature

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"R.H." Are these the initials of Rudolf Hess, Adolf Hitler's right-hand man?

We glanced through these plans—not for the first time. We knew that Doctor Schuschnigg had issued all instructions to the troops, the police and the *gendarmérie* to make sure that any attempt at a *Putsch* from within the country should fail. Noise was going on outside; the columns of a mechanized infantry unit were passing the window. Mr. Barthold and I were about to turn our attention to certain unimportant local reports that had meanwhile come in, when our colleague, Doctor Rares, rang up: "I hear, again from the *Creditanstalt*, that, in spite of this morning's *démenti*, troops are massing in strength along the Austrian frontier. Rosenheim, Laufen, Füssen," all places in Bavaria close to the Austrian frontier, "are reported full of Reichswehr troops with full war equipment."

I told the telephone operator to ring up Schärding, Salzburg and Kufstein. Count Strachwitz banged his fist on the table. "The first part of the Teinfaltstrasse plot has been frustrated by Austrian government measures and by the opposition of the masses of the people. Is Hitler going to carry through the second part—the invasion of little Austria by the 'Austrian Legion,' tanks, armored cars and heavy artillery? Things look bad," he added, "I know these men."

"You believe, then," I asked, "that tomorrow the

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sky above our heads will be black with German bombers?"

The thought was too appalling to be credited. Even then I could not think that Schuschnigg, who, after all, must have had a better knowledge of German plans than anyone else in Austria, would have ordered this plebiscite, if he had for one moment contemplated the danger of invasion, threatened though it had been. Count Strachwitz was more doubtful: "I don't like these reports from the frontier," he repeated. "It's hardly likely that Berlin would stop at protests and abuse."

"Do you really think," I asked, "that Hitler would dare march in?" His answer was: "Have you forgotten what Doctor Skubl told our political reporter about the threats uttered by Hitler to Schuschnigg at Berchtesgaden?"

At this point we were interrupted by successive calls from Schärding, Salzburg and Kufstein. From the first-named place came a message: "Nothing is known here of frontier troop movements. There are rather more German customs officials here than usual, due, no doubt, to the plebiscite. Nothing further to report."

From Salzburg:

"Frontier officials have no information."

Kufstein telephoned:

"No sign of troop concentrations in our area."

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I felt cheered and said: "All is quiet on the frontier. People are imagining things."

We clutched at every passing straw, in the hope that the worst could not happen. After all, I thought, Schuschnigg had eluded the Berchtesgaden trap.

. . . . .

One month before this, on the evening of February 11th, also a Friday, the Chancellor had left Vienna for Berchtesgaden.

On the morning of the 12th, a friend of mine had a conversation with the Police President, Doctor Skubl, from whom he learned how stirred Schuschnigg had been by the discovery of the Teinfaltstrasse plot. According to Skubl, Schuschnigg had expressed himself thus:

"Obviously there is more in this than a treasonable attempt by Austrian outlaws. The German Reich has a hand in it. It would be an outrage to sabotage the July agreement in this way. It would be without parallel in history!"

Doctor Skubl had said to our correspondent, with that inscrutable smile of his: "The Chancellor is right. Hitler did solemnly promise to abstain altogether from all direct or indirect interference in Austria's domestic affairs—including the question of the Austrian Nazis! The Chancellor has had the

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documents photographed and copies sent to Mussolini. He also talked with Herr von Papen."

If Doctor Skubl's account is wholly to be believed, Herr von Papen had said to Doctor Schuschnigg.

"We knew nothing about the plans for a *Putsch*. It is impossible that any prominent personality in the Third Reich should be responsible for these plans." Herr von Papen had then given the Chancellor this advice—again according to Doctor Skubl: "You go to Berchtesgaden. As you know, the *Führer* has repeatedly expressed the wish to meet you. Take the documents with you. You will then satisfy yourself that they are the product of the imaginative brains of Nazis in Austria. You will also receive proof of the resolute determination to observe the agreement of July 11th, 1936, and, within its framework, to do everything that may contribute to strengthen friendship between the German Reich and Austria."

So much for Doctor Skubl's story.

From Baron Fröhlichsthal, the Chancellor's first secretary, I had learned that Dr. Guido Schmidt, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, had given Doctor von Schuschnigg the same advice: "Go to Berchtesgaden," he had told him. "Go at all costs."

Dr. Guido Schmidt, since July 11th, 1936, Doctor Schuschnigg's deputy in control of Austria's foreign policy, had never ceased to represent this journey as an indispensable need. Doctor Schuschnigg trusted

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his Foreign Secretary, although the latter, like Glaise-Horstenau, had had a special share in concluding the agreement of July, 1936. Schmidt was, too, a personal friend of the Chancellor. Both had attended Austria's most famous Catholic school, the Jesuit College Stella Matutina at Feldkirch. There both men were trained in the spirit of Catholic universality. Doctor Schmidt had also enjoyed the special patronage of President Miklas, whose *Chef de Cabinet* he had been, until Schuschnigg secured him for close collaboration. As the first fruits of that collaboration, Dr. Guido Schmidt had taken pains to direct Austrian foreign policy, prudently, but unmistakably, along more and more German lines. In this he did not at first meet with opposition from the Chancellor, for Schuschnigg, too, a Tyrolese, was a lover of the German race and German culture. Schuschnigg's love, however, stopped short of National Socialism. Dr. Guido Schmidt, on the other hand, despite the same upbringing, despite his friendship with Schuschnigg and President Miklas's strong dislike for Hitler, was at all times ready to come to terms with National Socialism.

I cannot resist mentioning at this point a conversation I myself had with Dr. Guido Schmidt. In the autumn of 1936 I had drawn the Secretary of State's attention, during the meeting of the League Assembly in Geneva, to the fact that many people were of the opinion that he was, in theory at least, a National



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Socialist. Doctor Schmidt, who bore a physical resemblance to Doctor Goebbels, had smiled enigmatically. He neither confirmed nor denied the charge but merely answered: "People say a lot of things."

Doctor Schmidt loved to wrap himself in a cloak of impenetrability. Although he sought to bring Austrian policy into closer union with that of the Third Reich, he never failed to attend a meeting of the "Grand Old Men" of the powerful Union of Austrian Catholic Students' Associations, which included in its ranks some of the most determined opponents of National Socialism. A visit to Berchtesgaden, a meeting between Schuschnigg and Hitler, was Doctor Schmidt's diplomatic hobby-horse from the time that he succumbed to Herr von Papen's blandishments.

Herr von Papen was a Catholic. So was Dr. Guido Schmidt. Doctor von Schuschnigg, their co-religionist, would surely never believe that two militant Catholics were deceiving him when they urged him to overcome his inward misgivings and accept Hitler's invitation to Berchtesgaden?

The extent to which Doctor von Schuschnigg had been "led up the garden path" by Herr von Papen and Doctor Schmidt is proved by this statement, made to a gathering of journalists on February 12th by Colonel Adam, head of the Federal Press Department:

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"The Chancellor is fully assured of the successful outcome of his talk with Hitler."

Doctor Schuschnigg was indeed so confident of success that he neglected the most elementary of diplomatic precautions, used on the occasion of far less important ministerial talks than this. Before leaving Vienna, he instructed Colonel Adam to furnish the local and foreign Press with the basis of the forthcoming talks with Hitler in the afternoon of February 12th, whether he was by that time back from Berchtesgaden or not. On the occasion of previous meetings between the Austrian Chancellor and European statesmen the newspapers would receive no word, official or unofficial, until the conference was at an end and a summary of its results had been published in a joint *communiqué*. Doctor von Schuschnigg thought this unnecessary on the present occasion, believing that the talk could only turn upon the July Agreement of 1936. Herr von Papen and Dr. Guido Schmidt, at any rate, had given him all possible reassurances on this point and Herr von Papen had repeated them on the very morning of February 11th. On the 4th he had been suddenly recalled from his post of German Ambassador in Vienna, but, after a talk with Hitler, had returned to Vienna with the *Führer's* formal invitation to Schuschnigg.

In the afternoon of February 12th, while the conversations were proceeding on quite other lines than

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those anticipated, Colonel Adam duly received the journalists and gave them the following information:

"Doctor Schuschnigg's talks with Hitler are proceeding within the framework of the Agreement of July 11th, 1936. Under that agreement Germany acknowledges Austria's full sovereignty and independence and undertakes to abstain from all interference whatever in the domestic affairs of her neighbor. These points are laid down in categorical terms and cannot therefore be discussed at Berchtesgaden. Austria will continue to take her stand on the constitution of 1934, which excluded all parties. Consequently, the National Socialist party will not be permitted in Austria. Any reports to the contrary issued during the next few days will be due to vain attempts on the part of the illegal Austrian Nazis, who are already distorting the facts, to give a false interpretation of the meeting at Obersalzberg between our Chancellor and the German *Führer* and to create an impression that the Agreement of July 11th, 1936, is to be extended or modified. I am instructed by the Chancellor to emphasize that in no circumstances is there any question of a change in the policy hitherto pursued by the Schuschnigg government."

Half an hour after this interview with Colonel Adam, our *Telegraph* had published this semi-official statement in a special edition, which was almost

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torn out of the hands of the newsvendors. The popular tension which had followed upon the totally unexpected news of Schuschnigg's journey to Berchtesgaden was at once relieved.

But what was really happening at Berchtesgaden at the moment when this optimistic special edition was passing from hand to hand?

The details I now furnish are from conversations which I or my colleagues had with the President of Police, Doctor Skubl, with Baron Fröhlichsthal and even with President Miklas.

As Doctor Schuschnigg drove to Berchtesgaden from Salzburg with Dr. Guido Schmidt in the early morning of February 12th, he was putting his trust in the documents that lay in his portfolio. Doctor Schuschnigg entertained the rather over-civilized belief that he, as the head of a government, had an advantage over the supreme head of another State, because he had in his possession a trump-card in the form of a plot manifestly instigated as well as backed by Germany. The belief had been fostered in him, it must be remembered, both by Hitler's special envoy in Vienna, Herr von Papen, and by Dr. Guido Schmidt, his own Secretary of State.

The very first stages of his drive made a forcible impression upon the Chancellor, for as soon as he had crossed the frontier, he saw on either side of the road encampments of troops, tanks, machine-gun de-

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tachments and artillery, while bombing squadrons darkened the sky like a storm of locusts.

"These are only routine exercises," was explained to him by one of the Germans who were serving as Doctor Schuschnigg's escort.

When the party arrived at Hitler's country home, the *Führer* of the Third Reich was not, as might have been expected, waiting to extend a warm and friendly welcome to the head of the government of the second German State. Austria's Chancellor was informed with truly Prussian brusqueness that Hitler was engaged in conference. The Chancellor was asked to wait with Dr. Guido Schmidt in an adjoining room.

"A strange situation," President Miklas had said to one of my staff, and the President, who, during his term of office, had had much experience in dealings with heads of governments, added: "You can imagine the Chancellor's feelings!"

It was indeed a strange situation! As Doctor von Schuschnigg was about to deposit his case containing all that documentary material so damaging to the Austrian Nazis, his eye fell involuntarily upon some plans that lay spread out on the table. It was no indiscretion to look at them, for obviously they were lying there to be looked at. As far as is known, Doctor von Schuschnigg has never told anybody of the feelings aroused in him by this discovery. I, myself, however, learned from the President of Police, Doc-

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tor Skubl, how Germany's mobilization plans for the invasion of Austria were put under the Chancellor's nose, even before his talk with Hitler began—and this, although Doctor Schuschnigg had come to Berchtesgaden in order, with the German *Führer*, to reinforce a friendly agreement between the two States.

As if to emphasize this bitter irony, the march routes shown on the plans made it clear from the outset that there was no point whatever in directing Herr Hitler's notice to the Teinfaltstrasse plot, for the plans exposed on the table were in the main identical therewith.

Herr Hitler allowed his guest three-quarters of an hour in which to reflect upon this odd coincidence. Doctor von Schuschnigg was intended to draw from the facts the only possible conclusions. It was to serve as the *hors d'œuvres* to Hitler's first outburst, which I here reproduce from accounts given to me and my colleagues by the authorities already mentioned:

After a short formal greeting Hitler shouted at Schuschnigg:

"What's all this nonsense about your independence? The *Anschluss* is the only point! Whether Austria is independent or not, is not the question. There's only one thing we have to discuss and that is, do you want the *Anschluss* brought about with bloodshed or without? Take your choice!"



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In the course of further conversation, Hitler said:

"I look upon myself as the Leader not only of the Germans in the Reich, but of all Germans in the world. I warn you—I shall not allow German blood to be shed in Austria under any circumstances whatever. If, however, you hold different views, I shall no longer put any restraint upon my party comrades in Austria. My armored cars will start on their way. And I tell you one thing: Nobody will help *you* against *me*! The English won't, and the French won't, and the Italians certainly won't!"

Hitler then pushed over to Schuschnigg a document which already contained his own signature. It was a new agreement between Germany and Austria, and Schuschnigg was required to bind himself to accept twenty-five points, which involved in fact, if not in words, the surrender of Austria's independence. The Austrian Chancellor must have felt proud indeed of the powers of diplomatic negotiation implanted in him by his Jesuit teachers, when after ten long hours of bargaining he succeeded in refusing all but three of the conditions. He believed that he had saved the independence of Austria!

. . . . .

After the meeting at Berchtesgaden I made daily entries in my diary of all that happened. They furnish a picture rather like the temperature chart of a very sick man, whose condition every day appears

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desperate, but in whom new hope stirs each day as the result of treatment with oxygen and camphor.

These are some of the more important passages from my diary, supplemented by further information received during the month:

*February 12th, 1938, evening.*

The news of Schuschnigg's unexpected visit to Hitler has come like a bombshell. On the way from the office to the inner city I saw anxious looks on all faces. Doctor Ragler, *Ministerialrat* in the Chancellery, stopped me in front of the *Creditanstalt*, foaming with rage. "It is inconceivable to me that Schuschnigg should have been trapped by Papen and Guido Schmidt and have walked like this straight into the lion's jaws. For four years Papen has failed to bring about the *Gleichschaltung* of Austria. Now that he has got the sack and Hitler is badly in need of a successful foreign coup, Schuschnigg goes and lets himself be drawn into the toils. And all for fear lest Colonel Kriebel, the Munich *Putschist*, should come to Vienna as German Ambassador and encourage the illegal Nazis to still further excesses. You go to the Café Central and see how cock-a-hoop these Nazis are!"

I went. It was a long time since I last visited the café, and what a change I found! Is it possible that this was once the famous resort of Bohemian Vienna? All around me were strange faces. The

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huge room seemed full of men in Styrian costume, wearing in their buttonholes the narrow red-white-red ribbon of the Patriotic Front, but, since they were forbidden to wear the swastika, with their white socks—the distinctive mark of the Vienna Nazis—much in evidence. Some of the more “prominent” among them I knew. There was General Krauss, who had conspired against Austria with Hitler and Goering in Berlin, but had been most unwilling to lose his Austrian army pension. He sat talking at a corner table with Herr Boehler, the industrialist, whose international functions as a member of the Rotary Club do not prevent him from displaying strong National Socialist sympathies. Indermauer, a journalist, arrested every few months in recent years for Nazi conspiracy, only to be released shortly afterwards, was sitting beneath the portrait of Peter Altenberg (once king of Viennese literary and Bohemian life) in animated conversation with Glaise-Horstenau and Seyss-Inquart. I should have liked to ask Herr Glaise-Horstenau his view of matters, but he seemed deeply engrossed and merely hailed me with an absent-minded “Servus.” Doctor Heiss, the publicist, who until today has always shown himself an out-and-out Austrian, came up and said: “What do you think of Schuschnigg’s self-abasement? *Your* day will soon be over now. Turn round and behold the coming man—Doctor Seyss-Inquart!”

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I turned. Doctor Seyss-Inquart looked exactly as I have always pictured him. He is one of those all-too-many Austrians who conceal their true selves behind a mask of friendliness. He was a fellow-officer of Doctor Schuschnigg's in the Isonzo trenches and, like Dr. Guido Schmidt, was one of the Chancellor's intimate friends. Seyss-Inquart came originally from Czechoslovakia and is a *Sudeten* German and, like his other friend Konrad Henlein, an extreme German Nationalist. I do not know of anyone to whom Seyss-Inquart has confessed himself a registered Nazi. Whenever anyone asks him, he pretends not to hear and speaks of the part he has played among the Catholic intellectuals. Doctor Schuschnigg himself does not believe that Seyss-Inquart is a member of the N.S.D.A.P. As the Chancellor had the same trust in Seyss-Inquart as in Dr. Guido Schmidt, he made him his chief adviser in the work of effecting a reconciliation with the Nazis and appointed him a Councillor of State. Doctor Seyss-Inquart had shown his gratitude by expressing to Nazis his dissatisfaction with Schuschnigg's policy and by urging the closest relations with the Third Reich and strong measures against the Jews. He is always in Berlin, nominally in conference with big Berlin industrial concerns, whose legal representative he is in Vienna. But on each visit he also has "informative" talks with Hitler, Goering, Himmler and Frick; I cannot understand how Doctor Schusch-

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nigg tolerates all this and does not draw from it the obvious inferences.

As I was about to leave the Café Central, a man came in with the special edition of the *Telegraph*, which I had sent to the printing-room half an hour before. Seyss-Inquart and Glaise-Horstenau waved the man away, but subsequently took a copy from the waiter containing Colonel Adam's clear and positive statements. Their faces still betrayed nothing, though General Krauss brought his fist down angrily upon the marble table. His stentorian voice boomed across to me: "What? This man Schuschnigg still won't give in? The *Führer* would have done better not to invite him at all. You can't get over Schuschnigg with words!" Herr Boehler nodded approval. Doctor Heiss came up to me ingratiatingly and said: "Schuschnigg is a great fellow!"

"Schuschnigg is a great fellow!" The phrase was repeated on all sides in the Café Herrenhof also, where I had an appointment later with Herr Bondy, the proprietor of my paper.

In the entrance I met Dr. Italo Zingarelli, Vienna representative of the *Agenzia Stefani*. Doctor Zingarelli is a friend of Mussolini and his German translator, and is always exceptionally well informed. I asked what he thought of Berchtesgaden, and he answered: "Excellent!"

"Did Mussolini know of it beforehand?" I asked.

"Of course. The *Duce* himself repeatedly advised

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Doctor Schuschnigg to have an open discussion with Hitler. The Chancellor, however, was unwilling."

"And you really think the visit has been fruitful?"

Doctor Zingarelli took leave of me, saying: "As I said before, excellent!"

The Café Herrenhof was filled with Patriotic Front men. I saw Herr Langstein, Vienna correspondent of the *Prager Presse*, the semi-official organ of the Czechoslovak Foreign Ministry. "Until your special edition came out," he told me, "everyone was terribly depressed. At least twenty people have asked me whether labor permits can be obtained in Czechoslovakia, as they proposed to emigrate at once. But Colonel Adam's words have put fresh heart into those who believed that Austria was already handed over to Hitler."

*February 12th, night.*

The detailed *communiqué* which it was intended to issue with regard to Schuschnigg's visit to Hitler, has not yet appeared. I have just come from a reception at the Press Club. This evening the club gave its first ball in the magnificent baroque apartments of what was once the Archduke Eugene's palace. It was a strange affair. The whole newspaper world was there. The ladies wore peasant costume. Dance music played continuously in three rooms decorated in gold and marble. There was no alternative to dancing, but, as reporters, editors and publishers revolved, they could be seen glancing over their part-

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ners' shoulders at the tables where the "initiated" were seated. One question was on all lips: What had happened at Berchtesgaden? At nine in the evening no one had yet any idea. The Minister Ludwig, President of the Press Chamber, sat in state at the head of the principal table—and knew nothing. Colonel Adam and his staff were still in their offices; every two or three minutes we rang them up. To reach the telephones, you had to push your way through the dancers and pass round the excellent buffet. To everyone was given the same stereotyped answer: "We have spoken with Salzburg. Schuschnigg has still not returned. As soon as the Chancellor is on Austrian soil, *Hofrat* Weber (chief of the official news section) will give us further information."

At ten this information was still awaited. I learned, however, from Consul-General Kleinwächter, that the Press police had just received orders to confiscate the special edition of ours that had done so much to allay anxiety. "What?" I shouted down the telephone. "Confiscated? Why? Is what Colonel Adam said, not true?" At first I could not catch the answer, for three saxophones were bleating outside the box. A moment later the Consul's words again became audible: "It isn't that. But you should have waited before publishing the information. It was an error on the part of your colleague at the conference."

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I interrupted him excitedly: "But the papers in Budapest and Prague, London and Paris have all published the same news tonight. Colonel Adam told no one it was secret." The Consul replied that Budapest, Prague, London and Paris were not Vienna. "This confiscation is madness," I said. "It will merely upset the Viennese once more." The Consul-General's answer was typically Austrian: "They'll soon calm down again. There is no cause for uneasiness." "Except for the confiscation," was my last word through the telephone.

By the time I returned to the ballroom, uneasiness had already set in. The Minister Ludwig was being assailed for news. "I know nothing at all," he kept answering. "It's not my branch. Only the Federal Press Department can say." There was nothing for it but to carry on like good Viennese. The Press Department knew nothing, the editors knew nothing and the foreign correspondents knew nothing. So we all went on dancing, drank *Heurige* and waited in feverish impatience for news!

At ten-thirty the officials of the Press Department arrived. Colonel Adam had gone home, but his staff came marching into the ballroom one after the other. Consul-General Kleinwächter, *Ministerialrat* Doctor Kammel, Editor-in-Chief Kramer, Doctor Sobek. I wanted to ask at once for news of Berchtesgaden, but the gentlemen were not easily approachable. "You've done a nice piece of work," Herr



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Kramer threw at me angrily. In an instant the leaders of the official Austrian press and propaganda service were surrounded by a surging crowd of questioners. The stereotyped answer came: "Doctor Schuschnigg has returned to Salzburg. He is very tired. He will report to President Miklas tomorrow. Before that, nothing will be made known. You must be patient until then." The officials then made their way to different tables. The information satisfied nobody. Depression settled upon the company. The ladies sat alone at the tables, while the men stood about in groups. A few young couples went on dancing. Had something then gone wrong at Berchtesgaden? After five minutes the gloom mysteriously lifted. None of the Press officials would admit afterwards that he had said anything, nor would anyone confess from whom he had received strictly confidential information. And yet the news was conveyed somehow to at least thirty or forty of those present. It was only to the editors of the *Telegraph* that the gentlemen of the Federal Press Department refused to address further words. "We are horrified at your special edition. The Colonel nearly threw a fit."

But what had the "good little boys" managed to find out? The good boys who had not tried to calm the terrified population by giving them authentic news?

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By 11 o'clock there was only one opinion: "Schuschnigg was completely successful at Berchtesgaden. Hitler is furious. The negotiations were stormy, but Doctor von Schuschnigg did not yield an inch. Everything remains as it was." Relief shone on all faces. Hard-boiled journalists started dancing; *Heurige* was drunk in barrelsful. "Schuschnigg is a splendid fellow. He told Hitler where to get off," was shouted from table to table to the clink of glasses. Amid great enthusiasm a "Miss Press of an independent Austria" was elected and vociferously acclaimed. In the room where I and my friends were seated was held a midnight cabaret. A famous Viennese comedian gave what was no doubt an excellent turn, but we could talk only of Berchtesgaden. Herr Kaiter, Vice-President of the Association of Journalists, hushed us indignantly and told us to keep "our damned shop" for later on.

"And so to bed."

## CHAPTER IV

*February 13th, 1938.*

THE reasons for yesterday's seizure of our paper become more and more difficult to discover. All today's papers reproduce our news in the same decided language used by Colonel Adam yesterday. Doctor Schuschnigg returned to Vienna this morning. He was still, we were told, extremely tired and made no statement. Even after he has made his formal report to President Miklas, official quarters remain strangely reluctant to speak. My inquiries have elicited only the most non-committal replies. The Austrian Government is silent. So is Berlin. There's something wrong. The people, so far as can be judged on a Sunday, are hopeful. Tens of thousands of them flocked to watch the football. The match between the F.C. "Austria" and F.C. "Vienna" had more hold on the public mind than the Schuschnigg *v.* Hitler contest. No one this afternoon seemed to remember that this second match was being played with Austria's independence as the stake. The football match was won by the "Austria" Club.

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*February 13th, night.*

Our political correspondent has seen Secretary of State Zernatto, the Secretary-General of the Patriotic Front. This distinguished Austrian holds a front-line post, the successful defense of which calls for the maximum degree of combative spirit. Unhappily, Herr Zernatto is a poet before he is a fighter. Today he was in good spirits and by no means so tongue-tied as other senior officials. He said:

"I have talked with Doctor Schuschnigg. Austria's independence has again been recognized at Berchtesgaden. Hitler will proclaim this publicly in his speech to the Reichstag on February 20th. Schuschnigg also obtained from Hitler a definite disavowal of the illegal Nazis. For the Chancellor Berchtesgaden was an unqualified personal success."

That is a good omen. I hear that the Patriotic Front has arranged a torchlight procession for Schuschnigg tomorrow.

*February 14th.*

The torchlight procession is off! Popular optimism has quickly evaporated. And yet the Government continues to maintain that the results of Berchtesgaden were most favorable. Dr. Fritz Bock, one of Schuschnigg's closest collaborators in the Patriotic Front, made this positive statement over the wireless:

"There is no question of any change in the fundamentals of Austrian policy, nor has anyone de-

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manded it. Rumors to the contrary emanate from Nazi opponents, who have good cause to be dismayed at the outcome of Berchtesgaden."

In point of fact, these pessimistic rumors were circulating today in quite other than Nazi circles. One of our newsvendors rang me up this morning from the working-class quarter of Floridsdorf. He recommended me to send a reporter to Floridsdorf at once, as something—he knew not what—was afoot. Doctor Rares hastened to Floridsdorf to find that several thousand men from the Austro-Fiat motor works had come out on strike as a protest against Berchtesgaden. Excited speeches were made: "This optimism is eye-wash. Schuschnigg has had to give way. Unless the workers rise at once, the cause of independence is lost." Doctor Rares rang up Herr Rott, Minister of Labor, who replied: "The workers have returned to work. Austrian workers are determined to spare no sacrifice that is necessary to defend the freedom and independence of the country." The words sounded encouraging, but they threw no light on the Hitler-Schuschnigg meeting.

At midday the *Essener Nationalzeitung* arrived in Vienna. It contained no comment on Berchtesgaden, but the significant statement that Hitler had presented Doctor Schuschnigg to several German army leaders. Among them was General von Reich- enau, formerly Commander-in-Chief in Munich, but just recently transferred to Leipzig. General von

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Reichenau had been designated in the Teinfaltstrasse plot commander of the army for the invasion of Austria.

*February 15th.*

The truth is out. Schuschnigg resisted Hitler's exorbitant demands with all his might. Hitler fixed a time-limit for the acceptance of these demands. It expires at midnight tonight. Before that hour important changes must have been made in the Government; otherwise the gravest complications will ensue. *Ministerialrat* Doctor Ragler called me up and swore down the telephone: "What did I tell you on Saturday? Tomorrow we shall have Nazis in the Government. Hitler has demanded from Schuschnigg three ministerial posts for his party. That's what he calls non-interference. Schuschnigg reserved the point for Miklas's decision, and Miklas will not agree. But that won't help him. Schuschnigg also rang up Mussolini, but he is suddenly 'missing.' Either skiing in the Abruzzi or away at his country home. Anyhow, somewhere where there's no telephone. Some officials, even here in the Chancellery, have already doffed their Patriotic Front badges. This morning Head of Section Lebzelter 'accidentally' dropped a piece of paper. The clerk Grussbauer read it. It was a receipt for a gift of five shillings made to the Nazi Winter Aid Campaign last December! A good alibi, that! The Cabinet is meeting this afternoon. There'll be some surprises

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in store! I advise you not to ring up the Federal Press Department for the next day or so. They have all been struck dumb or are pretending to be so."

I was extremely alarmed by Doctor Ragler's words and asked: "One thing more, please. What Nazis do you think will be joining the Government?" "One thing is certain," was the answer: "Doctor Seyss-Inquart will be Minister of Police. And then the Nazis will be able to do what they like in Austria. In addition to that, Dr. Guido Schmidt will be Foreign Minister, which means that foreign policy will no longer be in Doctor Schuschnigg's hands. Beyond that I don't know." To which I replied: "That's enough to go on with."

Doctor Ragler was right. The Federal Press Department issued *démentis* and messages intended to calm public feeling. The denials were falsified from hour to hour, while the messages rather caused than allayed uneasiness. In the end Colonel Adam was compelled to come to the microphone and make this announcement: "The principles of the Agreement of July 11th, 1936, will be adhered to. In order, however, to improve friendly relations with Germany, it was decided at Berchtesgaden to put certain measures into immediate execution. There will continue to be no parties in Austria, but those elements in the population which have hitherto stood aside may now cooperate in the constructive work of the Patriotic Front."

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There can scarcely be a single Austrian who is not now seated at his radio set. Everyone is awaiting the measures referred to in a state of apprehension at least as great as that of last Saturday. All except the Nazis are prepared for the worst.

*February 15th, night.*

The list of Ministers is not yet complete. Schuschnigg is negotiating. At 8 o'clock I passed the Ballhausplatz in hope of learning something. The windows were brightly lighted, but except for an army of detectives, police and guards there was nothing to be seen. "The Chancellor is negotiating elsewhere," I was told by a policeman of my acquaintance. "Most of the others are at the dinner Doctor Schmidt is giving in the marble hall at the Palace."

The funeral bakemeats in memory of Austria's independence, I could not help thinking. Who were the guests, I asked my friend. He answered in his homely fashion: "Grand folk. The gentlemen of the Diplomatic Corps, His Eminence Cardinal Innitzer, and the members of the Cabinet, except those who are too busy with this crisis. We've got a little bit of trouble on just now, you know, sir. Shufflings in the Cabinet. We're used to that sort of thing," and he added, as he wished me good night: "Some of the Ministers have gone to the pictures. There's a new one at the Apollo tonight. Mr. Zernatto has made an Austrian propaganda film with



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Dollfuss's murder as the main incident. It's about time they did something against the Nazis."

I went on to the Café Rebhuhn. The regular clients were greatly excited, especially my colleague, Herr E. He held out a news sheet to me. "Here's the list of Ministers. The *Neue Freie Presse* has just got it. No Nazi party member enters the Cabinet. Seyss-Inquart is Minister for the Interior. But Doctor Schuschnigg remains in charge of the police. Once again the Viennese have been upsetting themselves for nothing." I interrupted him to say that they knew nothing about this list at the Chancellery, where I was told that Seyss-Inquart would be Minister of Police. "Still," I said, "even if he only gets the Ministry for the Interior, he will prove to be Hitler's Trojan horse in the Austrian Government."

*February 16th.*

There was only too much reason for yesterday's alarm in Vienna and it has meanwhile substantially increased. Seyss-Inquart is Minister for the Interior in Schuschnigg's new Cabinet. He is, however, also Minister for Public Safety. Schmidt is Foreign Minister. Schuschnigg has parted with the key positions. In the confusion of the moment the *communiqué* forgot to say that Schuschnigg remains Minister for War. The Chancellor has yielded to Hitler on another important point. During the night the new Government proclaimed a wide am-

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nesty. The Nazi bomb-throwers, the men who have Dollfuss's murder on their consciences, Doctor Rintelen, who wanted in 1934 to be the Nazi Chancellor, Doctor Tavs, the originator of the Teinfaltstrasse plot, and his accomplices will all be released before today is over!

A further unwelcome surprise was to come. Seyss-Inquart has dropped his mask. Early this morning he entered rapidly upon his functions and, when his staff was paraded before him, he reminded them of their duties as "German men." He then left at once for Berlin. *Ministerialrat* Doctor Ragler, when he telephoned this to me, said that Doctor Seyss-Inquart had hardly been able to wait before hastening to Berlin to receive instructions from his master and *Führer*. "Now we're in for some pretty Nazi work. Thank the Lord, I'm off to Capri on leave on March 1st. At least I shall be away from Vienna, when chaos sets in."

The wave of pessimism rose high today. The Stock Exchange had a very bad day. The American Legation was besieged, especially by Jews, asking for a visa for the United States. At midday the frontier posts received orders from the Government to tighten up control of foreign exchange to prevent a flight of capital. The French and British Press refer to Austria's situation as catastrophic. Paris, especially, is more pessimistic than ever before.

"They're so excitable, these Frenchmen. If only

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they wouldn't always exaggerate everything!" The remark was made to me this afternoon by *Hofrat* Vanicek, an official of the Patriotic Front. "What does it matter, Doctor Seyss-Inquart being Minister for the Interior? He is not a pronounced Nazi; he has sworn the oath to the Austrian Constitution, he is a friend of Schuschnigg's and loyal; he won't be up to any mischief. At the most he'll only put the Nazis against him, when they find that the man they thought they could count on as a friend will set the police and *gendarmerie* on to them, if they deserve it. Moreover, Hitler has promised Schuschnigg certain things in return. The illegal Austrian Nazis will make wry faces when Hitler disowns them on Sunday. Captain Leopold, Doctor Tavs, Woitsche the bomb-thrower [here the *Hofrat* broke off to say, "That is the man who wanted to drop bombs on Miklas and Schuschnigg from the air"], Herr Schattenfroh and all the other conspirators will have to leave Austria. They'll have to emigrate. Hitler will find jobs for them in Germany, but they won't be able to come back here. He promised the Chancellor that faithfully. There's no question, Herr Lennhoff, of any change of policy. There'll be no *Gleichschaltung*. Let no one be afraid of that."

One hour after that conversation the *Essener Nationalzeitung* was confiscated throughout Austria. Goering's paper had said that the measures taken by the Austrian Government amounted to "an internal

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*Gleichschaltung* of the German people within the Reich German and Austrian frontiers."

I could not help ringing up *Hofrat* Vanicek once again and drawing his attention to the discrepancy between his own remarks and those of the authoritative German party organ. His answer was amazing. "What a wretched pessimist you are," he said. "As you know, Seyss-Inquart has confiscated the paper." At seven in the evening from Berlin Seyss-Inquart raised the ban.

*February 17th.*

Today no fewer than five close acquaintances of mine came to say good-by. They are emigrating. Like very many others not known to me personally, they prefer not to wait for the bloodless *Anschluss* they see inevitably ahead, and are therefore leaving the country. Personally, I fluctuate between extreme pessimism and the wildest optimism, passing from hot to cold, more or less as if suffering from a feverish chill. During the last few days I have been telephoning too favorable news to the *Jaunakas Zinas* of Riga, a Latvian paper, for which I am correspondent in Vienna. Today the editors have complained of my optimistic messages. They see no grounds for such confidence. This complaint adds to my distrust of the present situation. It has put me very much on the *qui vive*, as well I may be.

Seyss-Inquart is still in Berlin, though no one knows what he is up to, certainly not the Govern-

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ment, in spite of its statement: "He is only working out the details of the Berchtesgaden Agreement." The Nazis, on the other hand, write of a vast program of negotiations. The panic that has seized a wide circle is spreading to business. In the evenings the theaters, restaurants and cafés are empty. The bridge clubs are deserted. People are saving. Saving up for escape, which is in everyone's mind. Dealers are complaining of canceled orders. Tenants are giving notice. The barbers, butchers, confectioners and other tradesmen unanimously report a heavy falling-off in takings.

Sensational news comes from Salzburg today. Toscanini has cabled from New York that he will not conduct at the Salzburg Festival any more. He will have nothing to do with a Nazi Austria. Wishing to verify this news, I told one of our musical critics to ask Doctor Kerber, the Director of the State Opera, who is always ready to give information. Doctor Kerber is also a conductor at the Salzburg Festivals. The application was in vain. According to the musical critic, "Since Berchtesgaden Director Kerber seems no longer to be at home to us."

*February 18th.*

The forces of resistance are mobilizing. I must note down a few remarks made at anti-Nazi meetings expressing a determination strongly to oppose any attempt at *Gleichschaltung*. The delegates rep-

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resenting the whole working class recorded their firm resolve to defend the freedom of Austria. They said: "We want an Austria in accordance with our own uninfluenced will, our own principles."

At a meeting of railwaymen a speaker evoked applause when he said: "The workers know the grim meaning of the words 'war,' 'blood' and 'death.' All the same we will give our lives for Austrian peace, freedom and independence, if we must."

At a mass meeting of the Tyrolese Legitimists, the leaders, Herren Wunsch and Tessler, vented their anger in these words:

"Schuschnigg has sacrificed the one solution for Austria, the restoration of the monarchy, in return for empty promises. But we shall not give up the fight. National Socialism shall only enter Austria over Monarchist bodies."

Herr von Wiesner, head of the Legitimist movement, spoke more cautiously in a conversation with our diplomatic correspondent. Without concealing the fact that the hopes of the Hapsburg adherents had suffered a serious set-back at Berchtesgaden, he said:

"Two things stand as guarantors of Austria's independence; one is the determination of the Austrian people to defend their rights, and the other is the promises by Hitler already given to Schuschnigg and which will be announced in the Reichstag on February 20th."

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*February 19th.*

One single question has occupied Austria today. What counter-concessions will Hitler announce tomorrow in return for the concessions made by Schuschnigg and what guarantees will he offer for Austria?

*February 20th, evening.*

Hitler has delivered his speech and, of the whole three hours for which he spoke, only five minutes were devoted to Austria. According to Hitler, the hard ten hours' struggle for the preservation of Austria's freedom was a kind of peaceful week-end chat, in the course of which "a grave disaster" was averted thanks to the understanding attitude of the Austrian Chancellor. Not a word about German concessions, not a word of guarantees. Only a single meager reference to the Agreement of July 11th, 1936.

Since the speech the Ringstrasse in Vienna has once again, for the first time in five years, seen a procession of Nazis marching with the consent of the police. It was a modest affair with a modicum of noise. That does not alter the fact that under Seyss-Inquart there have been several changes behind the scenes. At seven this evening I attended a conference at the Federal Press Office called by Colonel Adam for the purpose of explaining Hitler's speech. The explanation was as bare as Hitler's references to Austria in the Reichstag. An air of depression

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hung over us. One question put to Colonel Adam caused a sensation: Herr P., the chief editor of a government paper, told us this: "I was talking on the telephone this afternoon with a political acquaintance of mine about Hitler's speech. Our conversation was interrupted by noises. At one moment there were cracklings, and then it sounded like a gramophone record running down. I said to my friend at the end of the line: 'There seems to be a disturbance,' but at that moment a strange voice said: 'There is no disturbance. Heil, Hitler!' " Herr P. inquired sharply: "Since when have conversations in Austria been listened in to, and who are the listeners?"—Colonel Adam was extremely confused. "I am sorry, I cannot tell you. We ourselves have had the feeling in the last few days that we too are being overheard, but we have not been able to find out who it is. We have asked the police, but all they can tell us is that unauthorized persons are controlling the conversations of certain offices and individuals. The police have not been able to discover who it is and whence the orders emanate."

*February 23rd.*

Schuschnigg has named his new Government of Concentration a "Peace Cabinet." But the negation of peace is already upon us. Since Hitler's speech there have been in Vienna, at Linz, at Graz and at Klagenfurt daily marches, rallies and torch-



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light processions by the Nazis, countered by demonstrations by the Patriotic Front. At Graz last night there were several serious casualties. Nobody, not even Seyss-Inquart, has granted permission for the swastika to be worn, and yet S.A. and S.S. men are seen at all these demonstrations with the symbol on their arms. On inquiry by the Patriotic Front, the Chancellery announced: "The swastika is not permitted."

This afternoon Seyss-Inquart spoke for the first time on the wireless and addressed his listeners as "My German fellow-countrymen," a form of address not hitherto known to the Vienna radio. He expressed himself in very much more ambiguous terms than the Chancellery; he said: "The swastika must not be used for demonstrations and must not be abused."

So that from tomorrow all the Nazis will be wearing the swastika "without any intention of demonstrating." They may also shout "Heil, Hitler," still without "any intention of demonstrating." This Seyss-Inquart has expressly authorized.

As I was passing the Opera House this afternoon, I saw ten newspaper-sellers, all wearing high boots, stationed outside the German Travel Bureau, which has become the Nazis propaganda depôt. They were hawking an anti-Semitic paper *Der Volksruf*, an imitation of the *Stuerner*. Yesterday Doctor Schuschnigg received a Jewish deputation and told

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them that all rumors to the effect that the Austrian Government was contemplating anti-Jewish measures were false.

Our police correspondent tells me that the Cabinet has banned all meeting and assembly, in order to check the Nazi impulse towards demonstration. The correspondent added: "The police are perfectly sure that the Nazis will snap their fingers at this."

I went to the cinema today for the first time for a long while and saw the Patriotic Front's propaganda film. It is very good, but comes two years too late. At the point when the *Kaiserjaeger* from the Tyrol are seen mounting guard over the dead body of their fellow-comrade Dollfuss, rowdy cries were heard from the street outside of "Heil, Hitler" and "One people, one Reich, one Leader!" It was a Nazi procession passing by. Schuschnigg has forbidden demonstrations, but behind Seyss-Inquart stands the Third Reich.

*February 23rd, evening.*

Tomorrow the Chancellor will reply to Hitler in the Austrian Parliament.

This morning all workmen and employees were invited to sign a resolution expressing determination to fight for the preservation of a "free and independent Austria in which the workmen and employees are themselves free and independent." By evening more than a million had signed.

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*February 24th, noon.*

I could hardly believe my eyes this morning when, on my way to the office, I saw the whole town beflagged. Every house had its flag, all without exception flying the red-white-red, Austria's old colors. The decorations are meant as a greeting and encouragement to Doctor Schuschnigg, whose speech is awaited with tense excitement. Once again I have a feeling that at this twelfth hour disaster may still be averted. All around me I detect signs of confidence. The collection of signatures from workmen and employees now contains 1,200,000 names. Our political correspondent had a talk with Burgomaster Schmitz. (The Burgomaster is a leading figure in the Patriotic Front. He is the head of the extreme clerical wing among the Austrian Catholics and as such often encounters opposition from within his own ranks. Even his enemies allow him to be an upright, resolute and uncompromising fighter.) Talking with our correspondent, Schmitz said: "Following the Chancellor's speech, the self-restraint with which the Patriotic Front has in the last few days tolerated the latest excesses of the Nazis will now end. These interferences in our domestic affairs must cease. The promise was given at Berchtesgaden and there must be no juggling with it."

In contrast to Seyss-Inquart, Schuschnigg has today issued the following instruction to the police and *gendarmes*: "The wearing of swastikas is

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still forbidden. National Socialist uniforms are still forbidden. The 'Heil, Hitler' greeting is still forbidden. Individuals may not wave German flags. National Socialist propaganda work will be punished as well as Nazi group activity. The Patriotic Front has no objection to an individual professing himself a National Socialist and cooperating lawfully within the framework of the Patriotic Front."

*February 24th, evening.*

The Chancellor is just about to begin his speech. I shall not be able to be present myself, for a few minutes after the speech is ended, we are publishing it in a special edition. I shall have to follow the speech on the loud-speaker I have had installed in my office. During the afternoon there have been spontaneous mass demonstrations in all the twenty-one administrative districts of Vienna. Huge crowds have collected in front of Parliament and around the gigantic loud-speakers erected on all the main squares. The whole city resounds with the cry: "We won't be absorbed!"

Loud and enthusiastic cheering greeted the Chancellor as he drove across Parliament Square. Cheers, loud and enthusiastic, greeted Doctor Schuschnigg as he entered the vast hall of the old Austrian Reichstag of earlier days. Then silence, and Count Hoyos, the president, is heard to say: "I call upon the Federal Chancellor to address the assembly."

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*February 24th, night.*

The Chancellor has spoken, an astonishing, brave and uplifting speech. The applause with which it was constantly punctuated was genuine and spontaneous. The speech has cleared the air. Far the largest part of what he said referred to the relations between Austria and Germany. Whatever may have happened since Berchtesgaden, Schuschnigg has now put down his foot and said: "So far and no farther! For me the independence of the country, the idea of Austria are the mainsprings of political thought. 'Austria' is our one watchword!"

It was the speech of a patriot whose passionate love of truth is beyond all doubting. It was a strongly moving appeal against absorption. The two thousand people who filled the hall, members of parliament and leaders of the Patriotic Front, gave the Chancellor a tremendous ovation. The crowd of a hundred thousand in the square outside, along the Ringstrasse and on the public squares repeated this ovation, which was re-echoed again and again.

Austria has won a victory.

One man only did not join in the general rejoicing. Throughout the two hours and a half of the speech he had sat with folded arms on the Government bench. He clapped once only, and that was when Doctor Schuschnigg professed his love of things German and spoke of Austria's special German mission. That man was Doctor Seyss-Inquart.

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*February 25th.*

Since the "hard day" at Berchtesgaden, to use the Chancellor's own description of his meeting with Hitler, everything has lain in shadow. Now the future appears brighter. The shock produced by the startling suddenness of events has passed. I shall now after all send hopeful messages to my Latvian paper. I no longer have the feeling of being pursued by an inexorable fate. At the offices of the Patriotic Front, where everyone has been going about for the last few days with hearts in their boots, a new spirit is alive. I learn from *Hofrat* Vanicek that Doctor Schuschnigg has made changes among the provincial leaders of the Front. From today on, these provincial leaders are at the same time the governors of the Federal Provinces. This means a concentration of power. The new leaders are all strong men, who will insure respect for the Chancellor's policy of "So far and no farther." Unfortunately, the news from Graz is only too depressing. In spite of the ban on meetings, the local Nazis arranged for this evening a torchlight procession and demanded of the Burgomaster to hoist the swastika flag on the town hall. The Burgomaster acceded to the request. *Hofrat* Vanicek sees no cause for fresh anxiety in this incident. He is annoyed to learn that the Patriotic Front has received indignant telegrams from Graz stigmatizing the Burgomaster's conduct as an unparalleled disgrace. He calls such

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protests overzealous. "They seem to think everything can change in a minute," he said to me. "Hardly has Schuschnigg spoken when they expect everything to be in order. That's impossible—such matters need a little time. What do they want? The flag has been hauled down and the Burgomaster suspended. They might have spared themselves the cost of their telegrams and saved us work. That's where I admire the Salzburgers. They don't telegraph—they march. There 35,000 Front men demonstrated after the Chancellor's speech. There has never before been such a meeting at Salzburg. On the Moenchsberg 35,000 men raised their arms and swore, after Governor Rehrl, this oath: "We swear that Austria shall live for ever."

*February 26th, evening.*

Schuschnigg's burning patriotism still holds the city spellbound. The people do not yet know what happened at Graz tonight. Last evening I went with friends to the Café Bristol. A colonel of artillery was sitting at the next table reading the papers, when suddenly an orderly brought him a letter. The officer opened the letter with a look of surprise, and, jumping up, called for his bill. "Are you in such a hurry, colonel?" the waiter asked. "Quick, quick," the colonel went on, "I have to get back to barracks, we leave tonight for Graz."

I went straight to the telephone and rang up our

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Graz correspondent. "What's up at Graz? Why is Vienna sending troops?"

Our correspondent answered: "Since eight this evening the Nazis are kicking up a tremendous row. Tomorrow the illegal S.A. brigade No. 5 has orders to march. The Nazis propose bringing to Graz 60,000 men from all over Styria. They have been listening in to private conversations between the Styrian leader of the Patriotic Front and Minister Zernatto and have read out the secret instructions given by Zernatto at their meeting. They are hanging out flags everywhere. From the Schlossberg a big portrait of Hitler composed of electric lamps overlooks the city."

"What is the Styrian Government doing?"

"They have been outwitted, and that is why Vienna is sending troops. The Nazis believed that Seyss-Inquart was coming tomorrow, hence the march arranged for. But the Minister has changed his mind."

*February 27th.*

Our Graz correspondent rang up early this morning. "All is quiet today," he reported. "The march of 60,000 Nazis is called off. The troops from Vienna and the flying squad from the Vienna police arrived more quickly on the spot than the S.A. men from the various parts of Styria. There is not much sign of troops in the streets but all the arterial roads are barred by machine guns and artillery. The



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Nazis will therefore have to do their marching outside Graz. If anything happens, I'll ring again. That's all. I hope you'll have a nice Sunday."

Our correspondent did not ring again.

*March 1st.*

Graz has been quiet for forty-eight hours. It is not clear whether the local Nazis had planned a *Putsch* for Sunday, a march on Vienna, or whether, as the Patriotic Front thinks, they only meant to hold a mass demonstration. One thing is certain: the mere appearance of the troops was sufficient to restore order. Today it was said that Seyss-Inquart will shortly leave for Graz, to persuade the Nazis by gentle means to abstain from demonstrations.

In order to put new blood into the independence movement, the Patriotic Front at last intends to launch a vast propaganda campaign. Meetings will now be held every day all over Austria. There will be three thousand of them. They will be held under the watchword "With Schuschnigg for Austria!"

Tonight I was extremely surprised to see Doctor Tavs of Teinfaltstrasse fame. A week ago, immediately after the amnesty, he left the country, under the Berchtesgaden Agreement with his fellow-Nazi Captain Leopold. Both went to Germany. As I was waiting for a bus on the Stephansplatz, some fifty Nazis came marching by, led by Doctor Tavs. The head of the procession disappeared into the Café

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Europe. One of the party, Herr Schlosnigg, greeted me, so I stopped him, and said: "Excuse this indiscreet question, but how does Doctor Tavs come to be in Vienna again?" Schlosnigg answered with evident pleasure: "Doctor Tavs returned this evening with Captain Leopold. You needn't be afraid. They're only here for a couple of days, to settle their private affairs. We gave them a great reception at the station and are now going to have a private celebration in the Café Europe."

I was about to ask if Herr Seyss-Inquart would be among the guests, but my loquacious Nazi friend had already hastened after his companions.

*March 3rd.*

Doctor Seyss-Inquart did not attend the private welcome to Doctor Tavs. He was at that same hour the center of a very impressive celebration held for him by the Nazis at Graz. Twenty thousand Styrian S.A. and S.S. men goose-stepped past the Minister carrying swastikas and flags after Seyss-Inquart had been sent to Graz by Doctor Schuschnigg to persuade them to quiet down.

I took down these notes from the report telephoned by our correspondent from Graz.

"Minister Seyss-Inquart arrived at Graz this evening—the visit was supposed to be secret—and he gave the police strict orders to call the Nazis' attention in the strongest terms to the ban on demonstra-

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tions. An hour later 20,000 S.S. and S.A. men, wearing their forbidden uniforms and carrying swastika flags and torches, marched past the house of Professor Dadieu, the Graz Nazi leader, where Doctor Seyss-Inquart was staying. These illegal units, both S.A. and S.S., shouted "Heil, Hitler" and "Heil, Seyss-Inquart" and, in honor of the Austrian Minister, sang the "Horst Wessel" song, which is forbidden throughout Austria. The Austrian Police Minister did not on that account order the police to proceed against the demonstrators, but, standing at the window, took the salute and answered the demonstrators with the Hitler greeting. Another hour later the inhabitants were handed leaflets by the Nazi leaders calling upon them to beflag the city from eight in the morning until five in the afternoon of the following day in honor of Seyss-Inquart, the "Envoy of our Leader Adolf Hitler." Seyss-Inquart, Doctor Schuschnigg's envoy, uttered no protest against this ovation.

*March 4th.*

It would be foolish to remain blind any longer to the fact that Seyss-Inquart is indeed "Adolf Hitler's envoy." The issue of the Graz discussions has brought the fact home to even the most incurable optimist. At ten last evening the Vienna Press received from Graz a *communiqué* on the outcome of Seyss-Inquart's conversations with the local Nazi leaders. This is the note I made from the *commu-*

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*niqué*: "Seyss-Inquart has given permission to individuals to wear the swastika badge and use the 'Heil, Hitler' greeting for 'private' purposes." A quarter of an hour later the Federal Press Office forbade the Vienna papers to print this *communiqué*, at the same time issuing the following statement: "Nobody was authorized to grant such permission. Only the Federal Chancellor in person has the right to take decisions of this kind."

Accordingly, the Graz *communiqué* appeared in none of this morning's papers. Nevertheless, its contents reached the persons to whom it applied, through the secret channels of Nazi propaganda. As a result, the swastika was prominently displayed in trams and omnibuses and, especially, in schools.

*Ministerialrat* Ragler, of the Chancellery, called at my flat to say good-by before leaving for Italy. He said: "Well, Herr Lennhoff, your opinion hasn't helped much. Alas, I, with my incorrigible pessimism, did not view matters too gloomily, not, in fact, gloomily enough. It will not be long before Seyss-Inquart's work is bound to undermine the State's authority. Schuschnigg can do practically nothing against it. He is not, unfortunately, a man of force. He acts for the best, but what can he do against the brutality of Hitler's men?" I agreed: "Seyss-Inquart does whatever Berlin tells him."

We spoke of the changes in the situation during the past few days. Seyss-Inquart's predecessor in of-

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fice, Glaise-Horstenau, was also a Nazi, but he kept, as it were, one eye fixed on the crucifix by which he had sworn his oath of fidelity to the Austrian Constitution. Until Berchtesgaden, order had prevailed in Austria. The State machinery had functioned and the bulk of officials did their duty. But now that officials know that everything Seyss-Inquart does is ordered and backed by Berlin, they all talk of saving their skins and making their own private *Anschluss*.

"Do you know," Doctor Ragler said, "lists are being circulated in the Ministries, on which officials declare by their signature in favor of National Socialism? Not only avowed Nazis, but also renegades are running from room to room saying: 'The *Anschluss* with the Third Reich is at the door. Anyone who does not subscribe to National Socialism will soon be out of his job.' 'Safety first' is the motto of all but the strongest-minded and they sign the list, however great their dislike of Nazism. And no wonder! They know what happened in Germany to those who did not turn Nazi in time. Men who refused to join the party were, at the very best, dismissed, which meant in a dictator State that they could find no more work anywhere. Not even with former political friends. And that meant that the kids would have nothing to eat and be unable to go to school—all this *at the very best*. This was the lot in store for those who had merely omitted to support

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the party actively. If, on the other hand, a man did anything *against* the party, it meant the concentration camp, 'protective custody' or death. No wonder that officials in Austria are anxious to take out an insurance policy with the Nazis. After all, what will happen to those who are now rushing to embrace Hitlerism, supposing Hitler does not come to Austria? The risks are too unequal: in the one case, ruin, in the other, a mere reprimand."

'Doctor Ragler went on: "And I have a few further choice bits of news for you. Doctor Jury is today appointed State Councilor and will represent Seyss-Inquart in the Patriotic Front. He, too, is one of the Teinfaltstrasse crowd, which tells us all we need to know of his political convictions. True, he has told the Chancellor that he will henceforth be loyal! Schuschnigg, unfortunately, is only too ready to hear and believe such statements. It really is incredible that so able a man should be such a bad judge of character. He falls into one trap after another." Doctor Ragler broke off: "Shall you be at the opening of the Press Exhibition at 11 o'clock? I can tell you what the Chancellor's going to say. I have seen the draft of his speech. It is composed, of course, in a highly cultivated strain. Chiefly about the Germans and international tension. The domestic troubles of other countries move Doctor Schuschnigg to deep pity. But, he will say, there is no need for pessimism in Austria. I am curious to know what

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he will say when Seyss-Inquart returns from his 'pacification tour.' He is at Linz now, you know. There they had arranged for a 'German Day,' but Schuschnigg prohibited it. Seyss-Inquart will console them. Meetings, we know, are forbidden in Austria, but, when a Minister is present in person, it is another matter. He will speak at Linz tomorrow to five hundred Nazi leaders. Open-mouthed, the Austrian people will listen to his 'golden words' over the air. However, lest people should think that the Government cannot proceed beyond words, the three thousand meetings which Schuschnigg had assigned to the Patriotic Front, are being postponed. It is so tragic that one can only joke about it; otherwise one would cry. For it's true, isn't it, that the holding of all those meetings in favor of Austrian independence would make the Nazis wild. Such meetings get on their poor nerves in the same way that the League of Nations does. The Front will not, of course, keep altogether silent. These innocent Front men imagine that a few of their quiet little gatherings are an adequate weapon against the Nazi mass meetings. I'm afraid I shall not enjoy my leave in peace." He looked at me queerly before adding: "Perhaps we are saying good-by for ever. I do not envy you, left behind. It won't be at all amusing. Next week the illegal Nazi leaders will all hold high office in the Patriotic Front and be in a position to destroy the State by legal means."

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I entered a short *résumé* of Doctor Ragler's words in my notebook. I hold that the journalist's duty includes listening to and pondering over even the most extreme opinions and that he should interpret what he has heard, as far as he can, by the effect the words have had on himself. After talking with Doctor Ragler, I have forced myself into an objective state of mind. If I had not done so, I should have succumbed to the blackest despair.

*March 5th.*

Are we on the eve of a fresh wave of terrorism? Last night a group of some twenty masked men attacked a hostel of the Patriotic Youth League, known as *Jungvolk*, in Ottakring, a working-class district. The young people were holding a meeting. Masked Nazis shouted "Hands up" and fired. A teacher and a pupil were badly wounded. The assailants escaped unidentified. The police refuse to give further details and describe the attack as a "gangster story" with no political motive.

At the time when this revolver attack occurred, Schuschnigg was speaking in the Town Hall to ten thousand women and girls of the Patriotic Front and he expressed regret to his audience for the many troublous days that he had been unable to spare them. He added: "There may be yet more troublous days ahead. Women must keep their heads, and I will keep mine."

At noon disturbances broke out at the University.



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The Nazi students were demonstrating for Hitler, the Catholics for Schuschnigg. There was a clash between the two groups. Blows were exchanged and blood shed.

In the afternoon the newly created Councilor of State, Doctor Jury, introduced himself on the wireless. For the first time listeners heard a greeting extended to "Austrian Nazis." I could hardly believe my ears. Surely things had not gone so far? Doctor Jury promised his loyal adherence to Schuschnigg and subscribed to the principles of the Austrian Constitution. He appealed to the Nazis in Austria not to attach undue importance to outward symbols. "The important thing," he said, "is not noisy behavior in the street, but steady, persevering onward effort."

The tune is the same. May it not be pitched in another key!

*March 6th.*

Was the key a new one? In his speech to the five hundred Nazi leaders at Linz, Seyss-Inquart boasted of the "liberation of the German people by Adolf Hitler's Austrians." He declared that Austria also was German, and German *only*.

It seemed to me grotesque that Seyss-Inquart should now be inviting the National Socialists to enter the service of the Patriotic Front without any sacrifice of their political opinions. The Patriotic Front was formed for the purpose of erecting a solid

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**F**defensive front against the Third Reich. Now the Nazis were to be incorporated in it on the basis of Seyss-Inquart's slogan: "Our goal remains a united German Reich." It is incredible that Seyss-Inquart should have the impudence to declare in the same breath that the independence and freedom of Austria rest upon the guarantee of the German Reich.

If it were not my professional duty to listen to all these speeches, I should have turned the radio off long ago. It is really pathetic to see Schuschnigg thus led by the nose. It is not enough for Seyss-Inquart to make the Nazis a legalized party within the Patriotic Front. Now, in addition to this amalgamation and concentration of the anti-Austrian forces, there is to be established a special headquarters for National Socialist work, under the name of *Volksdeutsche Arbeitsstelle*.

Then, again, the ban on the swastika is simply a farce, a game of cat-and-mouse between what is allowed and what is not allowed. I took note of two simultaneous orders given by Seyss-Inquart.

1. The official party badge of the N.S.D.A.P., a black swastika in a white circle with a red border, continues to be forbidden.

2. The swastika in other combinations, especially as a badge of association, may be worn.

I wonder how many associations will now crop up in Austria in order that the Nazis may wear their swastikas?

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Further, the "Heil, Hitler" greeting is forbidden in all schools, in public offices and in all the offices of the Patriotic Front.

It is allowed in private life.

The silent greeting by the raising of the arm is allowed everywhere.

I have written down, so that I do not forget it, one more extraordinary order by Seyss-Inquart:

The ostentatious singing of the song "Deutschland, Deutschland über alles" is forbidden.

"Deutschland, Deutschland über alles" is only allowed when the first verse of the Austrian National Anthem is sung first.

Whether the one song is to be sung softly and the other loudly, the order does not say. It will also not be easy to decide which song is being sung, since both are sung to the same Haydn melody.

Yesterday I asked whether the Nazis will transpose their old tune to a new key. I see now that the answer is superfluous. Austria will be synchronized more and more. The system operates with deadly precision.

*March 6th, night.*

It is simply amazing to see how the Nazi machine works. One wheel fits exactly into the next. Seyss-Inquart has forbidden all noisy demonstrations and has prohibited the combatant units of the National Socialists, the S.A. and the S.S. So, today already, the Nazis are demonstrating in "peace" formations,

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without any S.A. and S.S. in uniform. The youths who were marching down the Kärntnerstrasse today in close order were just taking the sun, wearing purely private swastikas. And they greeted each other with "Heil, Hitler"—quite privately. If they shouted in unison, so that it did not sound particularly private, well, who is to blame them for that?

In these circumstances, of what use is it for Herr Zernatto to appeal to the Patriotic Front in poetical language, to take "strong counter-measures"? With things as they are, the use of the word metaphysical, which appears again and again in his appeal, sounded to me just funny. You cannot hold together the Patriotic Front, into which the Nazis have driven a legal wedge, with metaphysical phrases. I shall not be sending any more optimistic messages to the *Jaunakas Zinas*. Austria will not be saved by the Patriotic Front's pronouncement that the National Socialists have inherited duties as well as rights.

I wanted to ask today for an interview with Schuschnigg, in order to point out to him, if nobody else will, that we have had enough of fair words and that his gentlemanly treatment of his "friend" Seyss-Inquart only encourages the latter to further insolence. Schuschnigg carries the principle of turning the other cheek far indeed.

I asked Baron Fröhlichsthal's advice and he agreed to arrange for an interview, but I have abandoned the idea. After all, I cannot bring more vigor to the

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task than others. Heaven knows, I am losing more and more of my own vigor every day. Doctor O., a former German Center Party man, who called upon me at the office, said to me: "I know that feeling from my dealings with the Nazis in Bavaria. One feels one simply cannot do any more. I didn't learn much zoology at school, but I have noticed that snakes, before they strike, fascinate their victim by a look. And so it is with us. The look of these young men with their swastikas, miserable little things straight from school, intimidates us. We are frightened when we see a procession of these youths marching towards us. It is even unpleasant to go out, for we are civilized people and not prize-fighters spoiling for a scrap."

I tried to soothe Doctor O., but he is quite right. We no longer have any trust in the protection of the authorities. Police headquarters have now placed four men in front of our offices to protect us from possible attack. Work is not very pleasant, for our newspapers enjoy no kind of backing in their campaign against National Socialism. At any moment the Government whose cause we are fighting may be compelled to pronounce any one of us editors an enemy to the State. It would be futile to go to Schuschnigg. Defense of any kind is futile.

And then I say to myself, is it futile? It is not futile to fight! One colleague after another comes to my room in his free moments to cheer me when I

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am in pessimistic mood. And I do the same thing myself when I come across a member of the staff who is giving way to doubt or despair.

I said to a woman friend of mine today: "I feel like an actor who has to play two parts, a pessimist and an optimist in the same play."

The workers at Graz have abandoned their passivity and have issued a leaflet addressed to all Austrian workmen. They categorically demand that the "peace of Berchtesgaden" shall be accepted as an honorable agreement and not as legal cover behind which an illegal campaign is to be mercilessly continued without any organization of a lawful defense. The leaflet says:

"The Nazis are making use of Berchtesgaden to bring strong economic pressure upon workers and employees to extract from them an avowal of National Socialist belief. In spite of all vetoes the S.A., wearing swastikas, are continuing to collect money for their organization from places of business. It is not the fault of the executive authorities, but is due to the absence of proper instructions from above, that the executive does not at the moment operate as it should. The workers demand clarity and the guarantee of their rights."

. . . . .

I find attached to my diary two reports dated March 7th from our correspondent Doctor Rares.

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The only entry of my own that day was this: "A day of excitement—prospects brighter. Still, it's exhausting work."

The following is an extract from Doctor Rares's reports:

"Meeting at the Grosse Konzerthausaal.

"Attended by several thousand Patriotic Front delegates from Vienna businesses. Not mere enthusiasts, all serious workers and employees. Burgo-master Schmitz, the chief speaker, was nervous. This was the gist of his speech:

" 'Anyone who distributes unauthorized lists, collects subscriptions for the forbidden Nazi party or engages in prohibited propaganda work, is guilty of mutiny. We must resist all those who are attempting to create disquiet and uncertainty among the people. Doctor Schuschnigg must be prepared to grant the workers increased responsibilities and a larger share in the control of their own interests. They should be given back a large part of the organizations which were taken away from the Social Democrats five years ago. Social Democrats should be appointed to the public corporations.'

"After the meeting, there was fighting in the Ringstrasse. The police arrested a group of Patriotic Front men for ordering Nazis to remove the forbidden party badge. Among the arrested was the

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son of Burgomaster Schmitz. I will telephone a more detailed report later.

“(Signed) DOCTOR RARES.”

*March 8th.*

*The foreign political situation.* I have felt impelled to fix my impressions of Austria's situation as seen from abroad. A week ago Chamberlain said in the House of Commons: “The British Government cannot disinterest themselves in events of Central Europe.” What does that amount to? Is it a further restatement of England's guarantees of Austria's independence, or is it a discreet and typically English warning to Hitler that Austrian independence comes within the sphere of British interests?

We in Austria are paralyzed or, as Doctor O. put it with his comparison from the animal world, fascinated. But England surely has no reason to be intimidated and so forget her guarantees. I am only afraid that help will come too late; Downing Street does not reckon with the method of the *fait accompli*. The English with their sense of fair play cannot believe that the gentlemen of the Wilhelmstrasse could be guilty of unfairness. It is to be hoped that Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax will tell Herr Ribbentrop what they think, when he arrives in London tomorrow.

We can assume, anyhow, that principles will be upheld in London.



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If only we were as strong internally as the guarantees make us externally!

I am reminded of those League of Nations meetings in Geneva which I attended in 1935, when England was inaugurating the policy of sanctions against Italy and everyone was asking whether it would be wise to conjure up a grave European conflict for the sake of Abyssinia. It was urged against this view that, if an Italian attack upon an almost defenseless Abyssinia were to go unpunished, Germany would use the earliest opportunity of marching into Austria. At that time most countries were in favor of sanctions, not only out of loyalty to the Covenant, but also, and more particularly, because they thought that they would thereby be helping to prevent a future attack upon Austria or other small states.

I notice that I have omitted France from my calculations. It is a remarkable thing that, when you are dealing with the situation of a country, your judgment is influenced to an astonishing degree by the power or lack of power which that country wields. The constant succession of government crises in France has long created in us, and in others, too, an impression that France no longer counts as a Great Power. That is, of course, not true, but the impression is contagious. The Little Entente feels itself abandoned and deprived of its most powerful support. It now looks only towards Germany, the

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aggressor, and not towards France, the protector.

I am afraid that, if anything happens to us in Austria, the French will be in the middle of a government crisis, owing to some strike of hotel waiters at Nice, or that they may even have no government at all!

Austria can really count only on Britain. Let us hope that Ribbentrop will be given the cold shoulder in London and that Downing Street will not enter into negotiations which, while seeming to avert a world catastrophe, must in fact bring it nearer.

. . . . .

The duel between Schuschnigg and Seyss-Inquart has become intensified. Schuschnigg is furious at the way in which Seyss-Inquart and the Nazis are sabotaging all efforts at conciliation and understanding—despite the Berchtesgaden Agreement. Perhaps there is truth in the theory that the German N.S.D. A.P. has not so firm a grip over the Austrian Nazis as it would wish. Whatever may be said against the Third Reich, the Nazi leaders have always secured obedience.

Yesterday, in front of the Graz Town Hall a crowd kept up for hours alternating cries of "Down with Schuschnigg" and "We want a National Socialist Government." That can only have happened through Seyss-Inquart's influence and as the direct result of his visit to Graz. He has now announced

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his intention to pay another visit, this time to Carinthia. It remains to be seen whether this third "visit of pacification and reconciliation" will be followed by the same demonstrations.

To put a final stop to the trouble in Styria, Schuschnigg has appointed a new Chief of Police for the province. This is Count Ferrari, a man of very strong character. He'll get something done.

Schuschnigg seems to have realized that high-mindedness, without some show of determination on his part, is not enough. Tomorrow he goes to Innsbruck; no one at the Chancellery knows why. A surprise is in store, but its nature is being kept secret. The leaders of the Front look mysterious. Does Schuschnigg mean to prove by this journey and by an appeal to "his own" Tyrolese that there is a Patriotic counterweight to the Nazis of Styria, Upper Austria and Carinthia, on whom Seyss-Inquart relies? Is he collecting evidence to prove that he still has the unconditional and united support of the greater part of Austria—the provinces of Tyrol, Vorarlberg and Lower Austria and Vienna? It is important to make a clear division between the two camps. For without an exact knowledge of their relative strength, it is impossible to measure the value of the national forces.

*March 9th.*

Only the very senior leaders of the Patriotic Front know what Schuschnigg is going to say at Innsbruck

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tomorrow. The big men in their high positions are like children who are preparing a surprise for their parents and are themselves looking forward to the effect of it.

I saw *Hofrat* Vanicek today. Not for a long time have I found him in such spirits.

"You can take it from me, Herr Lennhoff, the Government will no longer allow its patience and conciliatory intentions to be abused." "What will it do?" I asked. He answered, with a firmness somewhat unusual in an official of the Patriotic Front: "The Government is putting its foot down. It's putting an end to Nazi irresponsibility." "By what means?" The *Hofrat* said: "You prepare a special edition tonight. Have a large store of paper ready, machinery and newsvendors. The editorial staff can go home, for the text will be the Chancellor's own."

"I don't understand," I said. "Is the Chancellor really contemplating a big coup, a plan to meet force with force?"

*Hofrat* Vanicek spoke with emphasis. "The word 'force' does not enter into any plan of Doctor Schuschnigg's. But he is putting a big idea into execution. Mobilizing Austria, I may say, for a certain and decisive victory. It will mean final defeat for the Nazis without the shedding of a drop of blood. An idea of Schuschnigg's, Herr Lennhoff, that's what it is!"

I hastened to the office and summoned the whole

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editorial staff. We all felt lighter in heart than we had for a long time. At last something was going to happen—something decisive. It made no difference that we did not know what it was. Doctor Vanicek's mysterious words, repeated to my colleagues, were the cause of the relief. Something at last was going to happen to put an end to our suspense. More than once we had felt, some of us, that we could not endure further uncertainty. We now asked one another what certainty these mysterious measures of Schuschnigg could possibly bring us, but not all our guess-work supplied an answer. We rang up every available government department, but found a similar curiosity among the officials. Nor was our Innsbruck correspondent able to enlighten us. His messages were confined to Tyrol's preparations for the Chancellor's reception at Innsbruck.

"The reception," he reported, "will be a magnificent one. From crack of dawn the peasants will be pouring into the town from the farthest valleys, wearing their best national costumes and carrying flags and streamers, to greet 'their' Schuschnigg. The enthusiasm is immense."

It was an exciting afternoon. The secret was divulged, only to be contradicted. Two Chancellery officials to whom we spoke, insisted that the news was true, but a third, *Sektionsrat* Zogler, a man with Nazi leanings, with whom Doctor Rares spoke,

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denied it: "It's nonsense, Schuschnigg could not risk it."

Our political correspondent rang up Doctor Jury, the Councilor of State and Seyss-Inquart's representative in the Patriotic Front. "Ridiculous," he said, "don't you believe it. It would be a slap in Hitler's face."

Amid all the excitement, I have forgotten to write down what the secret is: a plebiscite!

*March 9th, night.*

Our office radio has been turned on since half past seven this evening. Although most of the staff has been released, since the text of our special edition had come from *Hofrat* Vanicek, as promised, the majority remained on in the office. Everyone wanted with his own ears to hear that Austria was saved. So mistrustful were we that we even thought it possible a Nazi *agent-provocateur* might have palmed the text off upon us. We felt we could only believe the contents when we heard them confirmed in Doctor Schuschnigg's spoken words.

At eight the Vienna station announced: "We are taking you over to Innsbruck. We are relaying from the Innsbruck Town Hall the Chancellor's speech to the Tyrol leaders of the Patriotic Front."

So it was true!

Doctor Schuschnigg began.

After listening to the opening words, I hurried to

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the composers' room to supervise the issue of the special edition. I urged upon our newsvendors to leave no square or street corner uncovered. This sensational news must be carried to every home. One seller, whom I had long suspected of Nazi sympathies, had the impudence to say:

"That won't impress the party members. Why, Hitler and the Nazis have been demanding a plebiscite these last five years. Now the Chancellor's given way." Confound his impudence!

I had arranged with a shorthand-writer to take down the chief points in Schuschnigg's speech and bring them to me below, so that I could check the text of our edition from the Chancellor's own words. While I was deciding upon the size of the headlines and supervising the setting-up, I wondered whether there could be any force in the remark of our "national" seller that Schuschnigg was after all only meeting Hitler's wishes by this plebiscite. But the reflection failed to cloud my joy. If, I said to myself, it is an honest, clear, open plebiscite of all Austrians, the result is bound to be a majority of at least two-thirds in favor of Austrian independence. It will settle the question of the right of self-determination. No one can meddle any more in our internal affairs. The plebiscite will also be a step towards a return to democracy. The majority of the population will be deciding by whom the country is to be governed.

Page after page, the manuscript of the speech was

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passed along to us in the composers' room. At last Count Strachwitz himself came in and read aloud the most important passages in ringing tones: "Splendid," he exclaimed, "magnificent." The composers broke off and we listened as Strachwitz read. I had never seen this usually quiet man so stirred.

Schuschnigg's appeal "Red-white-red till we're dead" was taken up and repeated through the room.

Here is a passage from the speech: "We want a free and independent Austria. We guarantee equal treatment for all who are true to Austria and the Austrian people. I will and must know whether the people of Austria want independence. Now declare yourselves! We must at last know beyond doubt what is legal and what is illegal. I cannot permanently ask my friends to remain quiet, unless the other side abides strictly by what was agreed upon at Berchtesgaden. That agreement will be faithfully executed. But not an inch beyond. The vote will be taken on Sunday. Sunday will bring peace. I stand and fall, with all that I am and all that I hold, by this avowal of the Austrian people!"

The plebiscite is to be held in four days' time, on Sunday, March 13th.

*March 10th.*

Work far into the night, and still not finished. I shall have to wait until tomorrow before writing down my impressions.

One point only: the plebiscite promises to be the



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equivalent of a victory. The fact that Schuschnigg has decided to hold it may be accepted as proof that he now has Mussolini behind him. I do not understand Signor Ridomi's unwillingness to give me any information on this score. Nor do I understand why he is skeptical of the opinion that the head of his government is in favor of the plebiscite. Ridomi has asked me to ring him again in the morning. I must not forget to do so; perhaps he will have further details from Rome.

## CHAPTER V

FROM the evening of March 9th, when the news of the plebiscite was made known, I worked day and night, without stopping, through into the early afternoon of March 11th. I was only one of many hundreds of thousands equally determined to do all in their power to help the plebiscite, and my inward satisfaction was increased by a feeling, as it were, hypnotically conveyed from one to another, that every one who was fighting for Austria's independence and, still more, against National Socialism was engaged in a common cause. For a publicist the assurance that he is writing for readers who are of his own mind, and for whose views he is finding expression, is almost as great a source of gratification as when he is converting readers to his own opinion. The belief that my efforts would gain votes for the plebiscite added to my joy and my determination to do all that lay in my power in order that Schuschnigg's brave decision might be indorsed by the overwhelming majority of the population. The function of our newspaper in this matter was, first and foremost, to persuade the public that it was the duty of every single one of them to go to the polling station.

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Every vote was important, every "Yes" would help to swell the huge total.

Ever since Wednesday evening, March 9th, my editorial colleagues, the compositors and printers, our reporters in the provinces as well as our foreign correspondents, had all been inspired by the same ardent enthusiasm for their task. The whole publishing machinery worked like magic. Only the telephone failed to function properly, but it was not the fault of our operators if there were sudden disturbances of the line and if our most important conversations were suddenly broken off, and we were left talking into a void. Sometimes we had to ring through three or four times before learning that reports from almost everywhere were favorable. Invisible hands and voices were at work to prevent or delay the arrival of encouraging news. More than once intentional misprints found their way into the paper, but which of our compositors it was who was lending his hand to Nazi sabotage I shall probably never know.

I was just about to send to the printers a voting paper for the Patriotic Front, when there came a loud ring at the telephone. I was anxious not to be disturbed, for it was important that our readers should be shown the voting papers which they would all have to hand in. The Front had sent us a specimen, a narrow white form containing the question:

"Are you in favor of a free and German, inde-

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pendent and social, Christian and united Austria, in favor of peace and work and equality of treatment for all who support the cause of Austria and the Austrians?"

The telephone rang again and, lifting the receiver, I heard the words: "Ultimatum from Berlin!"

The voice was unfamiliar to me and, annoyed at what seemed to be another foolish Nazi hoax, I was about to ring off.

"Ultimatum from Berlin," the voice repeated. I recognized it now in spite of its change of tone. It was Doctor Heeb speaking, an official of the Federal Press Department.

"Have you gone mad Doctor He . . ."

He broke in: "Don't speak my name. We are being listened to. I repeat: Ultimatum from Berlin!"

I was annoyed: "Really, sir, I have work to do and God knows you people at the Chancellery should have something better to do than disturb serious people on a day of important work like this with nonsense of that kind."

"I am not mad, though somebody else may be. I can only say that an ultimatum has just arrived from Berlin. I don't know what it says; the Cabinet is now considering its reply. Nor have I been authorized to forward the news to the Press. I am telling you in confidence. Whether you publish it or

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not is your own affair. At any rate, you have heard nothing from me."

At that moment the bell rang on Count Strachwitz's table. After listening a few moments my colleague put down the receiver. Neither of us spoke a word. I knew, without his telling me, that Strachwitz had received the same piece of news, and I knew too that he understood it as little as I had. What could it mean, an ultimatum from Berlin?

Strachwitz said: "Hitler demands the indefinite postponement of the plebiscite."

"Impossible," I cried. "Impossible that Hitler should interfere openly in Austria's internal politics."

Doctor Rares interrupted: "Hitler is not merely interfering with words, he is pointing a dagger at our throats. He is giving orders, threatening invasion by his troops, if his commands are not obeyed. It is the Teinfaltstrasse plot come true, the invasion by the 'Austrian Legion' under cover of Reichswehr armored cars."

"So the reports of German troops concentrating along the Bavarian frontier are true!"

I sent for two junior colleagues and asked them to answer any telephone calls that might come in for Strachwitz or myself in the next half-hour. "If the Chancellery or the headquarters of the Patriotic Front ring up, we will speak with them ourselves."

Strachwitz and I went into the board room and

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got on to the Patriotic Front. An old friend of mine, Hanns von Becker, the head of the propaganda section, was busy, and his assistant, Doctor Berg, told me that Becker was at the moment speaking on the wireless in connection with the plebiscite. "Don't you know about the ultimatum?" I asked.

He answered: "The story must be a mistake. Whatever Hitler may have meant with this mysterious ultimatum, one thing is out of the question. He cannot threaten to send German army corps into Austria in order to punish the Austrians for no worse a crime than wishing to decide their own destiny. He is probably threatening to support Nazi propaganda in Austria openly with money and explosives, if Schuschnigg does not toe the line. We are not afraid of that, as Herr von Becker will tell you too. Our army, the militia and our people can deal with the Nazi heroes in Austria without civil war."

It was some time before I could stem the flood. "All you say," I answered, "is well known in Germany. You underestimate Herr Hitler. The ultimatum must mean something more than that, though what, I do not know."

"You are imagining things," said Doctor Berg. "Do you suppose that Hitler has the very faintest intention of sending into Austria German troops with tanks and heavy artillery, or perhaps even bombing planes? Do you think that he could contemplate such a gross breach of the peace? Hitler

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and his advisers think well before they act. We know, and he must know too, that the whole civilized world will be on our side, if he attacks us with armed force. The plebiscite has opened the world's eyes. Schuschnigg has given proof of his fair-mindedness. By allowing the plebiscite to decide, he is deferring to the will of the people. If on Sunday, the day after tomorrow, the majority answers the question whether Austria should be independent by 'no,' Schuschnigg will resign. And then Seyss-Inquart will be free to make the *Anschluss* with the Third Reich."

"The ultimatum has been sent!" I cried. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing, or rather we shall use it as propaganda. Yes, the ultimatum is proof that Hitler and the Third Reich fear the issue of a free and uninfluenced popular vote. It has added to our prestige in the eyes of the whole world."

"Thanks," I said, with savage irony. "Your information will enable us at once to publish a reassuring number of the *Telegraph*." I returned to my room, in despair at the short-sightedness of a man holding responsible office.

For the third time that day I found messages on my table reporting the assembly of troops along the frontier. Now I believed them. All the same I repeated to my colleagues what had just been told to me by the Patriotic Front. They all echoed the same

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idealistic rubbish: "It is impossible that the army of a nation of sixty-five millions should make war upon this peace loving little country."

"Just think for a moment, Lennhoff," Doctor Rares said, "what kind of a war it would be between Austria and Germany. On the one side, a State whose people have for five years been systematically trained for war, aggression and violence, and for whom pacifism is a forbidden and punishable creed; on the other, a country whose population in its vast majority want peace and peace only. Would it not offer the world a grotesque picture, one especially appealing to Herr Hitler's sense of humor, if Austrian Catholics and Jews, Socialists and Legitimists were compelled by a brutal attack to defend themselves against Hitler's guns, tanks and bombing squadrons with their bare hands, as it were! No, gentlemen, it's impossible! I propose we go on working for the plebiscite and not allow ourselves to be upset by Hitler's brutal and ill-timed jest."

At that moment Count Strachwitz came in, beaming all over his face.

"What's happened?" I asked. "Is it not true about the ultimatum?"

"It *was* true," he answered, "but Schuschnigg has rejected it."

Fear lest Schuschnigg's nerve should prove unequal to the strain was past. He had proved once again that he was in control of the situation. He



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had called Hitler's bluff. Only forty-eight hours more and Schuschnigg would be proof against the pin-pricks of Nazis in Austria and the sledge-hammers of the National Socialist party in Germany. After that he and we would be safe.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the evening edition of the *Telegraph* had to be got ready. The ultimatum and its rejection supplied suitable headlines. There was an understanding that we should not publish important political news about Germany without the consent of the Federal Press Department, so Count Strachwitz inquired whether we could be furnished with dramatic details of what had happened.

"No," was Doctor Heeb's answer. "We are not even releasing for publication the fact itself. It is true that the Chancellor has rejected the ultimatum, but I beg you to say no word about it. I can tell you privately that the ultimatum was in the nature of a warning, an episode in the plebiscite campaign. No doubt there will be a few further disagreeable incidents of this kind. Schuschnigg will not allow himself to be frightened by such threats. Perhaps the bluff will not be repeated, and Berlin will abide by the agreements and leave us in peace for the time being."

"So the Chancellery is still standing firm?" Count Strachwitz asked.

"Firm as a rock," was the answer.

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The evening edition of the *Telegraph* appeared at three-thirty, an hour and a quarter earlier than usual. It had meant a Herculean labor, but we had heard from our newsvendors that demonstrations were forming in all parts of the city and that within an hour the central quarters would be so thronged that it would be impossible to sell newspapers.

Just as we were finishing, our Graz correspondent rang up:

"The Nazis are creating further disturbances. Vienna has sent additional reinforcements. At noon five hundred *Feldjaeger* arrived in cars. The police and *gendarmerie* are clearing the streets. A machine-gun section has occupied the Bismarck-platz."

I shouted down to the printing room:

"Wait three minutes. A stop press message from Graz must go in."

The telephone operator then rang me:

"I could not get you before, Herr Lennhoff, as you were talking with Graz. The Press Department requests that messages from Graz concerning military measures shall not be given prominence in the papers. The measures in question are pure routine and such as were already intended."

We held a short discussion and decided to dispatch all the staff into various parts of the town in order to obtain a general picture of the situation in Vienna. We appointed a meeting at the Café Carl-

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ton for half past five. The Café Carlton is close to the Kärntnerstrasse and near the Opera. It made an excellent observation post.

When I left the office at half past three, to gather my own impressions of the position of affairs, I had no idea that one-third of Austria's last five hours had passed. The catastrophe had begun with the ultimatum. Our time was running out.

I walked leisurely along the street leading to the University, somewhat comforted by the knowledge that Schuschnigg had effectively warded off the first blow against Austria. The street presented an aspect customary in these recent days, with groups of people standing about, parties of demonstrators, some of them not worth taking seriously. I passed a number of youths and maidens who were taking the opportunity to amuse themselves by shouting alternately: "Heil, Hitler" and "Heil, Schuschnigg." As though this was the time for carnival jests!

Mounted police with full equipment rode past the crossing in front of the University. A group of police was posted, conspicuously, as it seemed, before the *Creditanstalt*—evidently as a protection to Austria's largest bank. The faces of the policemen at the street corners and of the Front militiamen in their cars were grim, as if they were expecting trouble.

At this moment the gray military car of the Front militia drove by me filled with soldiers; for two

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hours it had been on duty in front of the Grey House, the Vienna police court.

The weather had changed. A warm gusty wind blew at our hats. It lifted the thousands of white plebiscite papers strewn on the ground and whirled them like pale ghosts past the crowds of demonstrators and onlookers into the adjacent streets.

Neither the demonstrators nor peaceful passers-by had any notion of the Berlin ultimatum. Nor did they know anything of Schuschnigg's "No."

The object of the demonstrators was to make propaganda *for* or *against* Schuschnigg by their presence in the streets and by their cries and slogan shouting in unison. Wedged in the crowd, I passed the Graben. It looked as it had in the morning. Most of the shops had lowered their shutters and business was at a standstill. Offices had set their staffs free. From the entrances of the big departmental stores employees poured into the street, talking no doubt about normal things. Nevertheless the combined voices of the whole enormous crowd seemed to roar in my ears.

At the entrance to the Kärntnerstrasse came the command "Halt." Who had given the word and who was being ordered to halt? I could see over the heads of those in front of me. "What's up?" they were all asking. I saw groups of Nazis packed together on the Stephansplatz, the police having cleared the Kärntnerstrasse (the main street of the

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inner quarter) yet once again that day. At the Stock im Eisen (at the corner of the Graben and the Kärntnerstrasse), at the entrance to the Kapuzinergruft, at the Hapsburg Mausoleum, on the Neuermarkt, as well as in front of the Mozart statue behind the Opera, I encountered everywhere groups of people shouting and arguing. It was not easy to pick one's way through the crowd. There was occasional brawling, and at the Stock im Eisen a young Nazi jumped on to a laundry van and shouted to the crowd: "We don't want Schuschnigg's Austria. We want the Third Reich. The plebiscite is a fraud. One people, one Reich, one Leader!" he screamed. "One people, one Reich, one Leader!" repeated the youths below. Elsewhere I heard: "We will not be silenced. We have shed our blood for our ideals!" Over and over again the murmur of the crowd was broken by the sharp staccato cries of "Sieg Heil, Sieg Heil, one people, one Reich, one Leader!" And again: "The plebiscite is a fraud!"

The masses of the Patriotic Front were not slow in responding. Shouts of "Front Heil, Schuschnigg Heil" came from all quarters. The supporters of the Patriotic Front had learned their lesson from Nazi propaganda and they too shouted in sharp staccato accents: "Sunday is polling-day. We vote YES!"

Up the Rotenturmstrasse came a band of men wearing red armbands. "Front Heil, Front Heil"

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was the greeting showered upon them by the Patriots. "Free Austria! Free Austria! Liberty!" the Socialists answered. And both joined in a chorus of "Heil, Schuschnigg!"

The procession of workers came to a halt on the Stephansplatz. The Kärntnerstrasse was closed, while a further throng was surging forward from the Graben.

The man who was marching at the head of the workers and who was seen by his cap to be a municipal electrical worker, was greeted by a taxi-driver with a resounding shout of "Liberty!" and the question:

"Don't you number more than two hundred? Where are the others? We shan't impress the Nazis with that number."

The other shrugged his shoulders: "You must ask Schuschnigg that. It's his fault. Why didn't he come to terms with us sooner, instead of flirting with the Nazis and getting them first to join his Patriotic Front? He didn't bother about us then, now he needs us. Tomorrow we shall be marching to the Ringstrasse. We'll show them at last what the workers of Vienna are worth and let them see that we have not abandoned one jot of our beliefs. They can all depend on that, whether it's Schuschnigg or anybody else. We workers of Vienna stand by our principles, even if we seem to give way."

The electrical worker laughed, cried "Heil,

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Schuschnigg" and raised his clenched fist in the Socialist salute.

A waiter in a shabby tailcoat, who had joined the others, shook his head:

"Schuschnigg should not have waited so long. He's trying in two days to make up for four years of lost chances. It can't be done. Many of us are tired and disillusioned—even those who a year ago not only voted, but fought against the Nazis." This man, too, had the Viennese habit of joking even in the gravest of circumstances. He called out in a voice that carried right across the Stephansplatz: "Schuschnigg has come at the sixty-first minute."

The joke pleased him so much that he repeated it, still more loudly: "At the sixty-first minute, the sixty-first minute!"

The Nazis took this outburst as encouragement to resume their "One people, once Reich, one Leader." One of them, a strong, well-built fellow with a magnificent voice, was so impressed that he shouted twice: "Hitler is coming at the sixty-first minute!"

Even this noise was drowned by the unceasing hubbub of talk and shouting. A fitter in blue overalls turned to me and said, choosing his words carefully: "Excuse me, sir, for speaking to you, but it's like this: nothing's too late, if only Schuschnigg will give up some of his so-called friends. I tell you, they're always stopping him doing what he wants to

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do. Schuschnigg's always wanted to be friends with the workers, but first Starhemberg stopped him, then Fey, then the Nazis, and now the cowards of the Patriotic Front. They've always shivered in their shoes lest Hitler take offense if Schuschnigg should grant the workers their rights." He grew warm: "That's why the cowards have persuaded Schuschnigg that Vienna will become a second Valencia. If he'll put out his little finger to us, we'll take his whole hand."

"That's right," chimed in another, who held a bicycle by one hand, as he plucked my arm with the other, "have you heard what happened at Floridsdorf today? A party of workers wanted to march over the Danube into the city. Yes, mind you, *wanted* to. And who was it prevented them? Who told them to wait till tomorrow? Why, the local leader of the Patriotic Front! D'you know what he said? 'Tomorrow,' he told them, 'tomorrow's your day.' I sometimes think those gentlemen are ashamed to be seen with us by the Nazis. These scoundrelly Nazi boys must be made gently and carefully accustomed to the idea that there are workers in the world. But we won't let us ourselves be hidden away. We'll come out and show ourselves."

"We'll show *them*," repeated some wag.

"Comrades!" shouted an agitator, in a voice obviously trained at public meetings, "Sunday will decide Austria's fate, Sunday will decide all our



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fates. You've seen what has happened to the labor movement in Germany. The workers have been trodden underfoot, the party machine smashed, the trade unions destroyed, the workers robbed of their rights. The Red of Socialism is to the Nazis a red rag. Stand together, comrades. It's not a question now of Schuschnigg or not Schuschnigg, that's no matter. It's Austria that matters. Austria must be Socialist. We need Socialism. We need democracy. In a word, we need the restoration of Social Democracy!"

The clock on St. Stephen's tower struck four. Three hours had passed since Hitler delivered his ultimatum to Austria, two since Schuschnigg rejected it. There was nothing threatening in the scene on the Stephansplatz, where at this moment all the parties in Austria were collected, as it were, in specimen form. The great square in front of the venerable church, the symbol of Austria, looked like an annual fair, with men on all sides crying their wares. It was not difficult to imagine that the people were gathered round stands. For a moment it seemed to me that those who were shouting "Heil, Hitler" would suddenly start offering Hitler in person for sale, that the "Schuschnigg" criers would hold up Schuschnigg, the champions of "Liberty" their Seitz, the former Social Democrat Burgomaster of Vienna and a sponsor of Austrian Social Democracy. I felt as though I had been drinking wine

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after long grief, and as if everything had become comically distorted, while my limbs were still weighed down by sorrow.

My attention was attracted by the sight of a man standing perfectly calm amid all this tumult; it was the man who sold Nazi papers outside the Café Europe. He was a lanky fellow in a white shirt and brown boots. He had hardly any more papers left to cry. The *Wiener Neueste Nachrichten* was confiscated. So was the *Volkspresse*, so was the *Samstag*. Newspapers from Germany were seized by the police before they left the post office. The newsvendor had only the anti-Semitic *Volksruf* in his bag. I knew him from seeing him every day. He had first attracted my notice by the indefatigability with which he would shout his papers. He seemed never to go to bed. Whenever I crossed the Stephansplatz, morning, afternoon, or at midnight, there he would be calling out in his high, penetrating voice: "*Nationalzeitung, Wiener Neueste, Volksruf.*" He was not calling now. He was leaning against the doorway of the café, his hands in his pockets, and apparently staring at nothing. And yet I could see that this liaison agent between the leaders of the illegal party and their followers was inwardly alert. He seemed to be waiting for something. What it was, was known to him and to a few other men with swastikas, who every two minutes or so came out of the café in turns and exchanged looks with the

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newsvendor. They put no questions, merely glanced quickly in his direction. He would shrug his shoulders and say nothing. I understood the gesture to mean "Not yet." Was something afoot? Perhaps my overstrung nerves were playing me a trick, perhaps it was nothing and the Hitler men only wished to know whether new Nazi papers had arrived. But that silent game of question and answer worried me. I wanted to be sure that there was no further bad news, so I went to a telephone box and rang up the office. A shorthand-typist answered. "I will read you all I have taken down in the last hour; it's not much." I listened to messages referring almost entirely to Nazi demonstrations. Innsbruck reported: "S.A. men in uniform have broken through a police cordon at the Town Hall. The police are posted with machine guns behind barbed wire in the Maria Theresienstrasse." From Graz: "Nazi demonstrations are growing. The Nazis have a new refrain, 'Better dead than red-white-red!' The Graz workers announce in a leaflet that their patience is exhausted. If Herr Seyss-Inquart continues to prevent the police from carrying out their duties conscientiously, they, the workers, will clear the streets themselves. They guarantee there will then be order."

I had promised a lawyer friend of mine, Doctor Glasmann, to meet him during the afternoon at the Café Herrenhof, if only for a few minutes. For the past few years the Herrenhof had played a part

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similar to that of the neighboring Café Central in earlier days. True, the latter had been more than a rendezvous for men of letters. Long before the Nazi leaders established it as their unofficial headquarters, it had a center for Communists of the "Internationale" and of Austria and, as such, open to all. Messrs. Glaise-Horstenau, Seyss-Inquart, and their friends, who now frequented it, were the successors of a far more famous, though other-minded leader.

As I passed the Café Central, I remembered how often before the War I had seen Leon Trotzki bent over a chessboard inside the café. While he was considering his moves and nervously putting the pieces in his pocket before transferring them to their destined place upon the board, he would rapidly exchange a few words with men who had broken in upon his reflections with questions.

I could not help looking in at the Central, before proceeding to my appointment. It was empty. I asked the head waiter, whom I had known for years, whether any of the usual Nazi clients had been in. "No one," he replied. Of course, I thought; Glaise-Horstenau and Seyss-Inquart, who was just back from Germany, were at the Chancellery. They were negotiating with Schuschnigg for the postponement of the plebiscite.

I had a sudden feeling that I had no more time to lose. I hurried on, as if I were in danger of missing

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some opportunity, I knew not what. Once again I felt anxious on my parents' account, for reasons I could not explain. I decided that, before going to the Café Carlton and after my rendezvous with Doctor Glasmann, I would go round to them on my way home.

The inner room at the Café Herrenhof was reserved for literary men. In the afternoon one met none but authors and publishers. Today, too, the "literary" tables were occupied. These intellectuals and lovers of talk for talk's sake, men such as existed only in Vienna and pre-War Russia, were not interested in politics. These men and women so deeply engrossed in their abstruse conversation seemed unconcerned that at that moment their fate was perhaps being sealed.

I know few among the literary clientele of the Herrenhof, whether Jews or Christians, who were not anti-Nazis or who made any secret of the fact, either publicly or among their friends. The politics of these men went no farther than the profession of humanism and liberal principles and rejection of the evil spirit of National Socialism. Their pacifism was beyond question. Thus, without some of them perhaps being aware of it, all were the marked down quarry of Nazi enmity. These artists and men of letters and their publishers, though appearing to live only for the small circle of their friends, had all of them won an international reputation from their

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books, their music or their criticism. If Schuschnigg fell, they would at the very best lose their whole livelihood, but more probably, judging by what had happened in Germany, they would be the victims of merciless persecution, the concentration camp, and destitution. "And so should I," it occurred to me. Strangely enough, the knowledge of what lay in store for me, in the event of a Nazi triumph, did not unduly disturb me, and I made no plans. But I knew one thing: they should not catch me alive.

My friend Doctor Glasmann was seated in the outer room in the midst of business men, officials, doctors, all scurrying one to another in search of news. I found my friend in the deepest dejection. A merchant of Linz, who was to have paid him a debt of 17,000 schillings that morning, had telephoned him at midday, saying: "I am sorry, Doctor Glasmann, very sorry indeed. But don't imagine that I shall be paying you your money. Here we can already see the German troops marching towards the Inn from Bavaria. In case you don't believe it, my friend Winzinger has driven to the frontier and counted at least a hundred military lorries. Once the Germans are in Austria, there'll be no more payments to Jews. I am really very sorry, Mr. Jew. But I at any rate shall not transgress the German laws, which will now apply in Austria. Oh, no! That would be a betrayal of German honor. Hang the Jews! Heil, Hitler!"

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The telephone conversation between my friend Doctor Glasmann and his "Aryan" debtor in Linz was a prelude to the fate that was awaiting Jews in Austria. And not only Jews; for Catholics, Legitimists, workers, any and all who were against the *Anschluss* with the Third Reich, whether from tradition, self-defense, or because they had social or economic reasons for desiring the survival of Austria, were similarly threatened, including those who had formerly favored the *Anschluss* with Germany, in the democratic days of the Weimar Republic.

There were clear lines of demarcation between the opinions and attitudes of the different circles for which Austria's independence was synonymous with the continuance of their own material and human existence. In order to secure the cooperation of wavering elements in one or another camp—to win them, anyhow, for the cause of Austrian independence—I had intended on the Saturday, the day before the plebiscite, to issue with our *Telegraph* a supplement with a title chosen from words used by the great Austrian poet Grillparzer and which nearly a century before had served as a call to Austrian patriotism: "In Deinem Lager ist Oesterreich."

I had arranged interviews with leading representatives of the various loyalist groups—public men with an international reputation—and all of them urged upon their followers, and supposed followers, the duty of voting and of voting "Yes."

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The following records of these interviews form, as it were, a cross-section of public opinion during Austria's last five hours:

*An Interview with Major Fey* (former Vice-Chancellor of Austria and at this time President of the Danube Navigation Company).

The interview is given in the original, as transmitted to me by my colleague. For purposes of publication I should of course, with Major Fey's consent, have had to make some slight alterations.

*Question:* "Will all the members of the *Heimatschutz* support Schuschnigg and the plebiscite?"

*Major Fey:* "As the *Heimatschutz* no longer exists, I cannot speak for all its members. Doctor Schuschnigg destroyed the *Heimatschutz*. In doing so, he not only destroyed a strong fighting unit, but also removed its strongest weapon from the Government's hands. Had the *Heimatschutz* under my command been not only retained, but developed, it would have been the most powerful weapon against the enemy within—and without."

*Question:* "Can Austria then depend upon the patriotic assistance of former *Heimatschutz* men?"

*Major Fey:* "That is self-evident. As soldiers, to whom unconditional obedience is the first commandment, we complied with Schuschnigg's orders and dissolved ourselves. Officially, the bond that united us is severed. But I can assure you that I have not



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lost touch with my comrades and that they will respond to my call.

"Obviously, the *Heimatschutz* men will vote 'Yes.' When the independence of our beloved Fatherland is in danger, the *Heimatschutz* is there, just as it was on the day when the country had to be defended by armed force against the foreign enemy. Let it be remembered that it was the *Heimatschutz* who, after the War, defended the national soil against the Slovenes, and *Heimatschutz* men, in close alliance with their comrades of the army and the police, who suppressed the Nazi revolt of July, 1934. Therefore, if Doctor Schuschnigg summons us, we shall defend the independence of Austria with our arms, in the future as in the past. Although Doctor Schuschnigg thought it necessary to dissolve the *Heimatschutz* when introducing conscription, *our* patriotism has not diminished one iota."

I here reproduce part of Major Fey's appeal, which he passed to our colleague for publication in the special supplement to the *Telegraph*, but which never appeared.

"The pain caused by the severance of our comradeship at the orders of the Government is still fresh in us. Today, however, is not the time to recall it. The independence and liberty of our Fatherland are in danger. The defense of that independence has been the self-appointed duty of the *Heimatschutz* from the first day of its existence. We remain

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true to our principles, whatever may have happened in recent years. On Sunday we *Heimatschutz* men must stand at arms to the last man. I therefore call upon all comrades to vote 'Yes' on Sunday."

*Question:* "How many *Heimatschutz* men do you expect to respond to your appeal?"

*Major Fey:* "I reckon with a hundred thousand. If they have the necessary arms, that is enough for any eventuality."

The sub-heading proposed for the interview with Major Fey was:

"One hundred thousand *Heimatschutz* men will vote 'Yes.' "

. . . . .

Herr Karl Mittler, leader of the Socialist Activists, supplied us with a manuscript, with instructions to make up from it the interview we needed and to submit the result for his signature.

This is from Herr Karl Mittler's manuscript:

"We Socialists shall vote 'Yes.' This is not the time to dwell upon the severe wounds inflicted upon the Austrian labor movement by the authoritarian regime. We remain true to our principles. When the Government approached the workers, the latter expressed their readiness to fight for a free and independent Austria. For an Austria that really will be free once more. We shall not, admittedly, be satisfied with the fair words and promises that are

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now being addressed to us in the hour of danger. We want deeds. We want once more our rightful influence over the trade unions and the complete re-establishment of the organizations designed to provide peaceful cooperation between employers and employed. We demand guarantees that Austria really will be free. One big step has been taken. We have been given promises. Agreements have been concluded, and the way lies open to a new freedom for the working class. Only a part of our aims has so far been realized. At this critical hour we have deferred the submission of certain important demands, but they will have to be discussed after the plebiscite. I place here on record what we have already obtained: A voice in public life and a certain measure of freedom for the trade union movement; further, the prospect of freedom of the Press and speech. We have also been promised the fulfillment of important demands, namely, the economic basis for the struggle for political freedom. We recover the property and funds wrongfully confiscated from workers' associations in February, 1934. We recover our publishing house, the *Vorwaerts*, where the independent labor paper was printed. Thus, we shall once again read our own labor newspaper, own our own publishing machinery and, through the subscriptions once more contributed by each member of the union, be able without hindrance to pursue our political program.

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“After four bitter years we have at last succeeded in obtaining an unconditional promise of freedom and equality for the workers. At this moment, therefore, we have to defend these achievements against National Socialism. We want an independent Austria, not Nazi terrorism. We want to work constructively, not in order to arm against the world or for war, but for the preservation of world peace. We want freedom and not terror. We are willing to fight for freedom and not as soldiers of Nazi-Fascism. We fight for personal and political rights and against war and a rule of force. Workers, the plebiscite will be held on Sunday. Austrian workers, vote ‘Yes!’ ”

. . . . .

The next interview we had arranged turned upon the Jewish problem. Nearly two hundred thousand Jews live in Vienna alone, more than 10 per cent of the city's population. There are three hundred thousand Jews living in the whole of Austria, which is almost 5 per cent of the whole population. The fears of Jewry in Austria are well-founded; Hitler would treat the Austrian Jews very much worse than he has treated the Jews in Germany. In Germany it was two years and more before all the laws against Jews were codified and became fully effective with the framing of Nuremberg's racial legislation. The racial paragraphs could be applied in Austria over

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night. The Jews would wake up one morning and find all their rights gone.

I do not think that there was a single Jew in Austria who was not perfectly clear on that point. Nevertheless, I asked for a contribution to our supplement from Dr. Desider Friedmann, President of the Jewish Community in Vienna and in that capacity appointed by Doctor von Schuschnigg a Councilor of State.

Here is Dr. Desider Friedmann's contribution:

"Doctor Schuschnigg has always lent us a ready ear. He rejects the doctrine of racial anti-Semitism. He does so as guardian of the Constitution, the head of the Government, but also as an individual, a devout Catholic, who allows to every honorable creed its honorable character. In his speech at Innsbruck appealing on behalf of the plebiscite, Doctor von Schuschnigg expressly emphasized 'the equal treatment of all who serve the cause of Austria and the Austrians.' We Austrian Jews profess that creed. In self-defense against racial hatred and in unswerving love for our Fatherland we shall vote 'Yes.' "

. . . . .

Colonel Wolff, the leader of the Legitimists and the most stubborn and uncompromising of all Austrian monarchists, I interviewed myself. Immediately after the War, Colonel Wolff founded the Legitimist "Black-yellow People's Party," which for a

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long time refused to recognize the Austrian republic. He was a genuine idealist, one who also lived up to his principles. For years he refused to draw his officer's pension, because he thought it unfair to accept money from a State whose form he could not recognize. Those who did not know Colonel Wolff called him an eccentric. He worked in isolation for the restoration of the Hapsburg monarchy, and, in so doing, he was not afraid to cut a comic figure. Defying the scorn of those who are now of one mind with him, he refused to abandon his campaign, and advocated his cause incessantly. Colonel Wolff was a gruff old soldier, a true Austrian gentleman. He was the bravest and most inveterate enemy of National Socialism in the Hapsburg camp.

*From my interview with Colonel Wolff:*

*Colonel Wolff:* "We Legitimists shall of course vote 'Yes' as one man. I have no need to explain the reasons in detail. The Emperor Otto can only return to his family home in the Hofburg, provided Vienna is the capital of an independent State. In an Austria incorporated within the German Reich, Austrian Legitimism would perish. We who are loyal to the Emperor and faithful body and soul to Austria's great tradition shall all vote 'Yes.' Nevertheless, our 'Yes' spoken in the hour of danger does not mean that we approve every point in Schuschnigg's policy. I repeat, a vote in favor of a free and independent Austria is self-evident, but we hope

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that there will in the future be no more such incidents as Berchtesgaden.

"Publish what I am saying to you, if you like, or refrain from doing so, if you think it might prejudice the plebiscite campaign. I speak as I do, because I have made it a rule never to conceal my opinions. I place this on record: Doctor Schuschnigg's ignorance of human nature is without parallel. His incapacity to choose the right collaborators borders on criminal negligence. Has he not realized that it was the Legitimist movement which started the ball rolling in Berlin? He should have relied upon us, and then he would not have had to go on his hands and knees to Berchtesgaden. The more and more obvious importance of our movement would then have warned the gentlemen of the Third Reich against a frontal attack upon Schuschnigg. He should have used us as an antidote against the Nazi poison. Do you remember January 11th of this year, when all Austria was amazed at our holding fifty mass meetings at the same hour? And the gentlemen of the Third Reich were no less astonished, for the Nazis hoped to persuade the world that the Austrian Legitimists were a small aristocratic clique made up of retired officers and pious old ladies. On January 11th they were forced to recognize that the Hapsburg movement is a popular movement. The Nazis attempted to break up our meetings with tear-gas. Within two minutes they were thrown out of

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all the rooms and, instead of making us cry, it was they who did the crying. God was on our side. At that time Seyss-Inquart was not yet Minister of the Interior and the police arrested the worst of the disturbers, who were found to include Count Dubsky. You know the facts. Dubsky's attaché-case led to the discovery of the Teinfaltstrasse *Putsch*. God is on the side of the monarchists. The meetings not only brought us directly hundreds of thousands of new adherents, but also, through the arrest of the conspirators, indirectly led to the discovery of plans concocted by the enemies of the State. That was the moment to recall the Emperor to Vienna. But what did they do about us? Hitler recognized the serious importance of the monarchist movement, but the clever men of the Austrian Government lost their nerve. They began to put difficulties in the way of Austria's protectors. They prevented us from preparing a solemn reception for His Majesty the Emperor Otto. But I assure you that, if His Majesty had once arrived in Vienna, no one would have attempted to drive him from his hereditary throne, no one would have dared. The Emperor Otto in Vienna would have meant the end of the Nazis. His Majesty would not have taken one step forward and three steps back, like Schuschnigg's Government, and would not have allowed his Imperial orders to be sabotaged. His Majesty would have won over the workers. The Emperor thinks very highly of



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the Social Democrats and would have got on excellently with them. If the Government places further difficulties in our way, we shall bring the Emperor to Vienna *against* the wishes of the Government. That I guarantee. We are not afraid of the Nazis or of the Yugoslavs, or of the Czechs—incidentally we have the Croats on our side, ask Baron Sarkotic. We loyal 'black-yellow' imperialists shall not give up the fight. Never! But meanwhile we shall vote on Sunday for a free and independent Austria. We shall vote for the Regent of His Majesty the Emperor Otto, we shall vote 'Yes.' "

. . . . .

I had instructed some of my colleagues to seek further interviews with officers, artists, civil servants and peasants, not doubting that these conversations, about which my colleagues would be reporting to me at the Café Carlton, would furnish the same proofs of the general determination to fight. But the proof which our supplement was intended to furnish to the effect that the majority of the people must and would vote "Yes" was not to depend solely upon statements by individuals and party politicians. I had further called upon our economic expert to prepare a statement of Austria's trade situation, which had become more and more favorable during the last few years. The figures provided could be checked by every citizen. The totals would be small,

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of course, comparing Austria's millions of schillings with Germany's milliards of marks. But the Austrians appreciate firm ground. All the items in the Austrian balance-sheet were firmly based, whereas the German milliards were "established" merely on paper. I had also prepared for the printer those parts of Schuschnigg's speech before Parliament on February 24th which had recorded Austria's economic progress in statistical form. I used the Chancellor's own words.

"In connection with the question of the employment of working forces and the stimulation of production, the export of goods is of especial importance. In the year 1933, it amounted to approximately 813, and in the year 1937, to about 1,230 millions of schillings. The increase since 1933 therefore has amounted to 55½ per cent. In the year between 1936 and 1937 alone, exports have gone up 28 per cent. Within that period, the export of lumber has advanced from 83 millions to 131 millions of schillings, while ready-made goods jumped from 638 to 802 million schillings. It is certainly correct that the world's commercial outlook, which is of great importance to our foreign trade, has suffered a setback in recent months, due principally to the conflicts and the tension in the international situation. We have suffered from this setback in connection with the export of a few semi-finished products. It is a gratifying fact, however, that, in spite of this, our

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exports have not grown less even in recent days. It is to the interest of us all to maintain and develop them. We are therefore determined to do all in our power to lead our foreign trade out of the wilderness of currency restrictions, clearing agreements and clearing points, which so greatly hamper commercial intercourse in Central and Eastern Europe. At the same time, we naturally lay stress upon further developing our trade intercourse with countries free from a currency control, an intercourse which, in the past year, has been gratifyingly increased 50 per cent.

"This development of our export and of inter-State commercial intercourse is furnishing bread and work to thousands of Austrians. The more the uncertainty in the interior of our country is removed and the more apparent becomes the confidence in a stable and quiet development both here and abroad, the better service will be rendered to the vital interests of the entire trading population of Austria. Whoever, therefore, strengthens the front of the Austrians, the united Fatherland Front, and contributes to the closeness of its formation, helps, at the same time, the unemployed. He who remains in the background or even opposes us, does harm to the work of construction, hinders the development, and deprives the out-of-work of the chance to earn a living.

"Not only the export figures, however, show a gratifying progress, but the same is true of the pro-

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duction figures which are of no less importance. Without wishing to tire you by details, I want to point to a number of impressive and eloquent figures. The production index based upon the normal year, 1929, has, compared to the year 1933, gone up from 62 per cent to 104 per cent, in 1937.

“The production of pig-iron amounted to about 88,000 tons in 1933, and is now 389,000 tons. This means an increase of more than 342 per cent. The steel production was about 226,000 tons in 1933. It has gone up, in 1937, to about 650,000, an increase of about 188 per cent. The production of rolled goods amounted to altogether 181,000 tons in 1933, while it has gone up to 434,000 tons, in 1937. The increase is one of about 140 per cent. The cellulose production of 1933 was 18,500 car loads, that of 1937, 25,340 car loads. It was therefore increased by about one-third. The paper production, in the same interval, mounted from 16,570 car loads to 19,380 car loads. The cardboard production rose from 2,380 car loads in 1933 to more than twice that amount, to 5,340 car loads, in 1937. Within that period, the cotton yarn production was almost doubled. In 1933, the petroleum production amounted to 855 tons. Up to 1936, it amounted to about nine times that quantity, or 7,466 tons, while, in 1937, it has gone up to forty times the 1933 figure, to 33,000 tons. It is to be expected that a further considerable increase will take place shortly. The

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Austrian film production reached a value of 8.4 million schillings in 1933. This production value has gone up to 12.4 millions, in 1937.

"An especially gratifying picture is presented by the increased production of Austrian agriculture, a fact which eloquently testifies to the efficiency of the Austrian farmer and of his vocational leadership. It has, for instance, been possible, in the course of strenuous work extending over a period of more than one and a half decades, to increase the Austrian wheat production by 170 per cent, up to 1936, and the production of rye by 100 per cent. The production of potatoes was increased by about 430 per cent within the same space of time, while the sugar production went up 1,100 per cent.

"Similar figures can be produced with reference to dairy and meat products. In this connection, I may be permitted to point out especially that, in a time when, upon almost all international markets, grain prices and, consequently, the price of bread, showed an upward tendency, it has been possible in Austria to maintain a stable price of bread, thanks mostly to our consistent grain-price policy.

"The cited figures of increased production are reflected in an increased traffic and turnover. The Austrian Federal Railways are able to point to an increase of 22 per cent in their activity, comparing the years 1936 and 1937, and to a revenue increase relating to passenger and goods traffic of 16.3 per

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cent. While speaking of the Federal Railways and traffic, mention must be made of the tourist traffic and its great importance to our country. The number of registrations of visitors was larger by 7 per cent in 1937 than in the preceding year, while the number of registrations of foreigners went up 22 per cent. The inland tourist traffic has been gratifyingly enlivened by the adoption of intelligent measures looking to a reduction of the fares applicable to short distances up to 50 kilometers. The attempt to issue return tickets with a 50 per cent fare reduction has proved successful. It has been productive of an increase in traffic of about 75 per cent and an increase in revenues of about 25 per cent. This favorable development has induced the administration of the Federal Railways to proceed in the same direction and to introduce considerable fare reductions applicable also to long distances, these intentions having the full support and approval of the Federal Government. It should be pointed out, however, in this connection that a consistent stimulation of the inland tourist traffic and, generally speaking, a careful attention to the interests of tourist traffic at large, providing, as it does, a living for thousands of our fellow-men, compellingly presupposes that all those anxious for a favorable tourist season should not act in opposition to their own and their compatriots' interests, by confounding economics and politics, and by thus erecting barricades which the Govern-

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ment cannot reasonably be expected to remove. At any rate, you may depend upon my attending very carefully to this matter. Economics, in general, and the persons seriously interested in tourist traffic, need motion and work, and not demonstrations or political phrases which, like a concave mirror, reflect a distorted picture.

“The gauge of progress in the economic development is the decline of the unemployment curve. More plainly and clearly than out-of-work statistics speak the figures of employment statistics which show the working forces insured against illness. The average of the year 1937, as compared to that of the preceding year, shows an increase of 50,000, while the number of unemployed receiving the dole went down to 232,000, which is the 1937 yearly average. In comparison to the year 1933, this means a decrease of 100,000.

“It is thoroughly clear to all of us that we must continue to bend all our energies towards the solution of the problem of unemployment. It must be our goal to bring about, as nearly as possible, that everybody in the country who is willing to work should be able to find work and that especially the hundred-thousand juveniles who grow up every year should be absorbed in the economic process of the country. The care of juveniles is of very paramount importance to us. We want to and shall accomplish, especially, that, from out of the vast army

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of unskilled emergency workers, training and educational efforts will produce an ever increasing number of trained and skilled workers whose employment is getting less difficult as time goes on. We have determined, furthermore, to accomplish by a special stimulation of building activities, that the number of unemployed in the building trade, the 1937 average of whom still amounts to 73,000, is considerably lowered.

"The Federal Government has determined upon the Work Program for the current year. Public work will be sponsored by the Government to about the same extent as in the preceding year. The sum appropriated for these purposes amounts to about 299 million schillings.

"Added to this, are a number of other measures intended to serve the procurement of work in the country. In this connection, the Government has determined to raise the guarantee on second mortgages applicable to buildings containing small or medium-sized flats from 20 to 40 million schillings, the guarantee having been introduced in the past year and only partly absorbed. It has furthermore been decided to grant a subsidy of 10 per cent to building costs of small and medium-sized flats, a measure which will have the effect of lowering the rate of interest on mortgages applicable to such buildings and of rendering profitable the building of houses containing small and medium-sized flats.



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In view of the urgency, due to the closely impending opening of the building season, the Federal Government has decided to enact the law concerning the furthering of building small flats, in accordance with the Authorization Clause III of the Constitution, and I now beg to ask for the agreement of the Federal Diet. Beyond this, the question of settlements will have the increased attention of the Government so that, in this way, too, the small man in Austria may be helped and building activities stimulated.

“Special care ought to be devoted to the question of labor service as well as to the problem of home work. In this respect, the Government will take the standpoint that, in the case of awarding public work, shop work is to get the preference. That the fate of the home worker of either sex is a matter which continues to have my attention, I had occasion to point out in a different connection in this House. It will be the special task of the State Secretary for Employees’ and Workers’ Protection to occupy himself also with this highly important question.

“Further important items in our work program refer to the development and modernizing of the telephone system and the electrification of the Federal Railways, with the erection of the power plant Stubach II, entailing an expenditure of about 15 million schillings. Added to this, is the considerable development of our electrical plants by the closely

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impending erection of the new power plant at Enns, entailing an expenditure of nearly 30 million schillings.

"And, finally, provision has been made to bring about, eventually, a change from left-driving to right-driving in the entire Federal District. In the larger cities, this implies the necessity of transforming traffic conditions, with an expenditure of more than 20 million schillings. The provisions made for the covering of this amount will not mean an added tax upon the population.

"The Government has determined to continue in its efforts to bring about a further development of the country's tourist traffic. It is planned to subsidize schemes for special trains to economically particularly suitable sections of Austria; the issue of petrol vouchers to foreign motorists who make a stay of a certain duration in Austria; the enactment of a Hotel Credit Law which, in special cases, is to provide for the granting of loans for purposes of erecting additional hotel buildings or altering existing ones; and the suitable and purposeful development of tourist-traffic propaganda.

"Thus, by consistent and deliberate work, the economic bases are to be established for the success of the Austrian task.

"The Government is determined to stick to its constructive economic policy. Favorable conditions exist in this respect. The Austrian Budget, which is

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fully open to public control, is balanced. Within the past five years, foreign indebtedness has gone down from 4,250 million schillings to 2,060 million schillings, less than half of the former amount. The issuing-bank's reserves of gold and means of foreign payment have been augmented, in the course of the year 1937, by 57 million schillings. This is all the more remarkable because the consistent currency policy of our issuing-bank has made it possible to relieve the goods traffic of foreign-payment restrictions, a fact which greatly works to the advantage of our economics inasmuch as no difficulties and obstacles exist to impede the influx of raw materials. Savings deposits at the leading credit institutes have mounted, from 2,187 million schillings in 1934, to 2,450 million schillings in January, 1938. Therein lie valuable symptoms of capital formation.

The policies adopted by Austria in the realm of State finance and currency politics within recent years have proved entirely beneficial. They have been the means of leading us upwards in difficult times. No fundamental changes in these policies are to be made. They offer for our circumstances and for our country the safest guarantee of a lasting and continually progressing improvement and the strengthening of our economic situation.

The question dealing with Austria's economic possibilities must therefore clearly and unequivocally be answered in the affirmative. Concentration

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and tranquillity in the country will help, discord, disorder and unsteadiness will retard progress. He who is desirous of retarding progress is the enemy, and especially the enemy of the Austrian worker. The economic requirements therefore justify the inner-political program of the Front in Austria."

Doctor von Schuschnigg proved by this statement of the nation's accounts that an independent Austria was economically, as well as culturally and politically, a necessity and an asset in the life of Central Europe. It was not to be denied that Doctor von Schuschnigg had done good work during his three and a half years of government. How unfortunate that almost all representatives of Austrian opinion had reservations to make against the policy for which he stood, and how unfortunate that there was no organic unity, even though at this juncture all his opponents, except the Nazis, were heart and soul in favor of the principle of Austrian independence.

. . . . .

It was only just after half past four when I left the Café Herrenhof and crossed the Herrengasse to proceed to the Chancellery by way of the Ministry of Interior. I wanted to have a few words with Glaise-Horstenau's secretary, hoping to obtain from him a few details of his chief's tour. The entrance to the Ministry was blocked by civilians having a very military air, presumably a detachment of Storm Troops.

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The bearing of these young men left no doubt to what party they belonged.

The secretary did not receive me.

By the time I was back in the street a few minutes later, a party of police in black steel helmets were closing the road that leads to the Chancellery. It looked as if the Government were being besieged by its own police.

I was about to show my Press identity card in order to pass the police cordon, when I was stopped by a man who came running round the corner. I did not recognize him, until he introduced himself as Baron Velesz. Baron Velesz was a successful young painter, who also had journalistic connections and ambitions. He consorted with the group responsible for the *Christlicher Staendestaat*, an anti-Nazi periodical founded by Professor Dietrich von Hildebrandt. Velesz drew me into a doorway of the Hofburg and said he had something interesting to show me.

With a mysterious air he took from his pocket a much folded sheet of paper and asked in great concern: "Tell me, Herr Lennhoff, what are the Nazis up to? This sheet, which is not intended for men of our kidney, was enclosed in a *Volksruf* I bought from a newsvendor on the Graben."

I unfolded the sheet that Baron Velesz handed me. It was one of those secret pamphlets stenciled in Gothic type, such as have for years been passed from

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hand to hand by the Nazis. I had seen many of these communications in my time. The paper I now bent down to look at, crouched in a corner of the former Imperial palace, bore that day's date—March 11th—and contained instructions for March 13th, the day of the plebiscite. It said: "We National Socialists shall abstain from voting. The Austrian N.S.D.A.P. will *not* vote. On the contrary, the Austrian N.S.D.A.P. will do everything to prevent this electoral fraud, this unheard-of provocation of the German people by Schuschnigg, the traitor to the cause of German peace. We will not allow that only people of over twenty-four shall vote. We will not allow the plebiscite to take place without electoral lists. We will not allow the voters to receive no voting cards. We will not allow the vote to be other than secret. We demand the strictest control of the plebiscite in all the polling stations by members of the party."

These Nazi accusations were not new to me. They had been contradicted in detail by the Patriotic Front. The terms of the plebiscite had been fixed by law. The Austrian Constitution had, since 1934, laid down that the right to vote should commence with the completion of the 24th year. Electoral manifestos and lists were being prepared; provision was made for a secret vote.

Baron Velesz and I read on. The pamphlet exas-

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perated me as much as it had the Baron. It continued:

"National Socialists, keep calm! Do not allow yourselves to be provoked by Schuschnigg and his Bolsheviks. The hour of liberation is at hand. Our Leader Adolf Hitler will bring work and bread to German Austria. He is coming himself. Austria will become German. The *Ostmark* will flower. Comrades, do not fail to listen to the wireless tonight. The Leader will be making an important statement."

Baron Velesz read the sentence aloud: "The Leader will be making an important statement on the wireless."

"What do they mean?" I asked. "What radio? Which leader? The Austrian radio? Impossible! It must mean the German wireless. But who will be speaking? Who is Austria's National Socialist leader? Major Klausner, perhaps?"

"Do you mean Major Klausner who was appointed by Hitler leader of the Austrian N.S.D.A.P. after Captain Leopold went to Germany?"

"Yes," I answered. "The former Austrian army officer, now living in Carinthia, who was responsible for the organization of the Austrian Nazis."

At this vital moment Baron Velesz and I were engaged in disputing whether Major Klausner, or Seyss-Inquart, or Doctor Jury would speak over the wireless as *the* National Socialist leader!

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Baron Velesz concluded the discussion by saying, almost in a whisper: "I am afraid that Hitler is going to speak in person."

"Impossible! It would be interfering in Austria's internal affairs, if Hitler were to speak on the plebiscite campaign. It's impossible!"

I returned the pamphlet to the Baron:

"It's bluff," I said. "Simply bluff! They need not make any secret out of this communication. It's nothing new. The Nazi's 'hour of liberation' has been striking ever since 1933, but it strikes a different note every month. For my part I believe in the success of the plebiscite. The 'hour of liberation' will be different from what the authors of this proclamation imagine. Throw it into the waste-paper basket."

With the help of my identity card I found it comparatively easy to pass through the outer cordon around the Chancellery, but quite close to the building was a second cordon, a new and strong body of detectives and police. At last my card got me through to the porter's lodge. "Is Minister Ludwig inside?" The porter rang through and answered: "I am sorry. The Minister is at present at the Chamber of Press."

"Then ask whether Baron Fröhlichsthal can see me."

Just then an enormous Mercedes car drove in at the gateway with a swastika flag flying from the radi-



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ator. The detectives and policemen stepped aside and saluted sharply, almost as if they were on parade. The porter rushed to open the door of the car, and out stepped—Herr von Papen.

A detective officer, whom I had often rewarded by small kindnesses for news received, whispered to me: "They're at high pressure in the Chancellery. No wonder, what with the plebiscite, the ultimatum, its rejection, and then the plebiscite again. I expect this is another ultimatum."

The public knew nothing; the Press was not informed. But a detective, one of fifty on duty at the Chancellery, knew what was passing in the inner sanctuary of Austrian politics. Walls were thin, doors had ears.

I said innocently: "It's natural that Herr von Papen should be visiting the Chancellor just now."

"Of course," he answered, "Austria dances to Germany's piping. Last night Keppler came from Berlin and this morning Glaise-Horstenau returned from Stuttgart. Seyss-Inquart has visits from messengers on motor bicycles one after the other. Guido Schmidt is talking with Berlin on the telephone all day long. Oh yes, sir, they're all at high pressure, I can tell you!"

The detective drew me a little to one side and complained: "We detectives are having a difficult time, Herr Lennhoff! The agitators are not content with addressing fair words to us. They threaten us

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with the loss of our jobs and lives if we refuse to join the S.S. police detachment. What are we to do, Herr Lennhoff? Join or not join?"

I found it difficult to reply. It was a great responsibility to advise a man to take a step that might cost him his life. Only the strongest characters could be expected to resist such pressure. However, at this moment the porter returned and told me that Baron Fröhlichsthal was free.

When I had ascended the famous staircase of Metternich's Chancellery, recalling, as it always did, the power and greatness of the Austrian Empire, and entered the ante-room to Baron Fröhlichsthal's office, his usher said to me: "You won't mind waiting a moment. The Baron has just been called to the Chancellor."

I waited in the lofty chamber, from a wall of which hangs Dollfuss's portrait. While I was waiting, I went over in my mind the many contradictory reports, the various threats, the optimistic and pessimistic news received during the day, so that I might be prepared for my conversation with Baron Fröhlichsthal. When the door opened, I was surprised, on looking at my watch, to find that I had only been waiting three minutes. Hardly two hours had passed since I had heard the news of Hitler's ultimatum and of its rejection by Schuschnigg.

What had been happening at the Chancellery during these two hours?

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Fröhlichsthal greeted me kindly but without wasting words: "You will excuse me," he said, "but I have only a minute to give you. You've come on a very busy day."

I lost no time. "I will not keep you long, but the public must know what is really happening. The city is full of rumors. We must know whether the plebiscite is to be held on Sunday. Is it to be postponed? The whole of the inner city will know in five minutes that Papen is back. You cannot imagine to what a pitch feeling is roused. If the Chancellor does not allow it to be known without delay that he is standing firmly by his principles, if it is not once again confirmed that the plebiscite shall take place as arranged, despite all rumors spread by enemy propaganda, popular enthusiasm will be killed. Then we shall have to fight not only National Socialism, but despair among our own supporters. That the Chancellor can neither wish nor permit."

I noticed for the first time that Fröhlichsthal's face wore a strained, almost distorted look. But he replied to me with that calm which is part of the tradition and training of an Austrian diplomat: "I am really very sorry, but I cannot give you any information. The Chancellor is still with the Cabinet." "Still?" I asked. "Again," he said. "Why is the Cabinet in permanent session? What has happened?" Baron Fröhlichsthal bowed: "I regret, Herr Lenn-

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hoff, but I cannot tell you that for at least half an hour."

It was close on five o'clock, and I still had half an hour to wait before at last receiving official and unvarnished news of the situation. Should I get it? I was too impatient to wait at the Chancellery. It would only take me a few minutes to reach the Café Carlton, the place of rendezvous with my colleagues, so as it was still too early I took a taxi and drove through the streets, where demonstrators were still seen hastening to and fro. Back at the office, I met two of my colleagues, the reporters Schnabel and Weiss. I set much store by Schnabel's opinions, for his personal contacts, and also the speed with which he would fire questions at his victims, enabled him to obtain more information than others. We used to call him "The Question Mark." He fell upon me. "Have you read the point-blank demands made to the police by the workers of Graz, calling upon them to take strong measures?" "Yes," I said. "Why is that important?"

"At noon today," Schnabel explained, "a deputation of Viennese workers waited upon the Chief of Police and put to *Hofrat* Weiser the same demand that the workers of Graz put to the Graz Chief of Police. This morning they wanted their delegates to announce over the wireless tonight that the working class stands united behind Schuschnigg in favor of the plebiscite. They now complain that things

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are going wrong. The police still look calmly on at Nazi rowdyism. The police of the Patriotic Front complain that they are still not allowed to take effective action. Then, too, the Front militia are not coming out as expected. In spite of this morning's orders, most posts are still not occupied. Counter-orders have arrived. Do you understand what's happening? Has Schuschnigg rattled?"

"No," I said, "he has not."

Weiss had been in Floridsdorf and reported as follows: "Four thousand Socialists belonging to the former republican *Schutzbund* have volunteered to reinforce the executive. They demand to be furnished with arms. They are crying out for them. If these four thousand men could be properly armed, Floridsdorf in half an hour could be converted into an impregnable fortress against the Nazis. But at the Town Hall they are still afraid to arm the Socialists. I believe they're squabbling at the Rathaus just as they are at the Chancellery. There's one thing to be thankful for. This afternoon the Burgo-master intends to place armed men to guard the Power Station against all comers, but in spite of all his energy Schmitz is having trouble in getting his orders carried out. He, too, is meeting with obstacles. For the last two hours nothing has been functioning."

Schnabel suggested that this sudden and complete breakdown might possibly have some connection

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with the presence of German troops on the Austrian frontier. "I've been with the Storm Corps," he said. "Kronawetter, their chief of staff, swears that the news of German mobilization is true. He has the news from comrades in Linz." He put a sheet of paper before me, and I read: "Report from Linz. German *Reichswehr* are marching along the Mittenwald railway towards Seefeld in Tyrol. A second column is advancing on Braunau."

"We simply must find out," I cried, "whether this news is true. Ring up. Try and get Braunau."

Braunau answered quickly and the district authorities professed readiness to supply information.

"Are German troops on the frontier? Do you know anything about an advance into Austria? Wild rumors are circulating here."

"We know nothing at all," Braunau replied. "Not a German soldier is to be seen for miles. Surely we should be the first to know?"

"Braunau denies the story," I told my colleagues.

"We are still holding Braunau," laughed Schnabel.

The jest struck home to me. The shock I felt was caused by a war-time recollection. During the first weeks of the Great War, in the early autumn of 1914, all Austria was bursting with pride and joy at reports that came pouring in of victories in Russian Poland. Then, one day, the Austrian official *communiqué* suddenly announced, out of the blue, as it

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were: "We are still holding Lemberg." The Russian armies had overrun Galicia without Army Headquarters having thought it necessary to inform us of the fact. In this way the Russians had advanced as far as Lemberg. Galicia's capital was already about to fall before we learned for the first time that there had been any fighting in Galicia at all.

"We are still holding Braunau"! A cold shudder ran down my back. However, I had no time to dwell on this painful reflection, for the great events that were impending were now introduced by a trivial and grotesque incident. The messenger Rauch came in at the door and said in some confusion: "Herr Bark would like to speak to you." "He won't take No," he added, as I made an impatient gesture. "Bark," said Schnabel. "Shall I talk to him?"

Four years previously Bark had been an unemployed tyro in journalism, when he was recommended to our firm by a colleague of ours for freelance work. Herr Bondy, the proprietor, although his brusque manner gave him the reputation of a hard employer, was always ready to give young men a chance. He gave Bark such a chance. This young man, who was about thirty and who up till then had unsuccessfully tried his luck in all kinds of trades and in most parts of the world, obtained a permanent job as reporter. He proved to be well qualified

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for police work, but unfortunately we had occasion in the middle of February to find out that he was rather too well suited. He first roused the suspicions of an official of the Patriotic Front, whose papers he tried to read when left alone in the room for a moment. In view of his somewhat responsible duties, his telephone conversations were after that listened in to by the Federal police—not at our request—and the suspicion grew that he was abusing his position as a police reporter for the Press to do secret service for the Gestapo in Munich. At the same time as we learned that Herr Bark had given these proofs of German Nationalist sentiments, we also discovered that this newly-hatched Teuton had not been going by his proper name. For journalistic and National Socialist purposes he had shortened his good Polish name of Barkowski. Herr Bondy then dispensed with the further services of Mr. Bark-Barkowski.

I had risen in order to ward off our unwelcome guest, when Schnabel said once more: "Let me talk to him, I'll get something out of him."

Herr Bark entered with a confident air. Our "Question Mark" at once took matters in hand. "Have you come to take over the firm in the name of the N.S.D.A.P.?"

"What an idea," answered Bark. "That's not fair. I have come because I thought that there would be



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a lot of work today and that you might be able to make use of me."

I was about to explode, when Schnabel replied: "Splendid. I am sure Herr Lennhoff will not mind." I minded very much, but I knew that I could depend upon Schnabel. He did nothing without some motive.

"You'd better sift the incoming reports," he told our "voluntary" worker.

Bark seemed to be surprised that I made no objection. He passed into the reporters' room and from there, as we learned from our telephone operator, who had meanwhile been put in possession of the facts, he rang up the Café Central and inquired of a certain Herr Kaltenbeck, whom he had asked for: "Oh, things have got that far, have they?"

I felt uncomfortable at the thought of leaving Herr Bark any longer on the premises, particularly as I had to go out, so I invited him to accompany me part of the way. As we left the building, a strong detachment of workers marched by, carrying a placard with the words: "Ottakring workers, vote 'Yes.' "

"An impressive demonstration," Bark said.

"Do you find it so?"

"Of course, Herr Lennhoff. The Patriotic Front and the Chancellor can congratulate themselves upon having come to terms with the workers. Where are we going to?"

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"To the Café. . . ." I stopped and said: "Good-by, Herr Bark. I prefer to go alone." I did not offer him my hand and he raised his arm in a way that could have been interpreted either as a gesture of farewell or as the Hitler salute.

I could not find a taxi and had to walk. During the ten minutes it took me to get from the University to the Café Carlton, it struck me that the streets had become emptier. It was still quite light, although the sky was overcast. After the fine weather of the last few days bitter cold had suddenly set in. Was that why the streets were less crowded? At crossroads the police stood about in groups. The Graben and the Kärntnerstrasse were still barred off by policemen and pedestrians were only allowed to pass singly. Shortly before reaching the café I met one of our newsvendors. He was a man who, from political antipathy or out of rivalry, had always been at loggerheads with the Nazi newsvendor of the Stephansplatz. He stopped and said:

"There's something wrong, Herr Lennhoff. For the last quarter of an hour there's not been a Nazi in the streets. Even the Nazi newsvendor in front of the Café Europe is no longer there selling his papers. He too has vanished. Something's wrong. If the Nazis cease to demonstrate they've got something else up their sleeves."

I started to run. My colleagues were not yet all assembled at the Carlton, so I called out: "I'm driv-

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ing around to the Chancellery. Wait for me. The Nazis are nowhere to be seen. Any of you who can, find out what they're up to."

I drove to the Chancellery in our office car, which had been waiting outside the café. On the way I heard nothing but cries of "Schuschnigg Heil," "Schuschnigg Heil," "Red-white-red until we're dead." I did not hear a single "Hitler" cry. Not a shout of "One people, one Reich, one Leader." Until then these battle-cries had always irritated and upset me. Now I was far more alarmed at not hearing them. My ears rang with cries of "Red-white-red, until we're dead." The supporters of the Patriotic Front were marching as before. What were the Nazis doing?

## CHAPTER VI

IN front of the entry to the Chancellery stood my colleague Weiss. He had turned up his collar and pulled his hat down over his face, so that I did not for the moment recognize him.

"Bad news," he said. "I have come to warn you. Most of the composers have left the building. If we want to get out another extra edition, I don't know who is going to set it up."

"What do you mean, 'left'?"

"Maurer—he's a very good fellow, Maurer, you know—has been keeping his eye upon two of our motorcyclists. I don't know their names. He has suspected them for a long time of being Nazis. A stranger came into the composers' room and a little later both men left—on the motor bicycles. Some of the composers could no longer be restrained, when Maurer drew their attention to the matter. I do not know whether he heard what passed between the three men, or not. Nearly the whole staff of composers has hurried off to the Town Hall. They say the workers are being issued with arms. The police refuse all information. I have found out that the Nazis have all gone home to change their clothes."

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"Change their clothes!" I said. "What do you mean?" At the same time I hailed the porter: "Baron Fröhlichsthal, please." I would not allow myself to be upset by mere rumors, I had to know the truth. I had to know and tell the public what had happened. Even if only ten composers remained, we should have to bring out an extra edition.

"You don't know what that means? The Nazis changing their clothes? You don't know? It means boots, brown shirts, swastika badges and rifles. Do you think we should do best to make our escape quickly, before they march into the *Telegraph* and catch us? I have no wish to be beaten up and, at the best, sit in a concentration camp and wonder who is providing for the family. I thought that visit from Bark looked suspicious." Weiss became confidential: "Herr Lennhoff, we two have worked together for three years now. We've got on well. You were always good to me. I am sorry for you. Come along with me. I think we should escape while there's still time."

I was touched by the little fellow's concern for me, but for the first time I spoke roughly. "I am staying in Vienna," I said. "I shall stick to my post. Unless you're a coward, you'll stay too."

"Baron Fröhlichsthal will see you," the porter announced. I looked around for the detective to whom I had been talking scarcely half an hour earlier. I

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saw none but strange faces, eyes which seemed to look at me in no friendly fashion. No doubt that was pure imagination induced by the feelings of alarm that were beginning to get the better of me.

Never, I think, did a man run up that stately staircase as quickly as I did.

Baron Fröhlichsthal still preserved his diplomatic courtesy intact; only his voice sounded strange as he said: "I promised you information. Please sit down. We have received a new ultimatum. Hitler demands the postponement of the plebiscite. Yes, once again. He also demands the resignation of the Chancellor and the taking over of the Government by Seyss-Inquart."

"What more?" I asked, jumping up.

The Baron answered ironically: "Is that not enough? It is too much, I think."

I gasped. "Is the Chancellor resigning?"

"He wanted to. The Cabinet has refused to accept his resignation."

"What will happen?" I asked.

"I cannot say. Only the Chancellor knows that. Austria's fate is in his hands, and now perhaps no longer even in his."

As I was passing out through the ante-room, I met the head of the political section of the Foreign Office, Herr von Hornbostel. In my agitation I had forgotten to ask Baron Fröhlichsthal whether I might publish the disastrous news, whether the

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Chancellor did or did not wish it. I had also omitted to ask what threats accompanied Hitler's demands, for Schuschnigg's powers of resistance would naturally depend upon the pressure exerted by the Third Reich. Schuschnigg was not a man of violence. What would he do when threatened with real violence himself? "Red-white-red till we're dead" had been the motto he gave to his supporters, and it had become a household word all over Austria. Would Schuschnigg live up to his own watchword and, if necessary, fight?

Herr von Hornbostel appeared quite unmoved by events. "You're after news," he said, greeting me with characteristic nonchalance. "The news is not good."

"Will Schuschnigg resign?" I asked.

"That depends upon the Federal President."

"And what does the Federal President say?"

"No definite decision has yet been taken."

"What does Berlin threaten?"

"You mean the secret Cabinet Council—if I correct you, it is for accuracy's sake. Herr Hitler's secret Cabinet Council threatens to invade Austria."

"What!" I cried. "You can say that quite calmly?"

"Only calm can save us," answered Herr von Hornbostel. "Only calm. Be reassured. We must not lose our heads."

"What can I publish of all this news?"

"Nothing, Herr Lennhoff, nothing at all."

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Outside the Chancellery I looked around for my colleague. I would have given anything to have someone with me who could have helped me arrange the wild confusion of thoughts that were chasing through my head.

I went over the points to myself:

The news of the mobilization of the German army was true.

Even at Berchtesgaden Schuschnigg had yielded to the threat of invasion.

If he gives way again, does it mean that Hitler takes over power or will it be his chosen man, Seyss-Inquart?

If Schuschnigg resists, does it mean war?

Will Hitler really march across the frontier?

Has he already done so?

As I drove past the crowd of tireless demonstrators in the streets I reflected that they were unaware that the Schuschnigg they were cheering had already perhaps fallen. When they knew, would they, instead of "Red-white-red until we're dead," cry "Sauve qui peut"?

After more than twenty years in my profession, my journalist's brain, with its mechanical reactions and its habit of accepting things as they came, busied itself with the headlines under which I should publish the news of Schuschnigg's resignation. Instinctively I added below the words "Schuschnigg



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resigns" a sub-heading, "Bombing squadrons over Vienna."

The premises of the Café Carlton form the ground floor of two houses which stand back to back in parallel streets. The overcrowded café seemed to have become a thoroughfare. The doors were continually opening and shutting. Pushing my way through to the table where my colleagues were seated, I caught scraps of conversation as I passed. All the clients seated at tables, or standing around, were speaking in varying terms of one subject only: "The Germans are marching in."

I caught sight of acquaintances, some of whom would lose their whole means of subsistence, even their lives, if it were really true that the Germans were marching in. Why did these unfortunates remain in the café? Why did they not flee? Why did they not try to reach the Czechoslovak frontier before it was too late? Were they waiting for the net to close around them? Or did they not really believe that the Germans were on the march? Were they perhaps refusing to believe, as I was? Why for that matter was I myself not fleeing?

The first question I asked my colleagues was this: "Have any of you had confirmation of the report that the *Reichswehr* have crossed the frontiers?"

None of them knew about it. Herr Bondy was the least agitated of us all: "How should we have

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reliable news of that? If you ask me, I don't believe there is a word of truth in the rumor."

Doctor Rares broke in: "I report facts and you don't believe them. There is really no point in my making reports."

"What facts have you reported?" I asked.

Doctor Rares ran them off in his methodical way: "(1) The Döbling S.S. are standing ready to march and with full equipment at Döbling cemetery. (2) The trains for Czechoslovakia are already crammed with fugitives."

Bondy interrupted him: "The fact that people are running away proves nothing."

Doctor Rares became annoyed: "Perhaps you'll accept the evidence that the 'Favoriten' Storm Troop is in readiness to take over the control of the southern and eastern railways."

"Where did you get that from?"

At this moment our colleague, Weiss—despite his fear he had not taken flight!—joined us and without any greeting said: "I've just come from the telegraph office. A detachment of Nazis in uniform is standing by in the Börsengasse ready to occupy the building."

"Unheard-of impudence," I exclaimed. "Right in front of Police Headquarters."

Weiss continued: "The Nazis have arranged for a torchlight procession along the Ring at 7 o'clock. I

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am afraid that the President of the Police will be marching at its head."

"Skubl is with the Cabinet," I said.

I asked who was in charge of the police in his absence, and Weiss replied: "If you are asking me and unless it is denied, Dr. Ferdinand Schmidt, the leader of the Vienna S.S. Nazi Policemen."

Herr Bondy asked me my view of the situation, and I repeated to him what Fröhlichsthal and Hornbostel had said: "Everything depends upon Schuschnigg standing firm. We must wait and see." I asked if any of them had been to the offices of the Patriotic Front. As no one had been, I was for going myself and asked Schnabel to accompany me. He had just arrived from Police Headquarters. "There," he reported, "they are already preparing for Schuschnigg's fall. Commissioner Kriehuber told me that a number of men from his company have run home to fetch their swastika badges. Others have gone to the small shop in the Operngasse, to buy them. Kriehuber himself was not joining with them. While I was there, he locked up a Nazi who had shouted 'Down with Schuschnigg, it's all Schuschnigg's fault.' Kriehuber will not get into Seyss-Inquart's good books for that. The police Press agency does not know what cases to mention in its reports for the newspapers. The *Regierungsrat* in charge has to prepare the first edition for the morning papers and he is afraid he may get into

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trouble if he includes attacks by Nazis under the heading of 'Criminal News.' There has been a scene in the Porzellangasse. A Jewish shopkeeper with five children had hysterics. She ran out of her shop, screaming: 'I won't give my children to Hitler. I won't give my children to Hitler.' The First Aid Detachment has taken her to a hospital for mental treatment. At the Schottentor I met Herr Janetschek from the Town Hall and his wife. He was at one time Social Democratic Federal Councilor. After the February *Putsch* of 1934 he fled to Czechoslovakia. I don't know if you know him. He came back two years ago and Schmitz gave him a post in the municipal administration. Janetschek has now gone to the station with his wife to flee for the second time. He has not even gone home to pack his things. His wife was wailing: 'My husband hasn't taken any part in politics for two years. Not until yesterday, when he declared himself in favor of the plebiscite. And now we old people have to emigrate again.' " Schnabel broke off. "Have you made your preparations for flight?"

"Flight?" I answered. "I'm not dreaming of it."

I meant what I said. But afterwards I found on self-analysis that, whenever I was invited to run away, whenever I heard of fugitives escaping with their families to safety, I had to overcome a sudden temptation to go home, fetch my parents and get

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away—away out of the wild turmoil and chaos, created by all this political lunacy.

On our way to the offices of the Patriotic Front, which was housed in small premises on "Am Hof," pending completion of the new "House of the Front" on the Ballhausplatz, Schnabel and I became jammed in a further crowd of demonstrators on this vast square between the old-fashioned Fire Brigade Headquarters and the venerable Church of the Jesuits. They were still shouting their "Heil, Schuschnigg" in eager unison, although it must have been obvious to every observer that their shouts could not possibly convince anyone holding contrary views.

For none such were present. Here, too, where the duel of shouting had that morning been keenest and where the concentrated offensive of the Nazi choruses had again and again succeeded in drowning the cries of the Patriots, there were no longer any Nazis to be seen.

Schuschnigg's unsuspecting supporters thought that they were in control of the streets. Although they had been on their feet for hours, had marched incessantly, shouted incessantly and must have been tired, their enthusiasm was unabated.

Schnabel was telling me in his quick, jerky way that the S.S. and S.A. formations were waiting for marching orders, all armed and equipped, in private and public gymnasia and dance halls in the outlying

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quarters. This information he had from a loyal police official at headquarters, who had complained to him that the police were being kept in ignorance and could not obtain any orders at the Chancellery to proceed against the *Putsch* that was obviously preparing.

I was just about to ask whether there was any means of finding out *when* the Nazis would begin their attack upon the central part of the city when the big bell of the Jesuit church began striking six. Schnabel and I were seized by the same thought. "Perhaps that is the signal," he said. Once more we heard the vociferous shouting of the crowd, whose enthusiasm was raised to a still higher pitch by the sight of the gigantic head of Schuschnigg on a poster in front of the Patriotic Front. They raised and lowered their red-white-red banners before the immense cross over the door. Mechanically I read the wording on one of the posters: "The cup is full. Austrian self-control is at an end. The decision is at hand."

Was the decision at hand? The bells were ringing for evensong. Three hours had gone by since I knew of Hitler's first ultimatum. Was Schuschnigg still standing firm?

The narrow doorway was guarded by Storm-Corps men in black uniforms, uniforms so like those of the S.S. that my colleague uttered the ominous words:

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"If only those fellows wore swastika badges, you couldn't distinguish them from Nazis."

I told Schnabel to find out the general sentiment among this bodyguard of the Patriotic Front, while I pushed my way past hurrying men and women going about their business of preparing for the plebiscite. They were carrying bundles of leaflets, boxes containing party badges and association cards, rolls of posters and written instructions. The impression was one of chaos. "The beginning of the end," something told me.

I called in on my friend Herr von Becker who, since 1934, had been in charge of Patriotic Front propaganda. I had got to know him during the War as a very distinguished flying officer. After the war Becker completed his engineering studies and then emigrated, like so many officers and soldiers for whom their dismembered and shrunken State could no longer offer adequate scope. He spent four years in the forests of South America. In the "Green Hell" of the Northern Chaco he was engaged on land surveying and the building of light railways. His firm offered him a managerial post and if he had remained in South America he would have been a made man. But he refused. Amid the feverish swamps of the Chaco Becker suffered so badly from home-sickness that he decided to return to Vienna.

The sentimental side of this hard-working man, who often devoted sixteen hours of the day to his

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job, was unfortunately reflected in the means by which Becker directed the propaganda of the Patriotic Front. Herr Becker's propaganda work lacked the necessary push and vigor. He tried to win the hearts of the Austrians by arousing in them a sentimental affection for their country. Such a method could not compete with the drastic means employed by the Ministry of Propaganda in the Third Reich. The scales were too uneven. On the one hand a cautious, almost shy man who was quite obviously at pains to hurt no one's feelings. On the other, ruthlessness in word and deed, the shameless and unrestrained pursuit of success, regardless of injury to others.

I found Becker walking up and down his room in a state of nervous indecision. With hardly a word of greeting he pointed to the microphone on his desk. "At 6 o'clock," he said, "three minutes ago now, I was to make some further remarks over the radio about the plebiscite. I have been rung up fifty times to ask whether we had not something positive to say, whether we could not give some news which would put a stop to rumors. But the Chancellery tells me nothing. I cannot tell them over the wireless that I know nothing, nor can I go on saying over and over again that the plebiscite will certainly take place. People want to know the truth and I, the person from whom they expect to hear it, know nothing. Naturally the plebiscite will take



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place, but what am I to say through the microphone?" Becker ferreted among his papers with a view to reading once again some official communication about the plebiscite, which he had already announced at least ten times.

"You can't do that," I said. "You will make the public as nervous as you are yourself. Ring up the Chancellor himself. He can perhaps give you some encouraging message for the public. Possibly the Cabinet has rejected the second Berlin ultimatum. Perhaps the German troops along the Bavarian frontier are nothing more than a warning, a form of pressure unaccompanied by any serious intention of invasion."

Becker asked for the Chancellery. Even at this moment there was a complete absence of firmness and resolution in my friend's voice.

"Is that the Chancellery speaking?" he asked mildly. "Yes? I want to speak to the Chancellor, please. This is Becker speaking. Yes, even if he is with the Cabinet. It is very urgent, very urgent indeed." A minute passed; time seemed to stand still. Then Becker asked: "What shall I announce over the wireless, Chancellor?"

A voice was then heard through the earpiece. The silence in the room was so intense that I too could hear it, although I stood two yards away. It sounded congested, hoarse and, at that distance, sounded like the cracking of glass. Schuschnigg

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spoke hardly more than a couple of sentences and, though I heard the voice, I could not catch the words, but when Becker suddenly turned deathly pale, I knew the worst. He called down the telephone: "Chancellor." No answer came. Becker dropped the receiver, jumped up from his chair and snatching at the party badge in his buttonhole, tore it off.

"It's over," he said in tones of despair. "All over." Then he pulled himself together. He put out his hand for the microphone on his desk, switched on, and spoke: "The plebiscite is indefinitely postponed." Again: "The plebiscite is indefinitely postponed." Then without adding a word he hastily left the room. From below came resounding shouts of: "Schuschnigg Heil, Schuschnigg Heil," "Red-white-red till we're dead."

Slowly and wearily I walked downstairs. Here at last was the news, the official news intended for the public ear, for which I had been waiting so long. Here at last was the truth which I had hoped to publish in a special edition. *This* was assuredly not news which we need hasten to publish in a special issue. It was now certain that the avalanche was hurtling down its headlong course. "All was over," as Becker had said.

Schnabel, who was waiting for me at the door, received the news almost with relief.

"If Schuschnigg has postponed the plebiscite, he

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has obeyed Berlin's orders and that means that the German *Reichswehr* will not march into Austria. It is the lesser of two evils. Or has Hitler presented further demands?"

I told him that Becker knew only about the postponement of the plebiscite. The ultimatum, I added, had contained two further demands, first, Schuschnigg's resignation and, second, his replacement by Seyss-Inquart.

"Is Schuschnigg still Chancellor, or is Seyss-Inquart?"

"We must find that out at once. I shall return to the 'House' once more, perhaps *Hofrat* Vanicek will know."

We retraced our steps. From the direction of the Fire Brigade Headquarters shrill voices were heard shouting in military unison: "Extra Special," "Extra Special." Newsvendors in brown shirts and with swastikas came running by. "*Wiener Neueste Nachrichten*," they shouted. "Special edition." "The plebiscite indefinitely postponed."

It occurred to me that, if Schuschnigg had already resigned, the newsvendors would be announcing the resignation even more loudly than the postponed plebiscite. He must still be in office and all was *not* lost.

Schnabel and I jumped into the car and drove to the office, where I found on my table reports from the French and British Press telephoned through

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from Paris and London. The Federal Press Department having ceased to issue information, these messages were our only reliable source of news. According to the afternoon and evening editions of the London and Paris papers, the invasion of Austria by the Reich was already an accomplished fact. Berlin had issued a denial and Herr von Ribbentrop was stated to have told Lord Halifax, during lunch at Number 10, Downing Street, that the concentration of German troops along the Austrian border was only a measure for the protection of the German frontier.

This sounded purely ludicrous. Was Herr von Ribbentrop implying that Germany needed protection against a possible invasion by the Austrian army?

My colleagues, now all back in the office, had gathered around my desk and read the reports from over my shoulder. Doctor Rares promptly put through urgent calls to our correspondents in London and Paris. While waiting, we discussed the "precautionary measures" of the German High Command against the Austrian army and Front militia, which had been ordered away that morning for frontier defense. I was prompted to ascertain what military measures of defense had already been taken by the Austrian Ministry for War and whether any resistance to the invasion on the part of the

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army and the executive forces was even contemplated.

On March 7th the distinguished Chief of the General Staff of the Austrian army, General Jansa, had been compelled to resign. This had been at the wish of Seyss-Inquart, acting once again on instructions from Berlin. It had been General Jansa's aim to carry out—independently of the Third Reich—the rearmament of Austria, after events had shown the necessity for increased armament despite the Treaty of St. Germain. General Jansa had refused to buy armament material exclusively from Germany, but had made his purchases for the Austrian army conditional upon prices and quality of the material and not upon considerations of "nationalist" sentiments. It was General Jansa, again, who, in connection with the establishment of a powder factory in Austria, had selected the more favorable proposals of a Swiss syndicate in preference to the "national" proposals of the German I.G. Farbenindustrie. General Jansa had to yield or, better, lay down his arms, when it transpired that the Swiss concern also was by no means neutral, but had obtained the capital required for the creation of the factory from its seeming competitor—the I.G. Farben. "It is a labor of Sisyphus," General Jansa told an intimate friend at that time. "The Germans are trying to create a monopoly of arms and explosives in Europe by every means, some of them very

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cunning. I spurn the suggestion that I am anti-German. The Chancellor decided upon the rearmament of the Austrian forces, in order to secure a military guarantee of Austria's independence and not in order that we should fall altogether under German influence."

General Jansa belonged to that group of old Austrian army officers who believed in Austria's Central European mission and were firmly convinced that Austria was the weight that might turn the scales of world peace. He based his argument on strategical grounds and, especially, on Austria's geographical position. "Without Austria as a buffer State, German expansionist ambitions encounter the Italian frontier in the south, Yugoslavia to the southeast, Hungary to the east and Czechoslovakia to the northeast. Austria, under German sovereignty or as part of Germany, lies like a wedge between the neighbor and Succession States of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Her territory, if you look at it on the map, is a threat pointing to the east. Do you believe that the Third Reich will halt at the frontiers of present-day Austria, when it has put us in its pocket? To be convinced of the contrary, you have only to read Hitler's *Mein Kampf*."

General Böhme, who had succeeded Jansa, had acquired experience beyond what he gained in the Great War. He was attached as an Austrian observer to the Italian General Staff in Abyssinia.

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There he had an opportunity to study the desperate resistance of the primitively armed Abyssinians against Italy's motorized columns and bombing squadrons. Was he not the right man at this moment to organize the resistance of the Austrian army to a tenfold superiority in man-power and a fifty-fold superiority in material?

We were not defenseless. Austria having been compelled by her dependence upon Mussolini to refuse to join in the sanctionist policy of the other Powers, the Hirtenberg cartridge factory was able enormously to extend its plant during the Italian operations. Hirtenberg was an arms factory of European standing and had developed a huge output capacity. We had a powder factory at Blumau. The Steyr works, which had manufactured a large proportion of the armaments of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, had been re-equipped. There were sufficient supplies of raw material for armaments within the country. The competition between the Germans and the Italians to obtain a majority of the shares in the Erzberg and Alpinen Montan companies in Styria shows that these mining concerns were capable of producing to a capacity far beyond Austria's maximum home requirements. The majority of the shares had found their way into German hands, but that was far from meaning that all the iron and steel had to be exported to Germany. Home requirements were satisfied first. Austria had

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further restored to use her aircraft factory at Wiener-Neustadt. We were not without arms. With an army of thirty thousand, the re-introduction of conscription in 1934 had provided the War Ministry with a reserve of at least 60,000 men, who could be called to the colors at a moment's notice. Furthermore, the defense against *Reichswehr* invasion could count upon the hundred thousand men of the *Heimatschutz*. That is, if only these men were called upon, if only they were allowed to take up arms! Control of all these defense forces lay in Doctor Schuschnigg's hands as Minister for War. His Secretary of State at the Ministry was General Zehner. We rang up the Ministry of War, but could not get General Zehner. However, the Ministry had its representatives and also a liaison service with the Patriotic Front, for the latter had offered the use of its militia, and this was under military command.

A rapid exchange of views between us all during the next quarter of an hour established two factors, and two only, as being of decisive importance; first, would Doctor Schuschnigg let himself be forced to resign and, second, would the military formations hold up the invasion, if it took place, long enough to allow of help arriving from abroad in accordance with the many guarantees promised us.

Only the Patriotic Front could give me trustworthy information as to whether resistance was provided for in all emergencies and was properly or-



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ganized. Schuschnigg must at least have made provision for resistance, otherwise his plebiscite appeal would not have been: "Red-white-red till we're dead." That appeal was an implied warning that loyal Austrians must in certain circumstances be prepared for a serious fight.

During the drive to the "Patriotic Front" I reflected that all our misgivings with regard to Schuschnigg's firmness must be unfounded. The wise statesman who had for four years skilfully evaded the numerous blows aimed at him by the Third Reich and who had even at times returned them with some effect, had certainly not proclaimed the plebiscite without having first received some kind of backing. We were wrong in doubting one who was venturing more than all of us. What right had we to suppose that it was a foolhardy adventure? And perhaps, too, at the news of German divisions on the march, Italian divisions had been moved to the Brenner, to guarantee Austria's independence, as already once before. Perhaps Herr von Ribbentrop had now been told in London that the British Empire would no more tolerate a brutal attack upon a friendly State than it suffered Belgium's neutrality to be infringed in 1914. Perhaps M. Delbos at the Quai d'Orsay had now signed the telegram of protest, threatening military measures by France, should Germany employ military measures against Austria. No, there was not yet cause to abandon all hope.

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At the bottom of the hill which leads up to Am Hof my car suddenly broke down. I got out. It was now growing dark. The sight of the gesticulating crowd of people, swaying to and fro, reminded me of a picture I had somewhere seen of the Last Judgment. As I was walking up the hill, I saw the same open mouths, arms stretched to Heaven, faces distorted with hatred and despair, the same eyes lifted in ecstasy.

On the way I met a shopkeeper neighbor of mine, at whose shop I was in the habit of making purchases. "Good evening, Herr Lennhoff," he said. "May I ask a great favor? Thank you, thank you so much." He repeated his thanks many times before continuing: "I have to visit the Synagogue now before I go home. The Sabbath is breaking—and what a Sabbath it will be! Would you be so good as to let me know what happens? No matter how late it is, I will pray. All night through. Is it true that Hitler is already marching in? Will my son be sent home today? Fritz, I mean, he is with the Front militia."

I comforted Herr Salzmann and promised to bring him the news. It occurred to me that in half an hour's time there would be no more Jews in the streets than there had just now been Nazis, for their Sabbath was beginning. I could not help admiring the piety of these people who place the word of the Bible and the ritual law above all danger, even at

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a time when their very existence is imperiled as never before. My own upbringing was not religious and ritual customs were not observed in my family. I was near regretting that I could not participate with my pious friend in this almost heroic refuge in religion. To be sure, not all Viennese Jews are orthodox. A large number of them only observe the religious practices on the big feast days, and then rather from superstition than true faith. The most pious of them, I reflected, would be the ones to suffer worst, if the impending disaster, the German invasion and Schuschnigg's resignation, were to take place on this very day. From Friday night until Saturday night orthodox Jews are forbidden to enter any vehicle of any kind, whether carriage, railway train or car. They are forbidden to touch money, even to switch on the light or to carry a bag or umbrella. On the Sabbath every profane act is forbidden to the Jews by the word of the Bible. It was awful to think that these peaceable, holy men would not even raise a finger in their defense if the armed troops of Blackshirts and Brownshirts received orders today to begin the dreaded pogrom.

*Hofrat* Vanicek's room at the Patriotic Front was like the office of a general staff. Maps lay on tables with little flags stuck in them. Three officers in field uniform were conferring with the Chief of the Political Section of the Patriotic Front and with Doctor Mathis, his assistant. They introduced them-

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selves to me in military fashion. The only name I caught was Captain Zierhut. The other two officers, as their uniforms told me, belonged to the staff.

*Hofrat* Vanicek was saying as I came in: "Nothing is yet lost. Zernatto has just telephoned from the Cabinet. The Government is defending itself tenaciously against the Berlin demands. Doctor Schuschnigg has offered his resignation for the second time. The Cabinet refuses to let him go, and so does the Federal President."

Captain Zierhut interjected: "President Miklas has declared that he will only yield to force," adding with a formal bend of his body towards his fellow-officers: "The President's statement is equivalent to an order."

The *Hofrat* confirmed what was said: "Miklas will in no circumstances consent to what Hitler is demanding of him through Seyss-Inquart and Glaise-Horstenau. Doctor Mathis has that direct from the President's office. Miklas declared most emphatically that he will not be forced to break his oath. He will not be blackmailed into a decision by an ultimatum. He has said that he will in no circumstances accept Schuschnigg's resignation."

A messenger brought in a pile of papers, which *Hofrat* Vanicek hastily perused, while the officers volunteered to show me the points at which military

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resistance would have to be offered. Doctor Mathis left the room unnoticed.

"Has resistance already been ordered?" I asked.

"It is out of the question that General Böhme should submit without a fight, quite out of the question," said the senior of the two staff officers.

*Hofrat* Vanicek called to us: "Read these reports from the provinces. Any action is futile. The S.A. and the S.S. are everywhere. They are only awaiting orders to occupy the public offices. Fifteen thousand men are in Innsbruck." He broke off, walked to the window, threw it open and looked out on the square. Cries of "Heil, Schuschnigg, Heil, Schuschnigg" were heard, interspersed with occasional "Hitler" shouts, but the majority were still crying "Red-white-red till we're dead."

"Don't you hear that, *Hofrat*?" cried Captain Zierhut. "Our men, too, are ready. Ring up the Chancellery, tell Schuschnigg to stop negotiating."

The senior staff officer broke in: "Martial law, we demand martial law!"

"Yes," echoed Captain Zierhut. "The S.A. and the S.S. will soon disappear then, even from Innsbruck."

The reports from the provinces had discouraged *Hofrat* Vanicek. "I am afraid," he said, "we are still misreading the situation. Martial law would have had to be proclaimed earlier, before the ulti-

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matum. The Nazis are already mobilized, but we've not made any plans at all."

"We have plans," said Captain Zierhut. "The Federal army. The Front militia, the Storm Corps, the *Heimatschutz* men. And we've something more, something new. It's a stronger reinforcement than you think, *Hofrat*. I know more about military matters than you do, if I may be allowed to say so. We have the workers. They'll know how to deal with the Nazis. Is that not so, gentlemen?"

The two staff officers indorsed the Captain's view. *Hofrat* Vanicek said: "We are not concerned with Austrian Nazis only. I probably know more about politics than you, if I may be allowed to say so. Have you forgotten the Teinfaltstrasse plot? That is now in execution. The moment the commander of the Austrian Storm Troops, Doctor Kaltenbrunner, orders Storm Troop detachment No. 8 to strike, the Germans, too, will march—or at least the 'Austrian Legion.' It will march, under cover of German armored car divisions, to the slogan 'Let no German blood be shed in Austria.' What's the use of our mobilizing? It is futile, utterly hopeless. I protest against it in the name of the Patriotic Front. Our troops, army and Front militia, would be caught between the German armored cars on one side, while the Nazis from Linz and Salzburg and Innsbruck would fall upon them in the rear. There would be fighting in Vienna, Graz and Klagenfurt, but the

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bloodshed would be useless, for in a few hours the Germans would be all over Austria. In Vienna, too. Any resistance is hopeless. Perfectly hopeless, gentlemen."

The three officers drew themselves up and stood stiffly erect. The senior staff officer announced in military tones: "*Hofrat*, I am afraid we cannot stay any longer. We shall report for duty at the Ministry of War. Yours is a civilian view. We protest against it."

I was left alone with Vanicek. He turned to his desk and began stuffing papers in the stove. I watched him spellbound, while he went on to say: "What's the good of blowing up a few bridges along the roads leading from Germany? That's all the enthusiasm of the Austrian troops is good for. Half of them will fall away in order that German blood may not be spilled. There's a good slogan for you! We ought to have conducted our propaganda with it, but we left the initiative to the others. Now God help us. Tomorrow this 'House' will be the Brown House."

As *Hofrat* Vanicek put a match to the stove he added: "If I could, I would set the whole building on fire. All is over now."

I had been listening in silence, trying desperately to think whether everything really was over, whether the panic which had seized officials must necessarily extend to the army and the armed volunteers. As

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long as resistance was still a possibility, all was not over.

At this moment the telephone bell rang. *Hofrat* Vanicek lifted the receiver. "Zernatto," he said aside to me, and for the second time that afternoon in this same house I saw a face turn pale. "That's unheard of, Minister," Vanicek cried down the mouthpiece. "Unheard of," he repeated. "Then there's no more hope."

The *Hofrat* took his coat and hat from the cupboard and stuffed another bundle of papers in his pocket. We left the room together. Zernatto had told him that the Nazis were not content with the postponement of the plebiscite. They had presented a fresh ultimatum, again with a threatening reference to the presence of the Seventh *Reichswehr* Corps at the frontier. The demands included the appointment of Seyss-Inquart as Chancellor, but Chancellor of a Government containing a majority of National Socialists. Further, the N.S.D.A.P. must be established as a legal party in Austria and the "Austrian Legion" must be allowed to return at once and without conditions, in order that it might guarantee the maintenance of order.

This third ultimatum did not come to Vienna by telephone. Bürckel, the Nazi district leader, and formerly leader of the Saar campaign, one of the strongest men of the party, had flown with it to Vienna. The ultimatum was handed to the Chan-



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cellor in the presence of the German Military Attaché, General Muff, by Herr Keppler, whose second arrival in Vienna it was that day.

It was now nearly seven. Schuschnigg had until eight to decide whether he would precipitate the German invasion by his refusal, in order, as Hitler had instructed his representatives to repeat, "to shed no German blood in Austria," or whether he would bow to the ultimatum.

Vanicek and I parted outside the Patriotic Front. "We have no time to lose," he said, "unless all our labors are to be in vain." I agreed. "In an hour's time," he continued, "Austria may exist only in history. We have lost the game. We'd better quit. Austria's fate is now sealed. We now have only our individual fates to consider. If you have any further news, I shall be at Zernatto's."

As our Paris and London calls had not yet come through, I asked the member of our staff who had had the interview with Major Fey we intended to publish in our supplement, to try again. As there was no hope of getting news from the Ministry of War, a call to Major Fey seemed to me the only possible source from which to learn whether any military resistance had been prepared. Major Fey was at home and said: "I have issued no orders for the mobilization of the former *Heimatschutz*. Unless I receive orders, I cannot transmit any. As you know,

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I and my comrades have placed ourselves at the Chancellor's disposal."

Our correspondent asked Major Fey what he would do if Doctor Schuschnigg resigned, and made the mistake of asking if he too would resign. "Resign?" said Major Fey. "What do you mean? I hold no public office. I shall remain President of the Danube Navigation Company until the Board withdraws my mandate. Good night."

So the *Heimatschutz* was not mobilized.

Our colleague Weiss came in with news about the Storm Corps. "Doctor Kronawetter, the chief of staff, refuses to issue marching orders to the Storm Corps until he has the Chancellor's personal instructions, with mention of a definite destination. If you want to know my opinion," Weiss added, "Kronawetter is refusing to give the order, because he does not know whether the men will really respond to his call. They are tired and bewildered. They say they lack leaders. Nobody wants to risk his life, if there is no chance of success. And there are many fathers of families among them."

"I, too, am the father of a family," shouted Doctor Rares.

A woman colleague who had that morning talked with Minister Ludwig at the office of the Chamber of Press came into the room at that moment and said: "I can't understand why you're all so upset. Members of the Government, who would have more

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reason to be so than anybody else, are quite unperturbed. Minister Ludwig has invited me to lunch tomorrow."

"Paris on the line," our operator announced.

M. Maillard told Doctor Rares that not only himself but the whole French Press was endeavoring to ascertain whether German troops had crossed the Austrian frontiers. There was no definite confirmation of an actual invasion. Nothing could be learned from the Quai d'Orsay and, as the French Government was still in course of formation, it was quite impossible for M. Delbos to make a definitive *démarche*. M. Maillard expressed the not very comforting view that Herr Hitler could not have chosen his time better.

The talk with Paris was hardly ended when London came through.

According to our correspondent on the spot, Downing Street also had received no confirmation of an actual invasion. He tried to console Doctor Rares and told him: "Lord Halifax told Herr Ribbentrop that he trusted that the troops concentrated along the Austrian frontier would be used for frontier defense only."

Herr Schnabel found fresh cause for hope in this statement: "The reports of an invasion already carried out are bluff. They are a skilful form of intimidation used by the Nazi headquarters in order to break Austrian resistance within the country. Un-

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less this maneuver is unmasked without delay, Germany will not need to march into Austria. The demoralization caused by these rumors will enable the Austrian Nazis to seize power."

"What do you propose?" I asked.

"It's obvious," said Schnabel. "A special edition! We must issue a reassuring special edition setting forth the real facts of the situation, to circulate not only in Vienna but in all the provincial towns."

"Capital," I said to Herr Bondy.

Weiss put in front of me a report from Klagenfurt. It said: "Shortly before 7 o'clock a Nazi 'Standard' leader with twenty S.A. men entered the offices of the Provincial Government of Carinthia and demanded that the police should be placed under the National Socialists. Negotiations are now proceeding. The provincial authorities have referred the matter to the Federal Government of Vienna. *Regierungsrat* Pawlowski, brother of Hennings the actor engaged at the Vienna Burgtheater, is in favor of the government in Carinthia being handed over to the Nazis."

In the dead silence that followed, Doctor Rares was heard to say: "My boy is three years old."

At that our nerves gave way. The telephone rang, no one answered it. For some minutes we all talked against each other, while the bell went on ringing.

Count Strachwitz alone remained calm. "This news confirms my view," he said. "It is nothing but

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an attack from within, an attempt to work upon our nerves until we break down."

"Listen!" said Schnabel, from his chair beside the radio, which we had turned soft. Every five minutes the announcer repeated: "The plebiscite will not take place."

The radio program organizers had not allowed these political interruptions to affect their arrangements, and they now continued to play the records of light music that had been substituted for the original programs. I had asked Schnabel to stay by the wireless as I wanted him to take shorthand notes of the speeches to be made by the political leaders. At 7:10 Burgomaster Schmitz was to have spoken. At 7:25 Herr Raab, Minister of Commerce. At 7:40 Minister Rott. At 7:50 Prodinger, President of the Employees' Union. Up to the present none of these officials had spoken. Schnabel said: "I have several times heard a noise as if something was happening with a microphone in a studio or somewhere. Perhaps Rott will speak or Prodinger. I think someone is just coming on."

But instead, we heard once again the monotonous message: "The plebiscite will not take place; further announcements will follow."

I turned mechanically to the radio program for the day. Hebbel's five-act tragedy of *Herod and Mariamne* was announced to start at eight. This was to last two hours, then came the Second News.

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After that, a repetition of the Weather Forecast, official announcements, ten minutes later Esperanto propaganda, and at 10:30 a performance entitled *That Happens Only in Vienna*. This suggestively named item was a musical pot-pourri and opened with a song, "Vienna's laughter and tears." It ended with a marching song, "Come, yield to my advances"!

In spite of the tragedy of the situation and owing, doubtless, to the prolonged strain on my nerves, I burst out laughing. And, though my colleagues thought that I must have gone mad, I could not stop. I went on laughing and pointed to the heading, "That Happens Only in Vienna."

At this moment we heard through the loud-speaker: "Stand by. In a few minutes an important announcement will be made. Stand by."

I laughed. Doctor Rares was in tears. He cried: "I shall go mad."

Bondy was still calm and said: "Lennhoff has gone mad already."

We composed ourselves. Through the loud-speaker came a hoarse almost broken voice, it was Schuschnigg's. With eyes fixed on the floor, we heard him say:

"Today we have been faced with a difficult and critical situation. I am instructed to report to the people of Austria on the day's events. The Government of the German Reich has presented to the

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Federal President an ultimatum, with a fixed time-limit, demanding the appointment of a candidate of its own choice to the post of Chancellor and the formation of a Government in accordance with proposals of the German Reich Government. In the event of a refusal it is intended that German troops shall march into Austria at this hour.

"I place on record before the world that all reports to the effect that labor disturbances have broken out in Austria and that there has been serious bloodshed, that the Government is no longer in control of the situation and has not been able to maintain order, are inventions from beginning to end.

"I am instructed by the Federal President to inform the Austrian people that we are yielding to force.

"Determined at all costs and even in this grave hour to avoid shedding German blood, we have issued orders to our armed forces to withdraw without resistance in the event of an invasion and to await the decision within the next few hours. The Federal President has placed General Schilhawsky in command of the army. All further orders to the armed forces will be given by him.

"And so I take my leave of the Austrian people with a heartfelt wish: 'God save Austria!' ('Gott schuetze Oesterreich!')

## CHAPTER VII

God did not save Austria.

The last five hours of her independent existence, the hours that followed the first rejection of Hitler's ultimatum, were over. The clock on the Votivkirche near by struck eight. A few minutes later Herr Seyss-Inquart spoke over the wireless. His voice, also, seemed to have suffered from the afternoon's negotiations. He, too, was hoarse. He said:

"With reference to today's events and events now impending, I declare that I am continuing in office as Minister for the Interior and Public Safety and that I hold myself responsible for the maintenance of peace and order in this country. I call upon all of you to preserve that peace and order. The hours and days that lie ahead call for the exercise of special discipline. Any demonstrations that may be held today must not take on an excessive form. In particular, I appeal to the National Socialist units of public order and safety to see that peace and order are everywhere maintained and to influence their fellow-Nazis to the same purpose. I count upon them to support the executive in its duties and to place themselves at the executive's disposal.



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"I would especially remind you that in no circumstances may any resistance be offered to the German army which is very possibly approaching, even by the executive authorities, but that the most important duty is the preservation of peace and order in this country.

"Hold out, unite and help us towards a happy future."

The words had hardly died away before a motorcyclist, whose duty it was to bring us the *communiqués* of the Official Press Agency, arrived with the following public announcement issued from the office of the Federal President. Count Strachwitz read it aloud:

"President Miklas has *not* accepted the resignation of Chancellor Schuschnigg. The Government remains in office and is firmly resolved not to yield to the German threats. The Government has issued an appeal to all public officials asking them to remain at their posts. The Federal President is freely elected by the Austrian people and is responsible only to God and to his conscience. He does not take orders from a foreign Government. Austria is a free and independent State and will remain so."

We did not know whether this communication from the President's office was drafted before or after Schuschnigg's speech, and our attempts to ascertain this by a telephone inquiry from the Official Press

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Agency met with no success. We were told that the director, *Hofrat* Weber, was "on indefinite leave."

One thing was certain. If Miklas had delivered such a statement *in spite of* and *after* the Chancellor's speech, it could only mean that Schuschnigg had been forced, presumably under physical duress, to announce his resignation. But if it was composed *before* the farewell speech, the resignation announced by Schuschnigg in his own words canceled the contents of the President's message. In that case all was indeed over. It was foolish to pretend anything else.

The answer to our question was furnished by the street outside. For the last half hour all had been quiet. Now, during pauses in the singing by the Nazi columns, we heard the sound of tramping feet. They were marching towards the center of the city and singing the "Horst Wessel" song, marching, as the song itself prescribes: "with the road free and the ranks closed."

It was bitter to me to watch the bold and cocksure steps of these youths, who no doubt had orders to take over the Government offices, Police Headquarters and the Town Hall. As I turned away, Bondy said to me: "Doctor Rares has left for Bratislava." I exchanged a look with Strachwitz. One of the bookkeepers, addressing Bondy, said: "You must get away as quickly as you can, sir. The Nazis may arrive at any moment to occupy our premises." The man

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pointed at Strachwitz and myself and added: "You and these two gentlemen must leave, this instant!"

Strachwitz was quite composed and inquired whether we should not first ascertain whether Miklas still adhered to his statement. He rang up the President's office and, while the operator was putting him through, I telephoned home.

My father is eighty-one years old, my mother seventy-seven. They have nothing but what I have myself; I am their sole support. Quite apart from my own interests, to which I was by no means blind, I could not in theirs jeopardize my safety and waste my energies on degrading work in a concentration camp, which would no doubt be my fate, should the Nazis take me. I had to go. But how was I to explain to my old parents that I did not even dare stop and say good-by to them? If the police had really been taken over by the Vienna S.S. detachment, it was to be expected that in the very first hours of their authority they would dog us, not only to the office, but to our homes.

My father answered at once. I could scarcely speak for emotion.

"What's the matter?" he asked in his old quavering voice.

"The matter?" I stammered.

He replied bravely. "I know, my boy, you've got to leave. I understand. God bless you. Wait a moment, mother wants to say good-by to you."

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I could only sob into the telephone, while Bondy was cursing in the next room. My mother said in a stifled voice: "God take care of you. Now go at once. At once," she repeated.

Bondy was shouting: "Put me through, quickly, put me through." Then he hurled the receiver to the ground, and said: "They're already at Miklas's telephone switchboard." He broke off: "Where's our car? After all, they may not be there yet. Still, we'd better be off."

The next twenty minutes I spent in procuring a car to replace our own, which had not yet returned after the breakdown. It was no easy matter. The telephone at most garages was engaged, for thousands of people in Vienna were at that moment trying to get a car to take them across the frontier. At last a garage proprietor promised to send one straight away.

I had at least five minutes before the car could arrive, so I dashed down to the printing-room to say good-by to any of the staff that might be present. The lights were burning both in the printing-room and in the compositors' room, but there was no one there. I remembered I had a small attaché case for use at week-ends lying in my office cupboard and I ran up to get it. I found on opening it that it contained nothing but a toothbrush, which had doubtless fallen out of my sponge bag the last time I had used the case. As I ran down the stairs to the side

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door, I heard the toothbrush rattling in the case. On the landing I met the little bookkeeper who had urged us to leave. I thanked him for his advice and asked him what were his own plans.

"I shall stay," he said. "They can't touch me. I've never done anything but keep books. You can't call that political activity. They won't hurt me."

Bondy was standing at the door below. "The car is here," he said. "There's no time to lose. Where is Strachwitz?"

The driver, who had seen what was up and obviously sympathized with us, warned us to look sharp, but Bondy would not leave without Strachwitz.

The Count now appeared round the corner, and we took our seats. The driver asked us in surprise if we had not seen a detachment of Nazis passing into the office through the main entrance. We had not!

The car moved off. Farewell Vienna!

"Stop," someone shouted. Our hearts jumped. But it was only Weiss, who implored us to take him with us to the Ostbahnhof. He got in. For a while we drove in silence. It was a nerve-racking journey. The driver had much difficulty in clearing a passage through the crowds that were occupying the roadway. Weiss had once more turned up his collar and drawn his hat over his face. He said to me reproach-

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fully: "I wish I'd left this afternoon. Now we may be stopped."

Twice, indeed, a bull's-eye lantern was flashed into the car. The first time was at the crossroads near the museums, and here we saw the flicker of Nazi torches on the Ring. They had announced their procession that afternoon and it was now forming.

It was 9 o'clock. As we drove along the Burggasse the driver asked if he should not make for Schönbrunn. No one, he said, would be looking for us there.

But Weiss wanted to be driven to the Ostbahnhof. And, as if to persuade us to take him by diligently discharging his professional duties up to the very last moment, he now began, just as though we were in the office, to report to us the various news he had collected in the past five hours and which he had not up till then been able to deliver. They would certainly never appear in the *Telegraph* now, but Weiss was a journalist, a journalist before everything else.

The driver told us that the Ostbahnhof was occupied by the Nazis, but, as he only had it on hearsay, we decided to take the risk.

Weiss continued his report: "There are forty members of the nobility at the Jockey Club. Whether they are there just for supper and cards or for a Legitimist meeting, I don't know." In order to excuse himself for not knowing, he added: "You

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know how exclusive the Jockey Club is. I couldn't find out more."

Bondy asked whether he had enough money with him. Our colleague did not answer. Bondy counted out his loose cash. "I can't give you much. I have very little myself."

Weiss took the fifty-schilling note held out to him and went on with his report:

"At the Cornmarket Restaurant there was a gathering tonight of some thirty former regular and reserve officers who had fought in the War. When Schuschnigg began to speak on the wireless, they thought he was making an appeal for resistance and that they would be recalled to the colors. They had declared beforehand that if Schuschnigg, their front-line comrade in the War, summoned them, he would see what the loyalty of Austrian soldiers meant. 'We'll all fall in.' And then they were told that there would be no resistance. 'I yield to force,' they heard. Some of them shouted: 'We *will* fight. On with our uniforms and out into the street! No surrender without a fight!' But the others failed to respond. I am only a journalist, but I felt ashamed for those officers. And the scene at the Cornmarket was no doubt being repeated everywhere else. Probably they were all thinking: 'What good will resistance do us, when the German troops are already here?' Schuschnigg said they were already on the way. Seyss-Inquart spoke of their marching in. In

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that case they must by now have advanced beyond Kufstein, Salzburg and Braunau. But our army and militia have had orders to withdraw. First, the Chancellor gave the order, because Miklas was supposed to be against fighting, and then Seyss-Inquart repeated the same order. And why was that? Why, because almost everywhere the police and *gendarm-erie*, sharp at 8 o'clock, were occupied by S.A. and S.S. men, who produced orders to take over signed by Seyss-Inquart as Minister of the Interior. Who can fight under those conditions? With former imperial front-line soldiers in mufti? With unarmed workmen up against armored cars? The officers at the Cornmarket were plunged in despair and their evening broke up at once."

Weiss brought his account to a close: "Colonel Tenner, who told me all this in University Street, added: 'I shall not survive this. I'm going home,' he said. 'I shall put a bullet through my head.' And if I know him, he will."

We drove on and for a time nothing more was said. But Weiss seemed to find the silence and the continual waits at every corner unbearable. He started babbling once again, as people who are scared of the dark will do to hide their fear:

"Before Schuschnigg spoke, I was in the vestry of the Schottenkirche. I don't know the name of the man of God I was talking to. I didn't take note of



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it. In moments of excitement, you know, you get confused and forget the most important details."

Weiss had also forgotten what the man of God had told him. He excused himself.

"Don't worry about that, Weiss," Bondy said. "It's really not important now."

The Ostbahnhof came into view. Still Weiss could not help telling us that at the last moment he had inquired at Police Headquarters what arrangements Doctor Skubl had made for the non-Aryan population. Skubl had not, of course, been available. A Commissioner of Police had answered that nothing had been arranged and they were awaiting orders.

"I can imagine those orders," I said.

We drew up at the gardens in front of the station. Bondy invited Weiss to drive on with us, but he declined and got out. "Better we shouldn't go about in groups," he said. "We must leave that to the Nazis today." With this little jest, typical of a Viennese reporter, he took his leave.

We drove off and soon reached the main road to Bratislava, which we had chosen as the goal of our flight. None of us spoke. Now and again, when a block in the line of cars ahead brought us to a standstill, the driver would say: "Don't worry, gentlemen. We'll get through." He went on saying so until at last the lights of the customs office at Berg told us that we were approaching the frontier.

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Only a few miles off the lights of Bratislava beckoned us on.

. . . . .

"The frontier is closed. All cars must return to Vienna."

As we did not immediately comply, the order was repeated sharply.

We were wondering who had closed the frontier. The Austrians or the Czechs?

"It must be the Czechs," I said. "If they had not lowered the barriers and were allowing refugees to enter, the Austrian frontier officials would have selected between us, and only have stopped those who were suspect. There was no question of any selection. So it is not the Austrians but the Czechs who have closed the frontier."

The driver now intervened to say:

"The Hungarian frontier station at Kittsee is only a quarter of an hour away. On the high road to Budapest."

Here was a chance. I said: "Perhaps the Hungarians have not been in such a hurry to close as the Czechs. We must try Kittsee." Bondy and Strachwitz agreed. The driver turned the car and drove a few hundred yards in the direction of Vienna. At the next crossroads we turned off. The road "back to Vienna" lay behind us.

We made Kittsee. Here, too, was a long line of

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cars, for others had evidently had the same idea. Jumping out of the car, we saw that travelers were being passed through. There was an air of bustle. Dark lanterns were being flashed into cars. We heard bonnets being slammed down and the clink of caps being screwed back on petrol tanks. The leading car drove off. For a few seconds the red-white-red of the frontier posts were lighted up by the headlights, before the car vanished into the darkness.

"Lucky fellows," I said. "They're in Hungary now."

None of us dared ask whether the Nazis were yet in possession of the customs house at Kittsee and whether the men who would be examining our passports would be under Nazi orders. It was a gamble, but what else could we do?

We entered the office. The low, narrow room was so full of people that we could not see the officials. A sharp voice called out: "Wait outside. Please wait outside. Don't all push in at once. Everyone in turn."

But no one wanted to go back into the cold, damp air. Everyone tried to push to the front. Each wished to be the first to get his permit to cross the frontier. All were afraid that at any moment the cruel order might be given: "The frontier is closed. You must all return to Vienna."

Men shepherded their womenfolk in front of them. Mothers held their babies high in the air,

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little children gazed with uncomprehending and sleep-filled eyes through the smoky atmosphere.

I saw familiar faces. A big industrialist who two hours before had been the head of a large business in Vienna, two Catholic priests whom I had met at Father Muckermann's lectures, the famous Jesuit orator. Well-known lawyers and doctors. A famous critic. The director of a large conservatoire in Vienna. A musical comedy librettist. An official of the Austrian wireless station. Except for ourselves, all of them were men unconnected with politics. All of them had been hurled out of the security of their daily lives as if by some elemental disaster. Ahead lay uncertainty for all.

With breathless anxiety I asked Doctor Plevny from the wireless station, who was standing next to me: "Who is examining the passports?"

"The officials," he answered, surprised, and added: "I've escaped with my wife and boy. But it was a narrow shave. Everything happened at once. After Schuschnigg's speech we played the Austrian National Anthem three times, slowly and quietly. Then for the last time the announcer greeted his listeners with the word 'Austria.'" I interrupted him to ask: "Are the officials here Nazis?" "I don't know," he said. "They've taken over the wireless station. As soon as ever Seyss-Inquart had spoken, S.A. men came driving up in lorries. The Johannesgasse was completely blocked by the number of men

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who had come to occupy our headquarters. Not merely sixteen, as in the *Putsch* of July, 1934. As soon as they were installed, they broadcast the 'Horst Wessel' song—over and over again. In between they repeated on records Doctor Seyss-Inquart's warning to offer no resistance. When I came away, they had just rounded up the managerial staff. Almost all our directors have been dismissed."

I could scarcely contain my impatience and pulled at the man's arm almost violently. "Don't you understand? I'm asking whether the officials in this customs house are swastika men?"

"Here? No. Why, things don't move as quickly as all that," and he went on with his story. "My wife was waiting for me with the boy in the Kärntnerstrasse. We took a taxi and drove away. The taxi has gone back. Now we shall have to walk."

I was so delighted to find that our first difficulty, the Austrian customs control, was probably surmounted that I asked him if we could not take his wife and child in our car. We had still one place free.

Doctor Plevný's wife answered for her husband: "Oh, no thanks, we couldn't leave father alone a moment in the state he's in. He was crying like a child when we met him. He's been twelve years with the wireless people. Whatever will become of us now?"

"Where are you bound for?" I asked.

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"My husband has friends——"

"Next, please," the customs official called.

Mrs. Plevny and the boy moved forward. We and the others waited silently in the office. We were dazed, so to speak, by the fate that had overtaken us so quickly. Most of those around me were staring in front of them in dull despair. Some of them had not awaked to the horror of their situation until they had reached Berg, when Czechoslovakia had so suddenly barred the way to these unhappy refugees. They had left Vienna without making any preparations and without any definite prospect of finding work or even living accommodation elsewhere. But they had been feeding on the hope that relatives in Bratislava, Prague or other Czechoslovak towns would provide for them for the time being. Now these plans were upset at the very first stage of their flight. Bratislava, Prague and the other Czechoslovak towns remained a dream and they would have to be thankful if they were allowed to enter Hungary. What would happen to them then?

Bondy and I exchanged a few words on this topic as the queue gradually moved forward.

Close beside me a woman was talking in a low voice to a man. Without intending to listen, I heard what she was saying. She spoke in comforting, almost motherly, tones: "Try and pull yourself together. You mustn't break down now. You're taking it too hard. Everything will be all right." The

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man answered: "Nothing will be all right. What can we do? We shall be pushed from pillar to post. Today we may be allowed into Hungary. Tomorrow they will refuse us a permit to settle there. And so it'll go on. And even if they were so gracious as to let us stay, what can I, an old doctor, turn to now?" "You're not old," his wife told him. "You will have to do your exams over again and in a year or two you'll get a new practice somewhere." "Somewhere," he retorted. "Where's that? I'm to take exams again, am I, at fifty-four years old? What are we to live on in the meantime? I ought to have made an end of myself in Vienna. What's the good of this flight into nowhere?"

I heard no more, for it was my turn to produce my passport.

The customs officials on duty at Kittsee wore no swastikas. They were carrying out their duties courteously, but very thoroughly. The queue was a long time moving up. When the door opened, all heads turned as if at a word of command. Everybody was thinking the same thought: Should we hear: "The frontier is closed. All cars must return to Vienna"?

The examination of passports was far more minute than usual. The officials held them up to the light, turned over all the pages, looked carefully at the photographs, compared the visas, and not until there was nothing more in the book to look at did they stamp it with the word "Ausreise." The stamp

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opened the road to Hungary—that was to say, if everything else was in order. But there was the question of our money, both Austrian currency and foreign exchange. It was allowed to take two hundred schillings (£8) and, in foreign notes, the equivalent of five hundred schillings. It had, of course, been quite impossible for us to obtain foreign money before our sudden departure. After paying the chauffeur his fare, which, trusting to his honesty, we had given him in advance, we were left with five hundred and sixty schillings between the three of us. The schilling, as quoted on the money market of March 11th, counted among sound European currencies.

We produced the money, but that was by no means all. A minute search followed, which left no fold of our garments unturned. Hands felt us all over. Practised fingers dived into coat pockets and emptied wallets on to the table. My attaché case with its single toothbrush satisfied the officials. I had just successfully passed the test when a customs official came into the room and called out: "At Berg the frontier has been closed." All heads were turned in his direction and I saw terror depicted on thirty faces. The official seemed to be enjoying the impression his words had conveyed. He paused for a perceptible while and then asked: "Shall I telephone to Vienna?"

I had now received back my passport and my



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friends theirs also. There was only the car still to be examined before we should be safe. Was one more insuperable obstacle to confront us at this very last second? Were we again to hear the words which had driven us from the Czechoslovak frontier: "Everybody must return to Vienna."

The voice of another official, whom I could not see for the crowd, answered my thought:

"It is not we but the Czechoslovaks who have closed the frontier. It has nothing to do with us Austrians"; and, turning to our party, he said: "You can go on. Good luck to you."

We drove off, heading for the Hungarian customs office half a mile farther on. We were free. But we had wanted to get to Bratislava. Perhaps it would be possible to reach it through Hungary. I asked the officer at the Hungarian frontier: "Is the Czechoslovak frontier also closed to Austrians coming from Hungary?" The officer knew only of the closure against Austria and told us that we could try our luck.

In this little corner where three countries meet, the frontier stations lie close together. We drove through a sleeping Hungarian village and once again reached a customs office. A signpost on the road pointed to Bratislava.

For the third time in two hours our passports were stamped, our meager luggage examined, our wallets turned out and our car searched. Then again the

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road lay open to us, but not for long. Two Czechoslovak soldiers held us up. "Where are you going? The frontier is closed for cars between midnight and 2 A.M. If you want to go on, the car must stay here. You can go on on foot. It's a quarter of an hour to the customs house."

We left our things in the car and walked shivering through the rain. Once again, but now from another direction, the lights of Bratislava looked temptingly near. There were by now far fewer of them.

The Czechoslovak frontier officials were astonished to see travelers at that hour. They looked at our Austrian passports and were visibly troubled.

"We are not allowed to admit Austrians."

"None at all?"

"None at all. We have strict orders." One of the officials added: "We know it's hard, but the order came from the Ministry at Prague. That being so, even Bratislava cannot help you."

Before leaving I asked him if there was any news, to which he replied: "Not very good news for you, I am afraid. According to the Prague wireless, German troops have crossed the Austrian frontier."

Back through the "No-Man's land" between Czechoslovakia and Hungary. Back to the Hungarian customs office. All was in darkness. The staff had gone to bed and we had to wake them.

Once again the whole endless procedure.

Half an hour later we were sitting in the restau-

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rant of an hotel in the little Hungarian town of Magyaróvár. It was 2 o'clock in the morning and we had had nothing to eat since the afternoon. Our stomachs were crying out for food.

The landlord took our order in person and told us that he had not been to bed that night, as so many emigrants had arrived from Vienna.

For the first time since leaving the city it was now brought home to us that we had become—emigrants. Men uprooted from their calling; torn from the bosom of their families and from their friends—emigrants!

The landlord was anxious to cheer us up: "I'll put on the wireless for you," he said. "It's very late, but you may hear New York. You'll enjoy some music." He turned the knob. From the loudspeaker there emerged a deafening noise. A cacophonous and chaotic medley. At one moment it was a kind of inarticulate roar, at another the usual noise a wireless emits when first switched on. I said to the landlord: "We shall not be able to get New York. With these atmospherics good reception is impossible. Turn it off, will you?" The landlord answered: "Excuse me, sir, that's not atmospherics. It's Vienna. The Nazis are celebrating."

The cacophony ceased. A rasping Prussian voice was heard: "We are relaying from the Ballhausplatz in Vienna. We are on the balcony of the Chancellery, from which the swastika flag is flying. In the

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square below are collected ten thousand National Socialist men and women. They are waiting to hear the results of the negotiations at present being conducted within this building. For several hours the *Führer's* deputy, *Gauleiter* Buerckel, has been with President Miklas. . . ."

The voice was interrupted by a repetition of the discordant sounds of a minute before. Then we heard another voice, this time with the Austrian accent: "I will read out the names of the members of the National Socialist German Austrian Government: Seyss-Inquart . . ." "Turn it off," I shouted, and asked for the bill. It amounted to five Hungarian pengos. I put down an Austrian ten-schilling note on the table. "Schillings?" said the astonished landlord. "Austrian schillings? They've not been accepted in Hungary since yesterday afternoon. Still, I don't want to make difficulties. I'll do you a favor and take your schillings." He charged at the rate of the last Budapest quotation and gave us four pengos as change for our note. If it was a fact that there were to be no further quotations for the schilling, we three emigrants possessed a total capital of four pengos!

Next morning we continued our journey by rail. Not to Budapest, as logic would have suggested. Our hearts were still in Austria and we felt an irresistible need to remain in her proximity. We wanted for a few days to watch the new course of

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events from as near Vienna as possible, to share in them as onlookers. We traveled to Oedenburg or, as it now is, Sopron. Sopron is only an hour and a half from Vienna and is still in a sense Austria. The narrow strip of Hungary, made up of Sopron and the surrounding villages, drives a deep wedge into the Austrian province of Burgenland. Prior to the peace treaties of St. Germain and Trianon, Sopron was the capital, the market-town of this province, of which the overwhelming majority of the people are German-speaking. The treaties of peace gave Sopron and Burgenland to Austria, but in 1921 a *Putsch* was organized in Budapest, to prevent the handing over of Sopron to Austria. The *Putsch* was not inspired by the Hungarian Government, which fulfilled the Treaty of Trianon faithfully. The instigators were illegal bands of the "Awakening Hungarians" and other similar organizations. It was a successful *Putsch*. With the help of Italy, whose policy after the War was pro-Hungarian, a plebiscite was held, which separated Sopron from its former hinterland. The Burgenland became Austrian, Sopron remained Hungarian. But the bonds between Sopron and the Burgenland still held. Accordingly, Sopron was clearly the best "observation-post" we could choose.

I had no pleasant recollections of the town, to which I was sent seventeen years ago as correspondent of the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*. The Hungarian

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*Putsch* had taken place on the same day on which the Austrian *gendarmerie* were to take possession of Sopron. A Viennese colleague, correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse*, and myself, had gone on in advance of the *gendarmerie* in order to report to Vienna. We were taken prisoner by a detachment of *Putschists* and sentenced to death "as foreign spies." Before the sentence was due to be executed, the commander of the regular Hungarian forces, Major Osztenburg, heard of the incident and, having cleared up the misunderstanding, saved our lives and set us at liberty.

When our train rolled into Sopron station, on March 12th, 1938, and I looked out of the window, I was terrified as only once before, when sentenced to death in the same town of Sopron in 1921. For on the platform stood six men of military aspect, wearing field-gray Austrian uniforms and—swastikas. Two of them swung themselves on to the footboard of the first compartment before the train had even stopped. I looked at the name of the station. Had we in our exhaustion and nervous excitement come too far? Had we crossed the frontier into Austrian territory? The station signboard said "Sopron-Oedenburg."

Together with the swastika men a porter had also boarded the train. He opened the door of our compartment, in the expectation that the three gentlemen he saw looking out of the window would re-

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quire his services. He stared in round-eyed surprise at the empty luggage-rack. "Have you registered luggage?" he asked in the broad dialect of Burgenland.

"We have no luggage," I said, and added, "We've come from Vienna."

"Oh!" he said in a voice full of understanding.

"Is Sopron also in German hands?" I asked, still disturbed and I pointed to the uniformed men with their swastika ribbons.

"Not as yet," the porter answered, "but it soon will be, I expect. The local Nazis have distributed leaflets today promising that the Germans in Hungary will shortly be 'liberated.' "

"Why," I asked, "are there Austrian uniforms at a Hungarian station?" He told me that, as it was only such a short distance to the frontier, the Austrian custom officials save time in the examination of luggage and passports by entering trains bound for Austria at this station.

So we were in Hungary and could no longer be detained by these Austrian frontier officials with their swastika ribbons.

. . . . .

We had been told at Magyaróvár early that morning that we should have great difficulty in finding rooms in Sopron, as the town was full of Austrian refugees. On our arrival at the hotel near by, the

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porter told us that the refugees who had arrived yesterday had all gone on to Budapest. Only a few remained at Sopron. "No one has arrived since this morning," he said. "The frontier has been closed, we don't know whether by Budapest or by Vienna. You never know where you are now."

We had found that, too! We asked the porter to get us an Austrian newspaper. (Vienna papers were on sale in Sopron within an hour or so of publication.) The page boy brought us a paper and Count Strachwitz and Herr Bondy leaned over my shoulder as I unfolded it on the table. *National Socialist Telegraph* was the name. In type, form and setting-up it was the newspaper of which until yesterday Herr Bondy had been the president, I the editor and Count Strachwitz a leading collaborator. To the left and right of the title was a swastika. The names of the new Editor and managing director were unknown to me. The new regime had been inaugurated with incredible rapidity.

On the first page appeared in thick type: "Seyss-Inquart has formed a National Socialist Cabinet. Vice-Chancellor, Glaise-Horstenau; Minister of Labor, Doctor Jury; Secretaries of State for Public Safety, Police President Doctor Skubl and S.S. Leader Kaltenbrunner. . . ."

After Schuschnigg's resignation Seyss-Inquart had later in the evening sent a telegram to Hitler, urgently requesting the German Government to



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"support the Austrian Government in its task of restoring peace and order in Austria and to help it in avoiding bloodshed. The Austrian Government requests the German Government to dispatch troops as quickly as possible."

Another message in the *National Socialist Telegraph* was the following announcement: "Since 5:30 this morning units of the Germany army have been marching across the frontiers of German-Austria. They include armored car detachments, infantry divisions, S.S. units. German bombing squadrons are flying over Vienna. . . . Hitler will arrive at Linz this afternoon. Tomorrow he is expected in Vienna."

We had read enough for the time being. We went into the restaurant, which was almost empty. There were a priest, three officers and a few commercial travelers. I looked round for any Viennese, but could see none. My eye fell, however, upon a small party who were just leaving a table at the other end of the room. A middle-aged man of aristocratic appearance, and two unassuming-looking young people, a boy and a girl. I was about to ask Count Strachwitz if he knew who they were, when they passed our table. Count Strachwitz bowed. Then I recognized them. The man, who was walking in front, was the Margrave Pallavicini. The girl was the Archduchess Adelheid, the eldest sister of Otto von Hapsburg, and had for years worked hard for

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the Legitimist cause in Austria. The boy was her brother, the Archduke Felix, until yesterday a pupil at the Military Academy in Wiener-Neustadt, the choicest nursery for the Officers' Corps under the Hapsburgs and also of little post-war Austria. The Archduke Felix was the first Hapsburg since the War for whom was chosen the career of an Austrian officer. The newspapers of the Third Reich had commented very severely upon his entry into the Academy in the autumn of 1937. We had no need to ask what the unfortunate members of the Imperial family and the Margrave Pallavicini were doing in Sopron. The brother and sister of Otto von Hapsburg, regarded by the Legitimists as the Emperor, were for the second time since 1918 exiles from their country.

Sopron was a place of ill omen for the Imperial family. Seventeen years earlier the parents of these young people, the Emperor Karl and Empress Zita, had landed from an airplane at Sopron and thence, with 50,000 Hungarian soldiers, marched upon Budapest. On the way the Emperor was defeated and taken prisoner with the Empress. It was the last active attempt at a restoration of the Hapsburgs.

The door had scarcely closed behind the exiles before it opened again. A man came in whose face I knew, but whose name I could not remember. He hesitated a moment and then advanced in my direction. He greeted me with evident surprise. "Hallo,

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Herr Lennhoff, you here in Sopron? Today, on Austria's great day?" Then he added, before I had time to answer: "Oh, excuse me, I forgot——"

Not till then did I recognize the man. It was Herr Armandy, the publisher of a Hungarian paper in Sopron, who had visited me on occasions in Vienna.

"Yes, I have left Vienna," I exclaimed. "Why does that surprise you so much? You know that I am not one of those who are prepared to give the Third Reich a warm welcome in Vienna." I spoke coldly, for Armandy's surprise at seeing me a fugitive in Sopron had irritated me.

"Your flight is not so self-evident as that," he replied. "There must be thousands of others in Vienna whose political views are as well known as your own. They cannot all escape. Nor can they all be sent to a concentration camp. There's one thing I don't understand. Why didn't these people defend themselves? Weren't measures taken to meet all contingencies? Surely the possibility of a fight was foreseen?"

That was the first occasion I was asked this question, which I have since heard from the lips of many well-meaning people, from truth-seekers and from skeptics. Here, in this account of my experiences, I repeat what I said to Herr Armandy at Sopron: Doctor von Schuschnigg yielded to force. In a *civil* war the Austrian Government could have prevailed. But

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a war against the German army was hopeless. Had Doctor von Schuschnigg given orders to resist, many thousands of lives would have been lost in the fighting. The men would have died as heroes and it would have been a fine, but vain gesture. From the standpoint of humanity Doctor von Schuschnigg acted rightly. He averted a mass murder.

Isolated acts of violence, desperate steps taken by individuals have, of course, occurred. The public will learn little or nothing of the bloody resistance offered by these men.

The great mass of the people, however, who were *not* called upon to fight and who continued to acclaim Schuschnigg until March 11th, 1938, will submit to the power of the new masters in the land. For the sake of their work and their lives, they will do whatever they are ordered.

. . . . .

Extracts from a letter written by a friend who left Vienna on March 18th:

" . . . So a plebiscite *will* be held, though not in the form we have imagined and not the one we worked for. Whom does Hitler seek to impress with this referendum? Neither you nor I doubt that it will be a 'success.' At least 99 per cent of all Austrians will certainly vote 'Yes' to Hitler's plebiscite.

"Does he really think that the world will so easily forget how he threatened to march into Austria with

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German troops, simply because Schuschnigg wanted the Austrian people to answer the question: 'Are you in favor of a free and independent Austria?'

"Hitler ventured to commit this act of violence from a very natural anxiety lest Schuschnigg's plebiscite should result in a decisive victory for the cause of Austrian independence."

The rest of this letter relates to the private cares of an emigrant and gives an account of horrible happenings during his last days in Vienna. I wish in this book to reproduce one such incident only. I shall not give the full names of the persons involved in order not to compromise the surviving relatives of a man who only escaped Nazi persecution by death.

"Herr —, whom you know as a half-Jew and an active member of the Patriotic Front, has committed suicide. It is a tragedy, but he is one of so many of our friends who have met the same sad fate, that I should not be specially mentioning the case but for circumstances after his death which cause me to recount the story to all I can.

"After Herr —'s suicide the family had so little money that the funeral had to be of the very simplest character. The widow, who is also half-Jewish, and her two grown-up daughters, followed the hearse to the cemetery on foot. Along the road that leads to Simmering, they fell in with a party of Nazis, enjoying, as the song says, 'the free life of the Third Reich,' who stopped them and asked the ladies if

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they were Aryans. Obligated to admit that they were not, they were ordered to go down on their knees and scrub away the crosses painted on the pavement. The women burst into tears. The elder daughter begged of the men that they might first accompany their father to his last resting-place. The leader of the party glanced quickly at the hearse, then said: 'Fall in, obey your orders at once and no nonsense. The dead can wait.' "

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE  
OF THE HISTORY OF THE FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF  
AUSTRIA FROM THE TIME OF ITS CREATION

*Main Events*

- 1918 Following upon the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, an independent Austrian State is created by 210 members of the Austrian *Reichsrat*, who constituted themselves a National Assembly.  
The Emperor Karl abdicates.  
Proclamation of the Austrian Republic by the National Assembly. Karl Seitz, Social Democrat, elected President.
- 1919 Treaty of St. Germain.
- 1920 Plebiscite in Carinthia, resulting in Austria's favor.  
Dr. Michael Hainisch elected Federal President.  
Admission of Austria to the League of Nations.
- 1921 Fighting in connection with Austria's occupation of Burgenland.

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Plebiscite at Sopron, resulting in Hungary's favor.

- 1922 Great Britain grants Austria a loan of £2,250,000.

The League of Nations guarantees the independence and inviolability of Austria.

Reform of the currency by the Federal Chancellor, Dr. Ignaz Seipel.

Financial control by the League of Nations.

- 1926 Removal of financial control by the League of Nations.

- 1927 Disturbances in Vienna. The Law Courts set on fire.

- 1928 Professor Wilhelm Miklas elected Federal President.

- 1930 Second Hague Conference cancels almost the whole of Austria's reparation payments.

Conclusion of an Italo-Austrian Treaty of Friendship and Arbitration in Rome by Mussolini and Chancellor Doctor Schober.

- 1931 Economic catastrophe resulting from the collapse of the *Creditanstalt*.

- 1932 Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss, Chancellor.  
Lausanne Loan.

Declaration by the Powers, guaranteeing Austria's independence.



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- 1933 Doctor Dollfuss dissolves Parliament. Establishment of authoritarian regime.  
Period of National Socialist terrorism. Ban on National Socialist Party.  
Creation of Patriotic Front.
- 1934 Bloody conflict in February between Dollfuss's executive and the *Heimatschutz* formations, on one side, and the Republican *Schutzbund*, on the other. Victory of executive. Disbandment of Social Democratic Party. Corporations proclaimed. May Constitution. Conclusion of Rome Protocols. July *Putsch* by Nazis. Assassination of Doctor Dollfuss. Suppression of revolt. Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg, Federal Chancellor.
- 1935 Stresa Conference reaffirms guarantee of independence by Great Britain, France and Italy.
- 1936 July Agreement between Austria and Germany.
- 1938 *February 12th.* Doctor Schuschnigg visits Adolf Hitler at Berchtesgaden.  
Reorganization of Schuschnigg's Cabinet. The National Socialist, Dr. Arthur Seyss-Inquart, becomes Minister for Interior and Public Safety.  
*February 16th.* Doctor Seyss-Inquart goes to Berlin.

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*February 20th.* Hitler's speech in the Reichstag.

*February 24th.* Doctor Schuschnigg's reply in the Federal Parliament.

*March 9th.* Doctor Schuschnigg announces at Innsbruck a plebiscite on the question of Austrian independence, to be held on March 13th.

*March 11th.* Last day of independent Austria.

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